TOURING NEW ENGLAND

BY CLARA WALKER WHITESIDE

ETCHINGS BY ADA C. WILLIAMSON

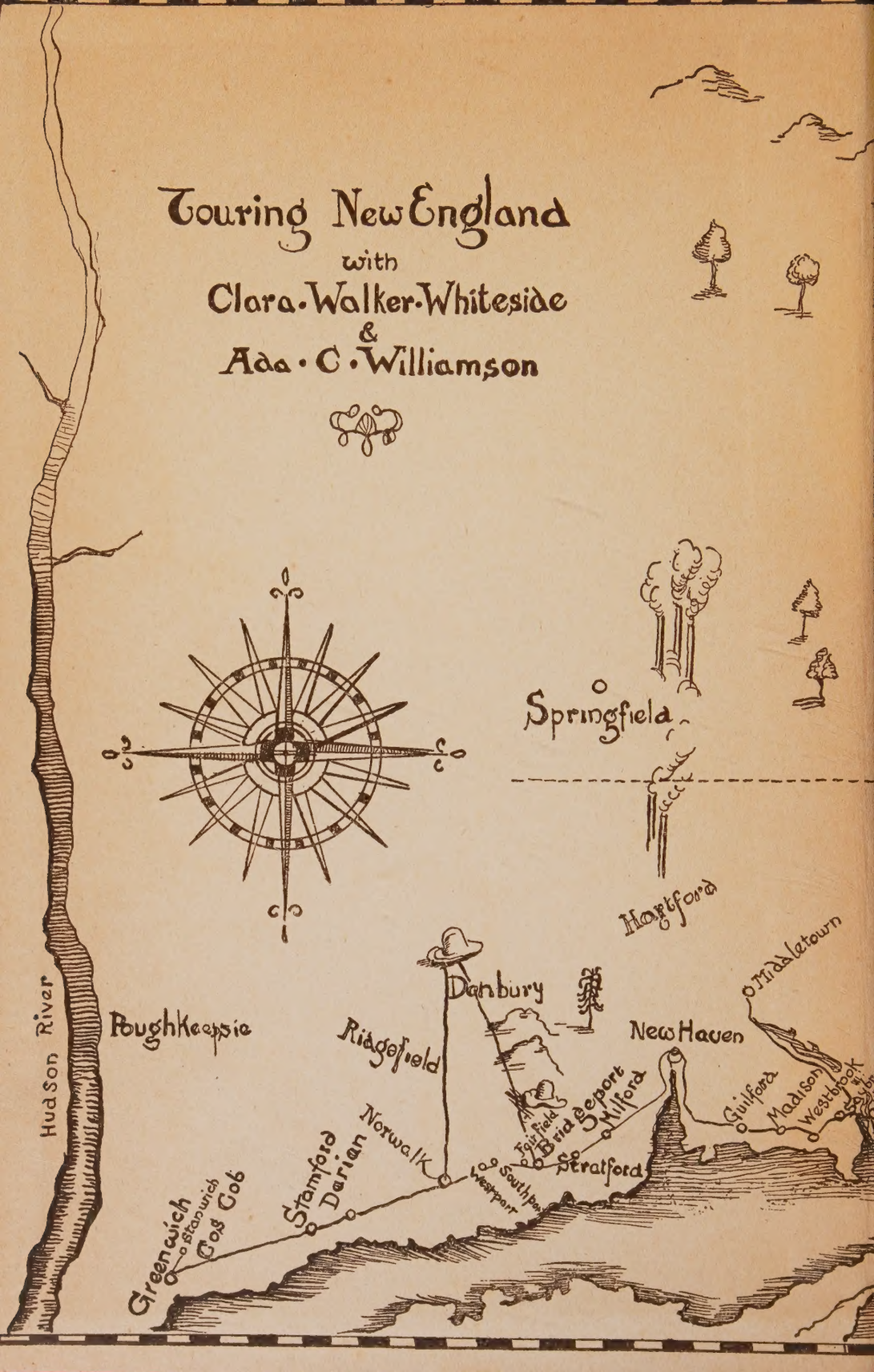
Touring New England

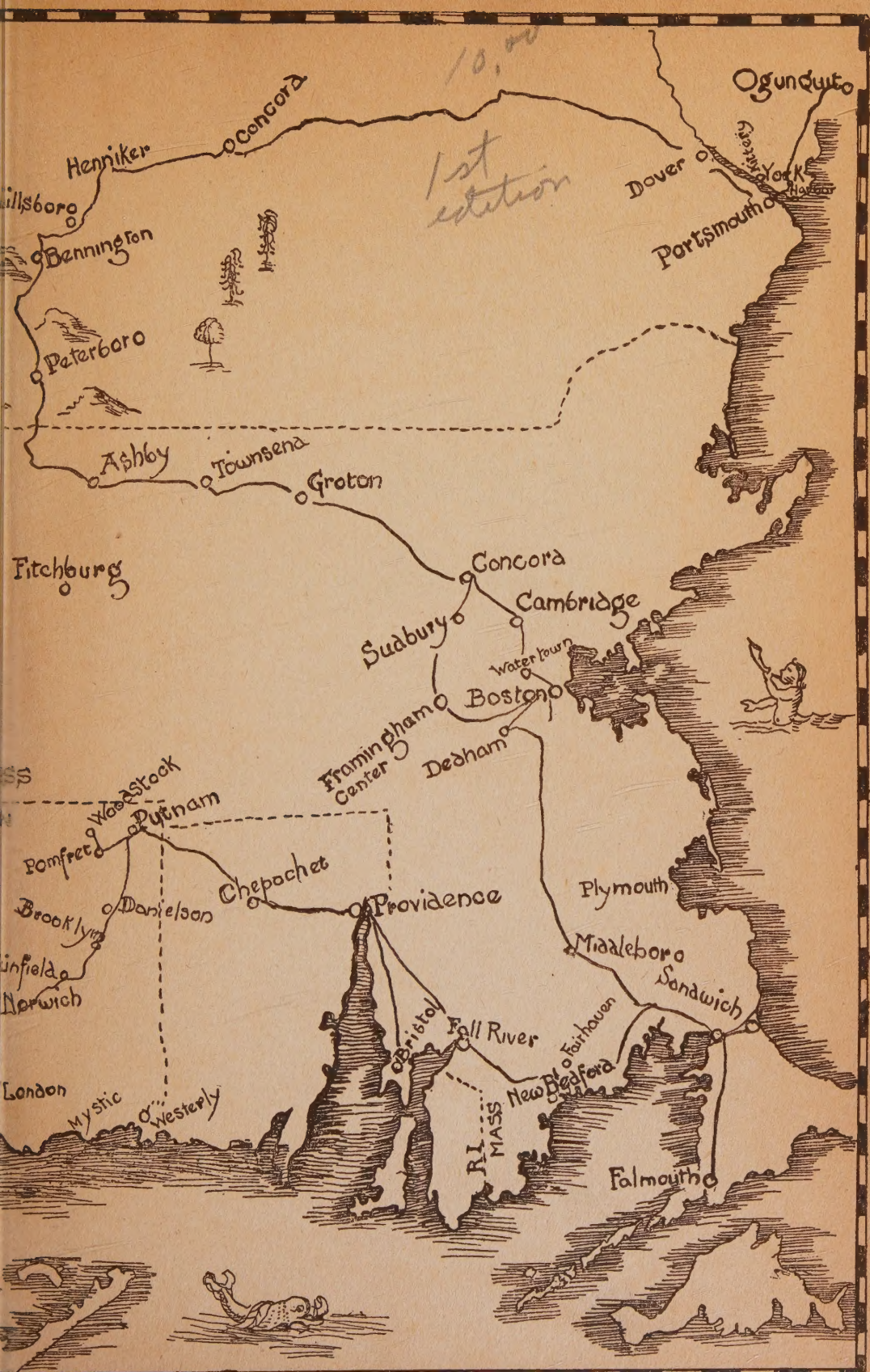
with

Clara · Walker · Whiteside

&

Ada · C · Williamson




10.00
1st edition
Ogunquit
Concord
Henniker
Dover
Kittery
York
Harbor
Portsmouth
Bennington
Peterboro
Ashby
Townsend
Groton
Fitchburg
Concord
Cambridge
Sudbury
Watertown
Boston
Framingham Center
Dedham
Woodstock
Putnam
Pomfret
Chepachet
Providence
Plymouth
Brooklyn
Danielson
Norwich
Middleboro
Sandwich
Bristol
Fall River
Fairhaven
New Bedford
London
Mystic
Westerly
R.I.
MASS
Falmouth

TOURING NEW ENGLAND

on

The Trail of the Yankee

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2026

https://archive.org/details/touringnewenglan0000clar

THE LONGFELLOW HOUSE AND CABOT HOUSE
From Brattle St., Cambridge

TOURING NEW ENGLAND

on

The Trail of the Yankee

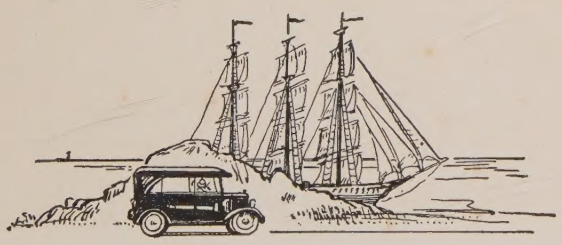
by

CLARA WALKER WHITESIDE

Etchings & Decorations

by

ADA C. WILLIAMSON



THE PENN PUBLISHING COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA
1926

COPYRIGHT
1926 BY
THE PENN
PUBLISHING
COMPANY

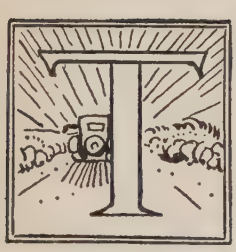
Touring
New England

Made in the United States of America
by the Plimpton Press, Norwood, Mass., U.S.A.

To

ESTHER

PREFACE



OURING New England " is in no sense intended to be used as a guide-book. We were too erratic as to route. It is merely the record of a summer's jaunt undertaken without any pre-arranged plan other than the firm determination not to follow any given direction. We wanted to wander where the roads called and to do our own adventuring. We desired above everything, to come upon places and not be led to them.

Because our route was entirely the result of this whimsical choice and followed no guide books or road maps, its line when drawn across the states we touched upon seems not only whimsical, but utterly illogical. I know we missed many places of interest and charm, but I also am sure we stumbled upon others we never should have found, had we not, by the merest chance, turned the head of our car blindly into an alluring lane away from the travelled highway.

When we arrived in any of the little towns it was our habit to do much the same thing — let the moment

determine the day. We never remained in any place that did not immediately interest us, either from its situation, its architecture, or that intangible thing called charm. If we decided to remain, our first act was to park the car on a side street and then to jump out, Miss Williamson on one side and I on the other, each equipped and primed for adventure. Such a motor trip is the greatest fun in the world and I commend it to any one who loves the open road.

If any of the material in the following pages is inaccurate, it is not because I have not tried to verify it. But dates, even of important happenings, often vary according to the record one happens to read, and descriptions of historic events I found amusingly contradictory.

I admit I was much more interested in hunting up old inhabitants in the towns and getting the history from them, than in dropping into libraries and delving into books. However, old records fascinated me and I spent every stormy day in the corner of some village library.

One of my reasons for writing this book was to gather in its pages not only the historic interest of localities and the present-day charm of the New England village, but to include with these, some of the folklore.

PREFACE

New England is rich in its Americana. There is a "Once Upon A Time" in every little hamlet and in each large city all along the Connecticut shore to the Cape. When we reversed our route and turned our car inland through the eastern part of Massachusetts, from Concord, Massachusetts, to Concord, New Hampshire, we still found this to hold true; and from Portsmouth, through Kittery and York, to Ogunquit, Maine, the provincial period has given us marvellous old houses and wonderful churches that are pictures of those early days — pictures not soon forgotten by those who see them for the first time. It is then one realizes that the "Once Upon A Time" is not a fairy tale at all but a true record of pre-Revolutionary days.

All along the way, we obtained invaluable assistance from chance acquaintances and from many friends. I want to acknowledge to them my deep appreciation of their courtesy — an appreciation that extends from the giver of carefully considered route directions, to the patient man who towed our disabled car from Dedham to Boston and who put his car at our disposal while ours was being held up for repairs.

For the accuracy of many dates and names, I am indebted to old records that I found in libraries along the way. But it is to the Oldest Inhabitants that I owe most of the quaint old stories. They never tired telling these

old tales to me, and although I found some of them in books after our summer's jaunt was over, they all had originated for me when we had trailed some real old Yankees and started them talking, and the men talked as much as the women!

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	Greenwich: Putnam and Tweed	1
II.	Stanwich, Cos Cob, Norwalk and Westport	13
III.	Fairfield, Greenfield Hill, Ridgefield and Bridgeport	27
IV.	Stratford and Milford	46
V.	"Lux et Veritas"	64
VI.	From Guilford to Saybrook	77
VII.	Along the Connecticut River through Ancient Sea-ports to Middletown	93
VIII.	Lyme to New London	111
IX.	Norwich, Plainfield, Brooklyn, Pomfret and Woodstock	131
X.	Providence: The Southern Gateway of New England	155
XI.	Bristol	169
XII.	From New Bedford to the Cape	186
XIII.	From the Cape to Cambridge, Watertown, Boston, Dedham	207
XIV.	Sudbury Inn, Framingham Center, Concord, on to Peterborough	226
XV.	Peterborough and the Edward MacDowell Association, Hillsboro, Concord, New Hampshire, to Dover	242
XVI.	Portsmouth, Old Kittery; Old York and York Harbor	263
XVII.	Ogunquit, Once a Fishing Village	284
XVIII.	Mere Addenda	295

ILLUSTRATIONS

PAGE

THE LONGFELLOW HOUSE AND CABOT HOUSE *Frontispiece*
From Brattle Street, Cambridge

SHELL DOORWAY 28
Fairfield, Conn.

THE FAIRCHILD HOUSE 48
Stratford, Conn.

THE TWO CHURCHES 58
Milford, Conn.

CENTER CHURCH FROM YALE CAMPUS 68
New Haven, Conn.

THE "OLD LIGHT" 74
Near New Haven, Conn.

MISS FLORENCE GRISWOLD'S HOUSE 112
Lyme, Conn.

OLD WAREHOUSE ON THE CANAL 156
Providence, R. I.

THE BENEDICT HOUSE 166
Providence, R. I.

COLT MANSION 170
Bristol, R. I.

THE DEWOLF MANSION 178
Bristol, R. I.

SERVANTS' GALLERY OF THE DEWOLF HOUSE 184
Bristol, R. I.

"THE WANDERER" 188
Old Whaler at New Bedford

ILLUSTRATIONS

PAGE

The "Charles Morgan" 202
Old Whaler at New Bedford

Harvard Hall 208
From the College Grounds

Faneuil Hall 214
From the Market, Boston

Revolutionary Powder House 218
Dedham, Mass.

The Fairbanks House 224
Dedham, Mass.

Entrance to the Wayside Inn 236
Sudbury, Mass.

John Alexander Studio, MacDowell Colony ... 254
Peterboro, N. H.

Market Square 264
Portsmouth

The Bordman House 270
Portsmouth

The Moffatt House 276
Portsmouth

The Block House 282
Kittery, Me.

TOURING NEW ENGLAND

Touring New England

Chapter One

GREENWICH: PUTNAM AND TWEED

ARRIVING was never the goal for Billie and me. When we finally decided to buy a car, we made New England our objective because of distracting little vistas of white houses and steepled churches that had flown past us from train windows on various trips down East. But the going was the principal thing and what the trails would unfold as we followed them over the hills and far away. To discover for ourselves old landmarks and to uncover traditions as well as achievements, whether of yesterday

or today — these were our incentives and the lure that beckoned.

New England from a motor car had long been our ambition. It now had developed into a well-defined plan.

"But you don't know how to drive," objected the family.

"Mere detail," we responded. "Time and concentration are all that are needed." We were then in happy ignorance of our limitations and a car's complications. When we came to buy the car, suggestions were numerous.

"The engine's the principal thing," said one friend.

"Make sure of your brake-bands," cautioned another.

"Carry plenty of good rubber," admonished a third.

We never knew a car had so many parts. Like one's anatomy, the more we knew about it the sicker we felt. One day we read an article entitled "What should be done before starting out on a motor trip," and though we both tried to be cheerful, it almost finished our trip before we began it, but this was after we had bought the car. If we had read it earlier, we never should have had the courage to buy one.

It really takes courage to buy a car, you know, though not so much to buy it as to run it. Some cars require more courage than others. Ours required the maximum,

but as Billie said at the end of the summer, " Why pick on the old car? It got us there."

Our start was an Event. We had as much of the road as was necessary mapped out in our heads, which is the best place to have it. Blue Books and memoranda have a way of getting mislaid just before you come to cross-roads. In traffic it is worse. You have to go past the traffic officer whether you know where you are going or not. Half the time we found we had to go back, and often we kept on going round him till he seemed to know us, which is a situation to be avoided.

At times our heads were not entirely reliable. Billie would say, " Now please remember the road we are to take after we make the second turn to the right beyond the first bridge," and I would agree. And then I would get interested in the scenery and we would go miles out of our way. Carrying maps in our heads always worked all right when we really concentrated, — and we had had some experience in concentration in learning to drive in a city that changed its traffic regulations over night. But our car had stood the strain, and so had we.

A second-hand car, ten lessons, a State examination — and the world was ours. We were off!

After we had passed into Connecticut and had ambled along on the State Highway for some miles behind high trucks and dodging speeders, we decided that unless

Greenwich held unusual charm and something interesting for us, we should leave the beautifully kept and macadamized Post Road and hie us forth to find the Yankee.

We had encountered Greeks when we stopped for gas, Portuguese in restaurants by the wayside, and on the farms. We longed for the twang of the Yankee.

But in Greenwich we discovered Israel Putnam. We had been passing estate after estate, rivals of Newport or Lenox. Millionaires were as thick as cranberries in a bog and every tree and hill and fleecy cloud spelled money. In its utter simplicity and calm green loveliness, its shaded streets and green-shuttered houses, we found our first dream realized — a Connecticut village on a June day.

The situation of this one must always have been attractive — for when Captain Daniel Patrick and Robert Feeks, with their Dutch and English companions, landed at Greenwich Point in 1640, they found here a large stockaded village of Siwanoy Indians, called Petuquapaen. They bought the land between the Asamuck and Potommuck Rivers and began a settlement which they called Greenwich. They did not get along very well with the Puritan ideas of the New Haven Colony, and so New Netherlands was allowed to take control, and in 1642 Greenwich became a Dutch patroonship for awhile.

GREENWICH: PUTNAM AND TWEED

As we slowly drove down Putnam Avenue, a small cannon in front of a long, low cottage decided us to draw up our car and investigate. Immediately opposite, a funeral procession was passing down the driveway of Christ Church toward the old grave-yard at the back, and the master of ceremonies on guard at the entrance, seemed much interested in our Pennsylvania license, so I was encouraged to talk.

"What is the cottage across the street?" I asked.

"That's the Israel Knapp Tavern," he answered looking me over curiously. What sort of a person was I to be so ignorant?

"Israel Knapp?" I rejoined meekly interrogative. I felt I should know, but I did not.

"He kept the old Inn during the early days of the Revolution, and General Putnam put the place on the map," explained the sexton. A great light dawned on me. I wanted to find a Yankee, and I had found a big one, even though a dead one.

"You don't mean this is Put's Hill?" I exclaimed. And it was. By chance we had stumbled the very first day, upon the place, the street, and the house of one of the great exploits of Revolutionary history.

The sexton's wife was the custodian of the cottage and although it was her Wednesday off she was open to a hint from her husband and a little silver from us, and

we were permitted to view it. Putnam's room looked out on the hills and commanded a view up and down the road. We recalled the story as the sexton had told it to us and the hundred and fifty years seemed but yesterday.

"In that room there," had said the sexton, pointing to the one we now were in, "Putnam was shaving when he first saw the British troops. It was on a July morning in 1779. He had been out the most of the night before, having a bit too good a time. Some folks say he had taken Mistress Bush on his pillion behind him, but that has nothing to do with it as far as I can see. The point is, he had gotten in late and instead of going to bed, he began to fix himself up a bit in the mirror, and while he was shaving he saw these troops reflected in the glass. He rushed down stairs" — we went slowly — "pulled up the trap-door under the stairs," — we pulled it up cautiously — "hurried through the cellar and across to the barn where he jumped on his horse, galloped down the road till he came to the old cow-path, where he and his horse made a plunge toward Cos Cob and made their escape."

In 1902 the Daughters of the American Revolution erected a monument to mark the site of Putnam's plunge, and steps have been recut in the rocky slope, but according to our sexton there never were any stone steps,

merely the old cow-path which the village people toward Cos Cob used when they came to church.

"The church," he said, "used to stand on that there corner, and all the people who came from below to church used the cow-path instead of the road, because it was so much shorter. From the tramp, tramp, up and down, regular steps had been beaten into it. They say there were seventy of them. Roots of trees and stones cropping out had helped to make some, but there never were real steps cut out of stone. It was pretty steep — you can see for yourself" — we did. "The General made a great 'get off,'" he added with much appreciation, "and the next day he came back with reinforcements and took a whole bunch of 'em prisoners," spitting on the ground in great enjoyment of his story.

"Talking of 'get offs,'" I said to Billie, "it seems to me, if I remember rightly, 'Boss Tweed' is associated with this town in much the same way."

"Who's he?" she asked curiously, as ignorant as I was about Israel Knapp.

"Have you never heard of Bill Tweed?" I asked, turning to the sexton.

"Oh yes," he answered, "every boy in this town knew him — that is when I was a boy. Back in the seventies he used to drive round here in his high cart with his famous horses. He was always popular with us boys.

But the man for you to see lives over in the town — he's a lawyer, you can't miss him — has his offices over the drug-store — likes to talk — knew Tweed well."

We tooted our horn and went to find the man who once knew Bill Tweed, for in his way, Tweed did some plunging too, and was a dramatic figure, politically speaking, about fifty years ago.

"It was probably true," said the lawyer, who was an old inhabitant and a store of information, "that outsiders during the years that Tweed lived here, gave us a sneer when they alluded to Greenwich as the home of Tweed and the rendezvous of Tweed's Americus Club. But to the boys who admired his checker-board team, his ponies and dog-cart, he was an object of admiration. He dispensed money lavishly. Few of the younger generation know much about his career, but in the seventies he was an outstanding figure in New York politics."

William M. Tweed had perhaps the most spectacular career in our country's political history, although his meteoric rise and fall began and ended in New York State.

The people in the lovely little town of Greenwich both resent and are proud of his connection with their village. They raise a monument to Putnam, but they love to talk about Tweed. His rise from foreman of the Big Six Volunteer Fire Company in New York City, with

headquarters in the Bowery, — to Alderman, then Congressman, Senator, Deputy Street Commissioner and Chairman of the Tammany Society, which had entire control, in the early sixties, of the legislature of the state and the common council of the City — was as spectacular as his fall. And Greenwich is associated with them both.

His four-in-hand team — alternately a black and white and a white and black — were driven to a high two-seated depot wagon, and Tweed always rode in the back, wearing a stove-pipe hat and a closely buttoned-up frock coat and white tie.

Tweed also took a great deal of comfort in his pioneer steam-yacht, Mr. Hubbard told me. "She had side-wheels housed in like those of an old-fashioned ferry-boat," he said, "and her name, 'William M. Tweed,' was displayed in large gilt letters. When she came steaming in from Newport where she was launched, she was considered a wonder."

In 1868–69, Tweed was in the height of his power. He was absolute monarch of New York. In Greenwich, no one who ever came to him for a subscription was turned away, and this of course made him popular. He entertained orphans, subscribed to churches, and loved every bit of his popularity.

About the year '71, the New York Times began his

overthrow by publishing transcripts of figures furnished it by an organization known as the Young Democracy, whose purpose was to overthrow Tweed's power and Tammany Hall.

Although he made the most desperate efforts to suppress this damaging information, his plunge down-hill was as rapid as Putnam's — with alas! no blaze of glory.

He was brought to trial, convicted, and sent to Blackwell's Island. In going down the East River on the Brooklyn side, you will see in the walls of the frowning huge building, a double window — the only one. It was made entirely for Tweed's comfort. Here he was lodged luxuriously and attended by officers who owed their appointment to their prisoner.

It is a matter of archives that when the judgment by the Court of Appeals was reversed, Tweed was re-arrested and brought to Ludlow Street Jail under the civil suit brought by New York City for six million dollars damages. It was from this jail he escaped to Greenwich from which he made his last " get away " and fled to Spain.

" Fifty thousand dollars was offered for his apprehension by the Committee of Seventy, but although he was seen by two men and housed over night in Greenwich, neither of these men," declared the lawyer, " ever

made any attempt to collect the reward. You see Tweed wasn't all bad. More than any other man of his time he foresaw New York's imperial future. It was at his initiative, that in 1868 the legislature chartered a company for the construction of a rapid transit subway on lines nearly identical with the lower half of the route now in operation, and in the same year he was instrumental in setting apart in Central Park a site for the present Metropolitan Museum of Art. He did much to aid the extension and betterment of Central Park and no suspicion of fraud has ever been attached to this great undertaking."

It was good to escape from the dim room out into the clear light of the summer's day and to leave behind these records in the life of a man who had made his imprint on a day and generation now long past, and who, though " not all bad " had erected graven images of money, power and popularity, and had at last paid the price.

Greenwich was still and green in the sunlight. One could well believe in the earlier days it had been a farming community, for traces of shady country lanes still remain and here and there almost primeval trees stand staunch and undisturbed by the crowding in upon them of the noise and the traffic of a steadily growing suburb of New York City, for that is what Greenwich now is

with its millionaire population and the State Highway which crosses the town.

Field Point Park, one of its exclusive residential sections, was a portion of one of the largest of its farms. Traditions of its many springs and the great width of the stone walls about the pasture lands " in many places ten feet wide blasted from the land by the first settler Zopher Mead " were told to me. We found some traces of these old walls almost hidden by ivy and underbrush on other farm land and it is no exaggeration to say that a horse and buggy could have been driven along the top, although I felt the truth was stretched, when I first heard it.

Chapter Two

STANWICH, COS COB, NORWALK AND WESTPORT

F we had consulted our car, I am sure it would have protested loudly. We decided at Greenwich to leave the Post Road and wander north over a country lane that looked most enticing. The day was yet young so the concern of hunting a bed to sleep in — one of our worst worries — need not as yet be considered.

How the road did twist and turn and how far away we seemed from everybody! The ruts of the winter had given place to heavy sand and we dimly heard faint murmurings from our engine which we tried to ignore. However it was that knock in the engine that decided us to leave this enticing lane and to choose a more travelled one — and we were glad we did, for it brought us to the quaint old village of Stanwich.

At the old inn, still standing, the stage-coach had always stopped on its way from New York to Bedford. And it must have been a stop of much importance in

the old days. This we judged by the size of the inn and of its ball-room on the second floor. Many of these colonial taverns had ball-rooms and, like this one at Stanwich, they were adjustable. When the young people wanted to dance, the partitions were hooked up to the ceiling, which made the whole of one floor, usually the second, into one large room. It was an interesting old clapboarded house with double porticos in front, a wide sweep of roof at the back, quaint windows, huge fireplaces in each room and the inevitable brick oven in the kitchen. This old inn was originally of the period of Connecticut architecture, characterized by the "lean-to" which gives the sharp slant to the roof. When the first colonists felt they could enlarge their type of house, this "lean-to" provided a kitchen and pantry and a garret above. The porticos which lent so much charm to the place were of a later date. The place gained in interest for us when, from across the road, the present owner talked to us as she weeded her flower garden.

"It was long before my day," she said, "that the stage-coach stopped here, but if only you could have talked to Miss Mehitable! Do you remember the square white house you passed, with yellow lilies in the yard? That was where she always lived — and many generations before her. She died about a month ago, but her attic could still tell you stories. She had trunks full of

old ball-gowns and one day, she let me try some on — I was just like a child about it! A good many years ago there was an academy for boys back of the old tavern, and there were debating societies and all kinds of gay doings round about here. You'd never think it now, would you?" And she sighed as she bent again to her flowers.

"Good morning, Meltiah! How's your rheumatism? — That's her brother," she explained to us as he hobbled by on his stick, and we rose to go.

"Wish there was more to show you," she continued hospitably, "but the old church has just burned down, and the Academy not so lately fell down and," apologetically, "we don't seem to get round to building 'em up again."

"But there is nothing the matter with the trees," we chorused gaily as we turned our chariot back toward the sea through a mighty avenue of elms.

On our way back we discovered "Stonybrooke." We had been slowly twisting our car around curves, between walls overgrown with ivy and moss, when right up on a knoll we spied the house leaning on an old, old elm and almost completely embowered by it. Across from it a brook tumbled from stone to stone, but not another sound save the chug of our engine broke the stillness. It seemed incredible that such aloofness could

be so close to the Post Road with its endless procession of motor cars.

On close investigation, we found the name "Stonybrooke 1751," cut into the stones of the terrace and we learned something of the history of the place. The first house on the site had been built about 1731, and the western half of the present house was built in 1751 from part of the lumber of the old house. Massive oak beams, wrought iron nails, hand-made latches and hinges, and the many fireplaces, attest its age and make it one of the old landmarks of Greenwich township. It might almost be called a mother of houses, for from the water-power of the swiftly flowing little brook, lumber was cut for many of the earliest houses in Greenwich, and evidences of this ancient saw-mill are still to be found in the orchard south of the house.

The heat of the day had suddenly become oppressive. Apprehensively I looked across the meadow toward the open sky where masses of angry looking clouds were quickly closing out the sun.

"Clouds may come and clouds may go but I go on forever," sang the little brook, as we hurriedly jumped aboard the car and speeded toward shelter.

We were driving along quite contentedly next morning, for the weather had cleared in the night, but we were rather undetermined as to direction. Swinging

around, entirely by chance at the cross-roads, we had a very unexpected and delightful surprise, for right in front of us lay an arm of the Sound at flood-tide, and across the road stood an old house shaded and protected by century old trees, high up from the roadside, and mellowed into the landscape. It really was quite dramatic, this first impression of the " Holly Inn " or " The Old House " of Cos Cob — for it is called by both names. Suddenly and without even the warning tap-tap of the stage-hammer, a curtain had been lifted and we were in the atmosphere of the eighteenth century.

For two hundred fifty years and more this old house has been counting the seasons and looking out to sea. Perhaps it has seen the greatest changes in the last twenty-five years, for in that period the old tide-mill has gone and the miller who could only grind his corn when the tide was in, has answered to that " one clear call." It has seen the automobile come and the ox-team go; and now, its only remaining partner in age, just across the road, is tottering — with a fallen-in roof and a sunken-down portico.

But the Holly Inn has been blest in its owners, as it always has been in the possession of some member of the same family. We were fortunate enough to be permitted to wander about the garden and to explore the

inside — and explore is a good word to use, for the first impression, while a delightful one of space and color, could not begin to give one the wealth of interest each room held.

The hall in particular, had great charm. The walls were panelled in white pine, clear to the ceiling, and paint had never touched the surface. We saw many beautifully panelled rooms in other old houses, during our trip in New England, but nowhere did we find this natural wood so polished and colored by time. The present owner passed her hand caressingly over the panels, " We love every stick and stone in the place," she declared to us. And so I say — the " Old House " is fortunate, for many of the colonial houses are now in the possession of the unappreciative foreigner and have been turned into two- or three-family tenements.

Most painters know the " Holly Inn." For years it has been the rendezvous of Childe Hassam, who did some of his best work in the garden, Robinson, Alden Weir and the late Twachtman. Writers too, have discovered its charm. Willa Cather came in from a tramp just as we arrived — but it is only a fortunate few who are received in the " Old House " and can share in its charm and comfort, for it is not an inn in the strict sense of the word.

Continuing on our way toward Norwalk, a pelting

rain later in the day drove us indoors. We sought out a library — there always is one in the smallest town — and settled ourselves until the weather cleared. Here I read that " Connecticut has shared in the life of four centuries and few places in the United States rank with the town of Norwalk in age. It was settled in 1640, and probably was named for the Norwake Indians." The first purchase was made by Roger Ludlow who bought all the land between the Saugatuck and Norwalk rivers for the sum of " 8 fatham wampum, 6 coats, 10 hatchets, 10 hoes, 10 knives, 10 seizers, 10 juse-harps, 10 fathams tobacco, 3 kettles of six hands about, and 10 looking-glasses " — a complicated if not expensive sum to our eyes. But the settlement was not really established until 1651.

While the rain was driving across the window panes, I came across some other old records which threw a light on the behavior and character of the young folks of the long ago. Being amused and enlightened, I transcribe portions of them for the benefit of those who believe that the boys and girls of today — the " modern youth " — are any different, or worse than the youth of any period.

" 1668 — Tho. Lupton was chosen to look after the young people in the meeting-house on the Lord's Day and to doe his best endevor to kepe them from play-

ing and unsivill behavior in time of publik worship." And again — "Thomas Barnum was chosen and appointed for to oversee and kepe good Decorum amongst the youth in times of exercise on the Sabbath and other Publique meetings; and the Towne doe empower him if he see any disorderly, for to kepe a small stick to correct such with; only he is desired to doe it with clemency; and if any are incoridgable in such disorder he is to present them either to their parents or masters; and if they do not reclaim them then to present such to authority."

The Norwalk Hotel was an important tavern in coaching days. It was built in 1775, and called "The Connecticut House." Washington writes: "At Norwalk — we made a halt to feed our Horses. At the lower end of this town Sea Vessels come, and at the other end are Mills, Stores, and an Episcopal and Presbiterian Church." This lower end of the town used to be called "Old Well" as there was a well there from which vessels filled their tanks before going on cruise. The upper end was called the "Bridge" — named from a bridge built here across the Norwalk River in 1680.

When at last the clouds separated and the sun came peering through, we caught our first glimpse of a village "Green," as we drove about the beautiful old

town. Norwalk was the first town we had entered that had its " Common " or " Green," and it was a glorified " Green " that afternoon, as the shower had freshened the grass and the big elms had drunk deep drafts through each Hand-made leaf. A wonderful setting for the fine old houses and its three old churches. One could understand how Nathan Hale, New England's school-master patriot, had said with pride in his voice and devotion in his heart, " I regret that I have but one life to lose for my country," for it was at Norwalk he came to find a whaler to take him across to Huntington, L. I., and succeeded in persuading Captain Pond of the sloop " Schuyler."

At the entrance to the town there is a drinking fountain with the inscription " In memory of Nathan Hale. The Path of Duty was the way to Glory." This commemorates the event of his secret mission to the British lines at Long Island in September, 1776. It was from this spot he said good-bye to his companions and it was in this town on the afternoon of September 23rd a short time later that Captain Montresor of the British troops arrived with news of his execution as a spy that morning.

The whole south shore reeks with the smell of British powder. Each little town has its hill where Tryon, the British General, watched a conflagration and al-

most every village is re-built on the ashes of its first homes. Here and there we found a house that had been left standing through British influence. Before the firing by the British, the Pequot Indians kept things stirring and moving, and if the hills and swamps could speak, they would unfold tales of unspeakable horror.

It was not far from Norwalk that we made the acquaintance of our first antiquarian, — one of the very few honest commercial ones left. In hunting up the owner of an old house that interested us, we discovered him. We had been obliged to turn in at his driveway as the road ended there. It was the stillest place I ever trespassed upon. Not a sound disturbed the silence nor did we see a person, till a black cat stole warily out from somewhere and broke the spell.

Billie looked in at a crack of the barn door and whispered, "Old furniture — lots of it;" I peeped behind the barn. Not far away, almost hidden by the trees, a house was being built, and coming toward us was a tall, thin man, past middle life, with the gentlest face I have ever seen.

"We're interested in old houses and they tell us you are an authority," I began, walking toward him.

His face flushed. Anything that interested him flushed his face, — it was a thermometer, tabulating emotions.

" I'm too interested, I'm afraid," he responded apologetically. " My business and my hobby is the same, — old furniture and old houses. I love 'em both. I lived not so long ago, in an old house back over in the country. It had a beautiful old doorway and a long sloping roof and fine proportions. I had tried to buy it for a long, long time, but they asked me twice what it was worth and finally sold it to W. S. Hart, the moving-picture man, for half what they had asked me, without telling me a word about it. He has turned it inside out. It suits him, but it wouldn't suit me. I liked it as it was. So now, you see, as I couldn't get what I wanted, I'm building a new house for my old furniture. Every space in it has been planned to fit each piece. Come over and I'll show it to you. —— My wife, ladies."

His wife had been sitting on an empty barrel watching him plaster, and his gentleness was matched by her sprightliness. With the unconscious gaiety of a child she escorted us down to the cellar where a colonial kitchen had been built and furnished, almost before any of the rest had been planned.

" I wanted to be near him when he worked so I had him finish this part first," she explained. " We have our lunch here, and our Sunday night tea. And don't you like it? And see, there is a bedroom down here

too, — and — don't you like it? All this was my idea, — don't you like it?" Breathlessly she talked.

Yes, we liked it all and loved them both. No house that I had ever known had been built solely for the furniture. Every piece, from the old clock to the Hepplewhite sideboard, from the four-poster bed to the Chippendale tables and chairs, had been carefully measured, and they both were living for the day when each treasured piece could be moved into its last new home. Their furniture was their children.

Just beyond Norwalk is Westport — and it was full of interest, but my principal memory of it was a visit we made to a young minister — a very unhappy young minister — who was living with a member of his family in a beautiful old house, a hundred and twenty-five years old, the manse of one of the churches. It was a most impressive house, built on a hill directly above the Post Road and it commanded the countryside. Great trees stood sentinel at either side and demanded the counter-sign as you circled up the driveway.

"How lucky to be a clergyman and to live in a house like this!" we declared. But it was a thoroughly unimpressed, depressed young man who courteously showed us about and poured into our ears the trials

and tribulations of being obliged to live in a house, because it had been willed to a church as its manse, when it was thoroughly unsuited to the purpose. Our exclamations of delight were accompanied by his counterpoint of dejected criticism. The house had beautiful proportions, but the ceilings were too high, he couldn't keep warm; the arched hall and the trim about the windows had a narrow carved rope design inset in the woodwork, unusual and delightful, but he had long since ceased even to see it.

" Just listen to the noise," he exclaimed as a lumbering heavy truck chugged up the hill. " It is impossible to write unless I go to the very back of the house, and there is no room in the house that can be properly heated," he wailed. Billie, with disgust in her eyes, left with a civil good-bye and sat herself down in the middle of the front lawn with her pad and pencil, but a June shower soon sent us both scurrying.

This old Jesup House on State Street is easily the most distinguished house in Westport, both architecturally and from its association with the Jesup family. When New England was a colony of the Crown, the Jesup family was the leader in developing this section and settlement. At the present time, Westport has become popular with both the writer and the painter and

many old farm houses along the Easton Road and in Coleytown a few miles north of Westport, have been restored and are the joy of their owners. There are few old houses left in Westport, for the painters, sculptors, architects and illustrators, have taken them all.

Chapter Three

FAIRFIELD, GREENFIELD HILL, RIDGEFIELD AND BRIDGEPORT

O much has been written of Fairfield! In the early days it was one of the four largest towns of Connecticut and its history is connected with many of the important happenings of colonial times.

Washington stopped here over night on his Grand Tour (but every small village in New England claims the honor of a visit from Washington). Franklin and Lafayette, Copley and Trumbull also honored the town; women were ducked in the pond across the Green and condemned as witches because they floated like ducks, and the whipping-post still stands on the Green although dressed up as the town bulletin-board. Here, on the Green is also a large stone commemorating the founding of the town in 1639 and its burning by the British on July 8, 1779.

The old Burr Mansion is closely associated with the history of John Hancock and his Dorothy Quincy, for

it was in Fairfield he rejoined her after the battle of Lexington, and it was here they were later married. The life story of John Hancock is fascinating reading. Having everything to lose, for he had wealth and social position, yet he allied himself at the very beginning on the side of the patriots, and placed himself unreservedly against the King. He was made delegate to the first Continental Congress in Philadelphia, and it was his haste to reach that City, that made him leave his Dorothy in Fairfield and by so doing, almost lose her. For the story goes that Dorothy, who was restless after the stirring days preceding Lexington, had found Fairfield a bit dull, and had not been averse to a mild flirtation with her host's nephew, Aaron Burr, who had just arrived for a visit. Had it not been for Aunt Lydia Hancock, John in Philadelphia might have been minus a bride, for the mild flirtation developed into quite a serious one, and the young Aaron was dispatched in haste to Litchfield.

The present Thaddeus Burr House is the successor to the original one which was built in 1700 by Chief Justice Peter Burr, one of the earliest graduates of Harvard, and burned to the ground by Tryon's Raiders in 1779. It is said to have been rebuilt on plans suggested by Hancock, and as it stands today, it has much dignity and charm.

SHELL DOORWAY
FAIRFIELD, CONN.

The original house was set back from the main street on a little rise of ground beneath fine old elms. It was quite manorial looking with its dormers, projecting gables, and ivy covered wings, its heavy oak stairs in the wide hall, its lofty ceilings, tiled fireplaces and heavy oak panelling. Here many famous men were entertained by the hospitable Thaddeus Burr, a gentleman of great culture — Washington, Franklin, Lafayette, Otis, Samuel Adams, Governor Tryon and Doctor Dwight. Here Copley painted the portraits of his host and hostess.

In the present elaborate garden stands a portion of the old arborvitae hedge and as I walked about under the century old trees, imagination took me back to those summer days in the long ago. It was easy to picture Dorothy dreaming there. And then to see her stealing down the path in the early dusk to escape Aunt Lydia's watchful eyes and meeting young Aaron Burr, perhaps under the shadow of this very hedge, I thought. But Aunt Lydia proved a careful chaperon, and John Hancock won his bride. Some of his letters to Dorothy at this time have been preserved, and I read with much amusement, those paragraphs in which he upbraided her for not writing oftener. Dorothys of yesterday and Dorothys of today are much the same.

Schools and churches have played an important part

in the early annals of every New England city or town. Schools are still holding their own, although the influence and importance of the church in communities have lessened. Yale and Harvard still continue to be fed by the academy of the small town. Some of the famous old academies have long since departed but their connection with the community continues to be felt and talked about. Buildings having the semi-public character of a school usually were marked by a cupola on the roof. The old academy in the village of Fairfield was one of these famous old schools and its bell is still hanging in the cupola. The building is quite distinctive in its type and bears the date of 1804. President Humphrey of Amherst was one of its principals, and the Rev. Elihu Baldwin, the first president of Marietta College, was another. It is now a tea-house.

The tavern too, was of prime importance in the old days. Across the Green in Fairfield, is standing an old house now call the Manuel House which, until a few years ago, had been used as an inn ever since 1740. When it was built, it stood in the forest primeval and great trees had to be cut away to make room for its foundation. It was originally known as the Sun Tavern — but when Washington stopped there in 1789, it was known as Penfield's. Two additions have been added to it and it has always remained in the possession of the de-

scendants. At one time it was the home of the Congregational minister, Reverend Nathaniel Hewit, who was the pioneer of temperance in New England.

In the entrance and on the stairway twenty-seven British bullets have left their mark. When General Tryon burned the town July 7, 1779, and destroyed two hundred of its houses, this was saved, but the heat was so great all the glass in the windows was broken. It is said that General Tryon made this house his headquarters and it was spared the torch for this reason.

A vivid description of the attack is given in a letter written by Rev. Andrew Eliot, who was the pastor of the Fairfield church at that time. He writes: — "It was in the beginning of wheat harvest, a season of exceeding labor and festivity; . . . Never did our fields bear so numerous a load, never were our prospects with regard to sustenance so bright.

"The British fleet and army, with the American refugees that had possessed and plundered New Haven, set sail from that distressed place on the sixth, about four o'clock. Next morning the approach of the fleet was announced by the firing of a small gun we have on Grover's Hill. . . . They seemed however to be passing by and at about seven o'clock we with pleasure beheld them all to the westward of us steering, as we thought, for New York. A very thick fog came over,

which entirely deprived us of a sight of them until . . . the mist clearing away we beheld the whole fleet under our western shore. . . . They presently came to anchor and lay until four in the afternoon, when they began to land their troops a little to the eastward of Kensie's Point at a place called the Pines. From thence the troops marched along the beach until they came to a lane opposite the center of the town . . . and in about one hour paraded in three divisions on the green, between the meeting house and court house. From there they detached guards and, divided into small parties, proceeded to their infernal business. Their commanding officers were Sir George Collier by the sea and Generals Tryon and Garth by land.

"The approach of the fleet was so sudden that but few men could be collected, though alarm guns were fired immediately on the dissipation of the fog.

"There was no thought of opposing their landing as our forces were nothing to theirs; our little party, however, posted itself so as to annoy them to best advantage. The town was almost cleared of inhabitants; a few women, some of whom were of the most respectable families and characters, tarried with a view of saving their property. They imagined that their sex and character would avail to such a purpose; they put some confidence in the generosity of an enemy who were

once famed for generosity and politeness, and thought that kind treatment and submissive behavior would secure them against harsh treatment and rough usage. Alas! they were miserably mistaken, and bitterly repented their confidence and presumption.

"The Hessians were first let loose for rapine and plunder; they entered houses, attacking the persons of Whigs and Tories indiscriminately; breaking open desks, trunks and closets, and taking away everything of value. They robbed the women of their buckles, rings, bonnets, aprons and handerchiefs; they abused them with the foulest and most profane language, and threatened their lives without the least regard to their earnest cries and entreaties; looking glasses, china, and all kinds of furniture were soon dashed to pieces. Another party that came on were the American refugees, who, in revenge for their confiscated estates, carried on the same direful business. They were not, however, so abusive to the women as the former party, but appeared very furious against the town and country. The Britons, by what I could learn, were least inveterate; some of the officers seemed to pity the misfortunes of the country, but in excuse said they had no other way to regain their authority over us. Individuals among the British troops were, however, exceedingly abusive, especially to women. Some were forced to submit to the most indelicate and

rough treatment in defence of their virtue, and now bear the bruises of horrid conflict.

" About an hour after sunset the conflagration began at the house of Mr. Isaac Jennings, which was consumed with neighboring buildings. In the evening the house of Elizah Abell, Esq., Sheriff of the county, was consumed with several others and in the night several buildings on the main street. General Tryon was in several parts of the town plot, with the good women begging and entreating him to save their houses. Mr. Sayre, the Church of England missionary, joined with them in these entreaties. He begged the General to spare the town, but was denied. He then begged that some few houses might be spared as shelter for those who could procure habitations nowhere else; this was denied also. At length Mr. Tryon consented to save the houses of Mr. Burr and of the writer of this epistle; both had been plundered long ere this. He said likewise that the houses for public worship should be spared. He was far from being in good temper while in the town. General Garth, at the other end of the town, treated the inhabitants with as much humanity as his errand would admit. . . . All the town from the bridge by Colonel Gould's to the Mill River, a few houses excepted, was a heap of ruins.

" About eight o'clock next morning the enemy sounded

a retreat. We had some satisfaction amidst our sorrow and distress to see that the meeting house and a few other buildings remained, but the rear guard, composed of banditti, the vilest ever let loose among men, set fire to everything General Tryon had left, the large and elegant meeting house, the minister's house, Mr. Burr's and several other houses that had received protection. They tore the protection to pieces, damned Tryon, abused the women most shamefully and then ran off in a most disgraceful manner. Happily our people came in and extinguished the flames in several houses, so that we were not entirely destitute. . . .

"Our fort yet stands; the enemy sent a row galley to silence it, and there was constant firing between them all night; one or two attempts to take it were made by parties of troops, but it was most bravely and obstinately defended by Lieutenant Isaac Jarvis of this town, who had but twenty-three men beside himself. Many were killed on both sides; the number cannot be ascertained. They carried off some prisoners, but no persons of distinction. . . ."

A grim story of the past.

Southport and Black Rock, the harbors of Fairfield, were busy ports during the clipper period. Near the village of Southport, called Sasqua by the Indians, we saw an inconspicuous granite monument along the road-

side, backed by a bunch of willow trees. It bore the inscription:

THE GREAT SWAMP FIGHT
HERE ENDED
THE PEQUOT WAR
JULY 13, 1637.

They had been almost annihilated by Captain John Mason, who destroyed their village of Mistick near New London, and the few left fled to this swamp where they joined some two hundred Fairfield Indians. Mason followed and found their hiding place by frightening a captive. An attempt to rush the camp was tried but failed, and then there was a sharp skirmish which was very disastrous to the Indians. The Fairfield Indians asked for mercy, saying they had shed no English blood. Mason evidently believed that this was so, as he let them come out and go in peace — then he surrounded the swamp. In the heavy mist the savages tried to escape. A hand-to-hand fight took place in which some sixty Pequots escaped and the rest were killed or taken prisoners and sold as slaves. This great swamp described by Mason in his account as " a hideous swamp " has since been drained, and now the Post Road crosses over it.

Greenfield Hill, about three miles to the northward, was an important separate parish in colonial days, but

is now a part of Fairfield. This little hillside village has a distinct historic interest all its own. It was the home of Timothy Dwight, one of Yale's early and most able presidents. The church in which he preached and the academy where he taught — the most remarkable school of that period — both stood on the village "green." The silver used in the church — the tankard and bowl — antedate the Revolution. His home, "Verna," now belongs to our former minister to Italy, Lloyd C. Griscom, and until recently was used as his summer home. In the days of Dwight's possession it must have been an imposing dwelling, and even now its red bricks, although ivy-covered, seem a bit out of the landscape — where all the houses are of wood, clapboarded, and appear to belong to an older period. It commands a wonderful view of the Sound, and the trees that surround the house are of great age and beauty. The copper beech tree in the garden, said to have been planted by Timothy Dwight himself, has reached a tremendous girth, and its roots extending out from the ground, look for all the world like the legs of an elephant.

It was while he was minister of this old State church that he wrote the hymn that has been sung the world over: —

"I love thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of Thine abode."

I heard it sung in the old cathédrale of St. Pierre in the Cité of Geneva, Switzerland, the night before the first Assembly of the League of Nations. It was at the religious service preceding the formal opening the next day, and all the delegates with many of their suites were present, and it was from the pulpit where Calvin preached just after the Reformation, that the old hymn was announced. Although sung in French, there was no mistaking the old tune.

Many of these old towns claim the distinction of having been the birthplace as well as the inspiration of the early colonial poets. Joel Barlow lived at Redding, not far from Fairfield, where he wrote " The Columbiad," and Fitz-Greene Halleck was the poet of Guilford — the first American poet to be recognized in England. His " Marco Bozzaris " is little known now, but at that time it was widely read in England. Halleck was the intimate friend of Drake and a part of the literary life of that period, as well as a social lion of old New York.

Greenfield Hill has been discovered by a number of interesting people who make it their home. Elizabeth, and the late Robert Shackleton came upon it quite by chance several years ago, and the house that they then bought and in which Mrs. Shackleton now lives, is a fine example of the 1820 period. Its ornately carved front door is one of the best of its type. Wide fire-

places with their bricked-in ovens; the circular staircase and arched hall; finely proportioned rooms in which old furniture seemed at home; corner cupboards through which one glimpsed old china and old glass; hooked rugs and an old floral carpet; a Pennsylvania Dutch "hope chest" — were the things that caught my attention. Mrs. Shackleton's interest in these old things is quite a personal one. Her intelligent knowledge of antiques makes it possible for her to discover value in things that others would easily pass by, and her pleasure in these discoveries is almost naïve.

A day in June on Greenfield Hill is something to be remembered, for it is then one drives under pink and white dogwoods that meet overhead. Perhaps the other months are quite as lovely — some day I'm going back to see!

The old hill towns of New England are all of them lovely, but Greenfield Hill in its simplicity and natural beauty, with its wide view of valleys, hills and the waters of the Sound, is a radiant memory.

Billie pleaded to stop at Bridgeport. It is the home of the circus, you know, and from posters along the route, she thought we might not be too late to see a show. It isn't a bad place to sleep in, we found out later, but the circus had just gone, so we went north to Ridgefield over the Woodbridge Hills.

On reaching Ridgefield, our car absolutely refused to go another inch. Right in the middle of the road it stopped, but it chose a wonderful spot with a wonderful view. We often had talked about what we would do under such circumstances, so we knew just how to act. We sat still and waited. We had decided that no well-bred man in the twentieth century would pass a car in which sat two women in distress, without stopping. So here we had our first chance to try it out.

We had to wait a long time. But the trouble was not with the well-bred man, but because he was noticeably absent, that is, — only women passed us. And that is what they did — they passed us. I left Billie in the car, and the car in the middle of the road, deciding that it was not necessary for two of us to be held up in this way, and proceeded to investigate a house that looked tremendously impressive across the road.

My eyesight and insight were correct, for on inquiry I found this house to have been the old Revolutionary tavern called by several names in the locality, — "The Keely Tavern" — "Ressequie" — or the "Cannon Ball House." It is now the summer residence of the architect Cass Gilbert.

In the olden days it had been the first stop on the Post Road from New York to Boston and the stepping-stones still stand piled high, outside the gate. How

glad the horses must have been to rest! Perhaps like our car, they absolutely refused to go another step too, for Ridgefield is a long, steady climb right to the top of the ridge.

Cass Gilbert was in Europe, but his gardener decided after deliberation, to waste some few minutes in giving me the information I asked, but the tidy maid steadily refused to do anything but nod. This was greatly to be regretted, as the glimpse I caught of the hall and the rooms beyond was entrancing and made me long to see just a little more. However, the old covered well, with its coat of white paint and its green-latticed hood to protect one from the weather, seemed to beckon and say, "Take a drink," just as it must have done years and years ago. The gardener became more sympathetic and took some pains to disclose to me the great cannon-hole in the side of the house which had become, instead of a mutilation, a prized possession. The wreckage the ball had made is discreetly hidden by a shingle that slides back into place after it has been opened to exhibit. This century old tavern that had been through the war, seemed to me like a war veteran with a hole in his side that had healed. It is now rejoicing in a new job, in a new suit, and I should predict, with Cass Gilbert as its benefactor, its prospects are bright and its future is assured.

The "Peter Parley" house, built in 1797 by Peter's father, the Rev. Samuel Goodrich, and the Hawley homestead with its boxwood garden, are delightful old houses in a delightful old town. As I walked back from my exploring, the sister of Paul Leicester Ford, the author of "Janice Meredith," came up and chatted with me awhile — she spends her summers in Fairfield and seems to know every stranger — so that by the time I got back to Billie, a service-car with every possible equipment had just stopped. The well-bred man had evidently materialized.

It was terribly depressing to see the men working in the inside of that car. We waited for their diagnosis with suspended breath. Then one of the men laughed.

"You can't run a car without gas!" he exclaimed.

Billie's disgust was worse than mine. It was like anticipating a fatal disease and discovering a mosquito bite. Still, after the humiliation of it was over, we surely were relieved — so many things might have been the matter!

"How did you get hold of those men from the repair shop?" I inquired curiously. Billie looked suspiciously flushed, although amused.

"Oh!" she answered, "Quite a decent sort of a chap came along in a brand new car and asked if he could help in any way, and when he found the car wouldn't

move, he took it for granted there must be engine trouble, so he speeded off and sent back those men. Then he came back and chatted awhile, — he had just left as you came up. I'll certainly be ashamed to tell him what really was the matter."

"Why, are you going to see him again?" I asked in surprise.

"I told him we were going to New Haven, and he said he was too, and he would look us up at our Club and see how the car was behaving. He was a real live Yankee, and," added Billie reflectively, "he wasn't half bad."

We ran on to Danbury before returning to Bridgeport. They make hats in Danbury. We didn't know it before, but we do now.

"Look what's coming!" ejaculated Billie, almost driving up a telegraph pole in her excitement. Now Billie loves a circus, and I knew she thought the prancing steeds coming towards us from the direction of Danbury, had some connection with the "big top." As they came nearer, we found that each man wore a wide-brimmed hat with a steeple crown and their horses cavorted all over the road.

"They certainly must be outriders from the circus," I admitted. We met more of them as we neared the town and Billie's face beamed with delight.

Ask Billie about the circus in Danbury and see her disgust! Danbury's advertising instinct had adopted the showman's method — communicated probably from Bridgeport — and to advertise its hats, it had broadcasted men on horseback wearing these absurd headcoverings, all along the roads leading out of the town, with the result that hats remain my only association with the town. This is a pity, as no place with such a marvellous approach of hills and lakes and winding roads, could possibly be commonplace.

Our returning to Bridgeport to spend the night was the result of experience. It is never wise to expect to find transient accommodation in small towns. After several disappointments in this respect, we kept within driving distance of large centers as daylight waned. Bridgeport, as I have said, was the home of the circus. P. T. Barnum had lived there, and we drove past his old home just across from Clinton Avenue. He gave largely to the city and it has named many of its public buildings and an avenue for him. It is very proud of its connection with this international showman who exhibited Tom Thumb and his wife, starred Jenny Lind and made us all familiar with pink lemonade and peanuts.

Seaside Park, a beautiful section lying along the Sound, with a concrete drive three miles long, is his

gift to Bridgeport. The city is fortunate in having its water front preserved for the municipality. As it is a city of industries — the first in rank in Connecticut as a manufacturing city, this breathing space along the Sound is a splendid benefaction.

Bridgeport has perhaps less of a housing problem now than most industrial cities, although it is more than one-third foreign, with about a dozen different nationalities represented among its mill workers. This lack of housing shortage is due to the foresight of some of its citizens who have established industrial "Villages." These are fashioned somewhat after those of Litchworth and Port Sunshine in England. Here reasonable rents, gardens, playgrounds and nearness to factory areas have done much to lighten the daily grind of the factory hands.

Bridgeport manufactures everything from oysters to automobiles; from corsets to submarines. It has a marvellous sea line but little sky line. From Danbury we entered the city by way of Golden Hill, the old aristocratic residential section, where we found some charming houses of an early date and an air of repose and stability. We left the city for Stratford, in much congestion of traffic, impressed by the busy harbor but glad to be on the road once more.

Chapter Four

STRATFORD AND MILFORD

TRATFORD had just celebrated the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of one of its churches. Complacent pride in the town, in its history and dignity, shone on the face of every inhabitant who "belonged." Even Dr. Dwight, writing in 1798 says:

> Stratford is better built than either Fairfield or Norwalk — and it certainly is a delightful old place with its historic houses, its huge elms and wide streets.

It was given its name by one of the earliest settlers, William Beardsley, who came from Stratford-on-Avon, shortly after the town was settled in 1639.

This important anniversary mile-stone was made the occasion for bringing many sentences like this into the town literature:

> It gives the present Stratforders much pleasure to know that when other localities summoned the godly to worship by the beating of a drum or the blowing of a horn, its first Congregational Church called the worshipers by a bell.

It undoubtedly is pleasanter to be called to church by a bell than a horn, but a horn blows the way to church in these days even if one is not summoned by it.

In general conversation sentences began, "Stratford claims the distinction" and one of its claims to distinction was its health record as attested by the fact that along Stratford Avenue from the corner of Main Street down to the shore "twenty-one persons over the age of seventy" were alive and hearty.

Two of the most famous postriders — Andrew and Ebenezer Hurd — hailed from Stratford, and the latter claimed the distinction of making the round trip from New York to Saybrook once every fortnight during a period of fifty-six years before the Revolution.

Old memories of Stratford must include not only Goody Bassett who was hanged here for a witch in 1651, but one must also know that Christ Church erected in 1723 was the first Episcopal Church in Connecticut, and that its first rector was Dr. Samuel Johnson who afterward became the first president of King's College, now Columbia University. He was the nephew of the renowned Samuel Johnson who threw the lustre of his own celebrity in the path of his namesake.

Stratford is built about the mouth of the Housatonic River and the easy approach to it by water made it the

scene of many an intrigue, and adventures not recorded in old archives are convincing though traditional. In the cellar of a house that antedated the Revolution, on Elm Street, a pot of Spanish coin had been found. We were fortunate in being shown the house by its present occupant, and if only the old walls could have spoken! The boards in the panelling in the hall were twenty-five inches wide, and some of the floor boards we measured were twenty-four inches across.

One of the oldest houses, the Walker house, built in 1740, the birthplace of General Walker, is now occupied by an Italian shoemaker and we had hard work to find it. The Judson house, south of the present Episcopal Church, was built in 1723, and it is reputed to be one of the oldest in the State.

A little story of the early days of Stratford told to me by one of the " twenty-one persons over seventy " had a lovely sentimental quality that I delight to remember in connection with the town.

Stratford in 1770, straggled along the Post Road, extending from the Housatonic to the Pequonnock. It had been bought from the Peguset Indians in 1639 and was called Cupheag, the Indian name, until 1643. A few out-lying houses had been built along the shore of the Housatonic River — but the chief interest of the town clustered about the Benjamin Tavern, especially

THE FAIRCHILD HOUSE
STRATFORD, CONN.

when the coach from New York was due. This was the tavern where Washington went to meet Lafayette when he returned from his mission to France to get help for the Colonists.

One day — so the story goes — there alighted from the coach a solitary traveller, as Scott would have put it. He drew his coat about him and hurried across to the inn for refreshment and to warm himself by the fire, for it was late autumn and the ride had been long.

Men in these days ride " by machinery like bags of cotton and hardware," but in those days, travel was not a cut and dried procedure arranged by a time-table and a guide book, and much could and did happen by the wayside. A speed of from five to ten miles an hour permitted the road to open up before them and the inn itself became a meeting place instead of a stopping place.

John Sterling liked the big fireplace and the food he had eaten as well as its wine, so being a bit drowsy, he decided the coach could go on without him — he would " inn " himself for a few days and look about the town.

This decision was partly helped by a glimpse he had caught of the blacksmith's daughter, whose long yellow hair flying in the wind from beneath her hood, looked like shafts of summer sunlight. Glorianna kept

her father's house and also his heart, and was quite satisfied.

But young Sterling was a man who evidently knew what he wanted, and if history is reliable, usually went about getting it. For a whole year, he taught the village school and wooed the blacksmith's daughter. Then there was a wedding and Glorianna became Mistress Sterling.

A few months passed. One day the coach brought a letter for John Sterling and a hasty recall to England. Glorianna bravely helped her husband make the next packet for London, and believed him when he said: "I will always hold you in my heart, Glorianna, and I will send for you."

The days grew into weeks, and the weeks into spring, but the memories of those happy months kept Glorianna's head high and her heart loyal, when village gossip touched her. She held her father's heart and waited.

"I am his wife," she said.

"His wife!" They laughed.

Toward evening one spring night, the coach again stopped at Benjamin's Tavern, and the stranger who opened the door and crossed the road to the inn was much beruffled and bewigged.

"I have a letter for Lady Sterling who lives in this

town, and I would be directed thither," announced the man with much importance.

"Mistress Sterling, the blacksmith's daughter, lives over yonder — she is all I know by that name," obsequiously answered the inn-keeper. "It is she who is passing now," pointing toward the road.

"Did I hear you call me, Mister Benjamin?" asked a clear voice.

Sweeping the ground with his hat, the stranger saluted Mistress Sterling. With shining eyes she came toward him.

"I have a letter from my lord to Lady Sterling," he said, handing her the letter.

"It is a matter of record," said my old inhabitant, "that Glorianna, in marrying John Sterling, the village school-teacher, had been married to Sir John Sterling of Sterling Castle. On his return to England, after adjusting the matters that had called him home, he immediately arranged for her coming and dispatched a ship all fitted for her comfort with "man-servants and maid-servants." On her arrival in Edinburgh she was welcomed with all the honors due her position as the Lady of Sterling Castle."

The poetry and romance of the coaching days are gone. The old tavern is gone and also the blacksmith shop across the road. But to one old inhabitant at

least, the enchantment of this "ower true" tale still holds its spell, and through his telling, it lived very brightly for me.

We motored into Milford on Sunday afternoon, across the Memorial Bridge, which was built to commemorate the town's two-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary and is every Milforder's pride and glory.

The town was first settled in 1639, by a party of two hundred men from New Haven. In their westward march they were attracted by the beautiful Wepawaug River and its fertile surrounding country. They secured a deed from the Indians, chiefly from one Ansantaway, whose name and profile are on the tower of the Memorial Bridge.

On our way into the town's center, some three miles farther on, we passed a boulder, popularly known as "Hog Rock" because of some old tale connected with this doggerel:

> Once four young men upon ye rock
> Sate down at shuffle board one daye;
> When ye Deuill appearde in shape of a hogg,
> And frightened ym so they scampered awaye
> And left Olde Nick to finish ye playe.

It is now officially known as Liberty Rock and there is an inscription to the memory of the Liberty Men and Minute Men of 1776. Though why is hard to say as

there is no fact or story connecting this boulder with them.

I remarked to Billie that it wouldn't be a bad idea to reinstate the old time tithing-man and put a stop to the dense Sunday traffic. "What had a tithing-man to do with Sunday traffic? And what is a tithing-man anyway?" she asked, neatly running the car out of the procession of automobiles into an elm-bordered street and parking it along the magnificent village "Green."

I reminded her of an early settler named Higby who had been a tithing-man and whose house we had been told to look up in Milford as one of the early ones.

He had become famous through a reply of his to Aaron Burr. Sunday travelling in those days was against the law and the early settlers appointed a man whom they called the "Tithing-man," whose duty it was to see that this law was enforced.

He usually took his position in the belfry tower where he could scan the roads from all directions on the look-out for offenders. One Sunday Higby spied a carriage with outriders and postillions making a great dust down a distant road. He rushed out of the tower and with much gesticulation gave them to understand that they could not pass.

"But I am Aaron Burr," announced the man in the carriage, with much importance and pomposity. "It

is necessary that I reach Philadelphia without any delay; as Vice-President of the United States I insist that an exception be made to the law against Sunday travelling!"

Higby replied: "If the word of a man is of more consequence than the word of God, that is one thing; but I do not think so," so he sent him to the tavern until sundown.

There is another old town record, dated 1640, that gives a perfect example of the egotism of the old Puritans:

"Voted, that the earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof,

Voted, that the earth is given to the Saints,

Voted, that we are the Saints."

I found Billie was much more interested in finding a place for tea, than in Aaron Burr's enforced Sunday rest, and true to instinct, her wandering gaze discovered a tea house just across the road.

"It would be fun," I said, after we had ordered cinnamon toast and tea, "to know what the old Puritans would do in these days of jazz and flappers. Just think how far we have outgrown their ideas!" and I read to her this record of bygone days — of one Birdsey, who "one Sunday kissed his wife in violation of the law, and having been discovered in this shameful

crime, he was tried on the Monday and sentenced to be lashed. He managed to escape from the town officers and ran to the river, into which he plunged and swam to the Stratford side. From that safe place he shook his fists at his pursuers. His wife followed him later, and they became the ancestors of a long line of Birdseys, whose pedigree forms the central stem of all Stratford genealogies."

The cross-eyed maid at last materialized with the toast and the tea. The toast looked dubious. I poured the tea. It came faster through the lid than the spout, which didn't hurt the tea, but it ruined the toast. Silently we chewed the food.

"I think this must be the town," I said meditatively, between mouthfuls, "where Washington stopped and ordered bread and milk, and on being served with a pewter spoon, he called the maid and asked for a silver one. 'Lack-a-day!' exclaimed the landlord, 'our house does not possess a silver spoon,' and he looked very sorrowful. 'Here my good man,' and Washington threw a shilling to the attendant, — 'run over to the minister's and borrow one.'"

"Well!" Billie rose majestically from her chair with her paper napkin crumpled in one hand and the bill held out in the other. When she rises in that way, she is terribly impressive. "There may be worse tea

houses than this one, but I have never found one. They must be growing worse with the years in Milford, for you tell me it was only a spoon Washington had to borrow from the minister. I should like to borrow food. And besides, you will have to lend me money to pay this bill."

If our experience was sad in food, it was happy in architecture. The Stone House on Wharf Street is on the edge of the harbor—a very unimportant looking harbor now, but it was once a busy, prosperous one with a town wharf, for ship building was an important industry in those days and there was a considerable trade with the West Indies. The Stone House has had much alteration, but the " lean-to " is original. It belongs to the third period of Connecticut architecture, with its central passage running through, and rooms on either side, but it differs from the typical example of this period, as the chimneys, instead of being in the end walls, as at first, or between each room, as later, — were at the back. Probably the main chimney originally was at the end of the passage where now is an interesting stairway, of the " dog-legged " type.

The mill by the bridge is a new one and it was built in 1914 on the mill's two hundred and seventy-fifth anniversary. It replaces the original one — Fowler's Mill, erected in 1639. This was the first grist mill in the New

Haven Colony and also one of the oldest from the point of operation. It ground grain for over two hundred and fifty years. The Fowler home on the island near the mill has, until recently, always been in the possession of some member of the family. This old mill was considered of such importance that when a freshet damaged it, the town "voted whatever aid was needed that each man should contribute one day's work." Not far from the two old classic churches, and in perfect accord with their architecture, is perhaps the finest modern town hall of its size in New England. From every point of view — location, environment, tradition and beauty — it seemed to us the perfection of what a town hall should be in a colonial village. And Milford itself, is a gem of a village. Nobody hurries — only the river.

Milford also had a proud native. He was a Civil War veteran, and he looked the part in every detail. I had been hunting for someone who could tell me about the two regicides who had been hidden in the town for a number of years, after they had signed Charles I's death warrant, and with one accord everybody referred me to Mr. Stowe. A record in the town library had given me the bare facts, telling me that — "In 1660, after the House of Stuart had been restored to the English throne, the judges of Charles I were obliged to flee the country and eventually came to America."

I learned that their names were Goffe, Whalley and Dixwell, and that hunted by messengers of the English government, they were befriended in the Puritan settlements of New Haven and Milford and given protection and shelter; but I wanted to find a person who was interested in inherited traditional lore, and I found him in Nathan Stowe.

He was well qualified to talk about the old days in Milford, as his ancestors had lived in the village for over a century and a half. And he liked to talk about the olden times, which was much to the point. When I asked him if it was true that two of the regicides had lived for at least two years in a cellar of a Milford house, and "Where was the house?" I saw at a glance that my questions stirred his interest, so I settled myself well back in a comfortable chair in his spotless parlor, with a crayon portrait of a Civil War officer over my head, and the bees droning outside among the wisteria — and waited for him to begin.

"You know," he said slowly, sitting stiffly on the horse-hair chair, "that story about those men living in a cellar for two years, seems to me false on the face of it. In the first place, history says the house they were hidden in was a workshop. It stands to reason those men had to be fed and cared for, and a busy place where girls were working all day would be a bad place

THE TWO CHURCHES

MILFORD, CONN.

to hide anybody in. I have a theory, and it seems to hold water. Instead of those men living in the cellar of the Tompkin's house on Peacock Lane, I am convinced they were hidden by Major Samuel Eells in his house. Perhaps they did spend part of the time in the Tompkin's cellar, or were concealed there if strangers came into the town — but not all of the time, not by a long shot! And this is what I base my theory on: Major Samuel Eells was a man of authority in the village, and one day a young man named Robert Lenthal came to Milford direct from England. He was admitted to the town without a question, and went with a letter to Major Eells, where he stopped as his guest. Now this is the strange part. Not only was he allowed to remain without a permit, which was essential in those days, but he was almost immediately given an official position and quickly became of much importance in the government of the village. Although a stranger could only remain a year, he stayed until the regicides left.

"I believe, and so did my father and my grandfather and my great-grandfather, that Lenthal had been sent from England by Cromwell, on purpose, to look after the welfare of these judges. He was well known among the Puritans in England, as his wife's father was the clergyman who officiated at Hampton's fu-

neral. There is no question in my mind that Eells was in the secret and made it easy for Lenthal, by giving him an official standing in the town so that he could exercise authority. No one else has ever connected Lenthal with the regicides, but this is the tradition that has been handed down in our family — and as my great-grandfather, Stephen Stowe, lived in the house built and owned by Major Samuel Eells, there is probably good reason for his having had a little inside information."

"Where did they go when they left Milford?" I asked.

"Did you ever hear of the Angel of Hadley?" was his answer. "No? You should go to Hadley then and hear the story, for it will lose in interest by my telling it," at which I again shook my head in quick denial.

"Well then, I'll tell it as best as I can: — It seems as though a story of an angel should be about a woman, doesn't it? But this time it's about a full-grown man.

"When Whalley and Goffe had been here about two years, they were taken one night quickly out of the town to Hadley, and Parson Russell gave them shelter and refuge. I imagine news had arrived that made Milford unsafe. Whalley died in Hadley about ten years later, but Goffe did not die until some years after

Whalley — and it was during these last years of his life that he made his spectacular appearance in the town, and saved the settlement from an unexpected attack made upon it by the Indians.

" The Puritans were keeping a religious holiday in Hadley. Beyond the palisades the Indians had been hiding, waiting for an opportune time to make an attack on the settlers. When they saw their vigilance had relaxed and that the men as well as the women were at their devotions, they fell upon them. Immediately everything was in confusion! Indians swarmed everywhere, and it seemed as though the ' gates of Hell ' had opened. Suddenly, a man with white and flowing hair, and garbed in a costume of the Long Ago — stood in the midst of them. In a voice of authority he took command. At once the sense of victory inspired the little group, confidence was restored, and the enemy was hurled headlong out of the town. But ' The Angel of Hadley ' was never seen again. It was General Goffe's only appearance."

" What about Dixwell? " I asked.

" He died in New Haven and was buried there. When you visit Yale, you will see his monument back of Center Church. He was buried on the Green."

We were standing on his little porch, covered with a wealth of wisteria. The purple flowers spilling

around us and the shade and peace of the street, a backwater from the busy Green, brought into direct contrast the stir and stress of those early days, and of his own stirring life in the Civil War.

"If I had to be hidden away for a time, I couldn't find a fairer spot than Milford. The regicides were fortunate, Mr. Stowe!" He stood proudly erect and took a deep breath of appreciation.

"Well, I thought it was a good place to come back to! I've done some wandering in my day and I know a good thing when I see it. Milford is not only beautiful, but it always was a healthy place. It was six years after the town was settled before any disease or death occurred. However, disease came in great doses during the Revolution. Two hundred and fifty American prisoners from the British prison ships were left on the shore and they were brought to my great-grandfather's house on Wharf Street — there — you can see the chimney of the old place between the trees," pointing toward the Sound. "Most of them had the plague. Stephen Stow volunteered to nurse the men, and in twelve days he was dead and about fifty of the prisoners. They were all buried together."

Billie wanted to hurry on to New Haven, but not even Yale's new tower could be lovelier than Milford's "Green," its many elms, its new stately townhall and

old houses, its Colonial Meeting-Houses, lovely in their simplicity of line, standing high above the tumbling river so reminiscent of the busy life of Yesterday. And then we had found another real Yankee in Milford, — a Yankee who had fought in the Civil War, and whose ancestor had given his life in nursing plague-stricken men during the Revolution. He was a Yankee with a pedigree to be proud of and he lived in a town which also had a pedigree. If you want to turn back the wheel of time, go to Milford. There is little of the new in it that hurts the best of the old, and you will find what I call an "Americana" village.

Chapter Five

"LUX ET VERITAS."

Here's to the town of New Haven,
The home of the truth and the Light
Where God talks to Jones
In the very same tones
That he uses with Hadley and Dwight.

E reached New Haven in the evening and it was almost the full of the moon, a June night full of enchantment. We put the car to bed and hied us forth in the "stilly night."

New Haven was founded as a Puritan settlement, yet notwithstanding its stern and undemocratic background and its one-time stiff Puritan government which "outpope'd the Pope, outking'd the King, and outbishop'd the Bishop," our first sight of its Meeting House Green — a sixteen-acre square bounded by three one-hundred-year-old churches, the library, the temple-esque Federal building, the College dormitories and a modern Colonial Court House — was not only picturesque but almost wickedly spectacular.

"LUX ET VERITAS."

It was within a few days of Commencement week, and west of the Green and directly facing it, the impressive row of dormitories was lit from every window. We entered the campus through the Phelps Gateway. Long shadows lay across the grass and sounds of distant music broke the stillness. Boys in groups of twos or threes stood about idly talking, while others darted here and there, vibrating to the suppressed excitement of the closing days of a college year. We found ourselves reacting to it also, and stood in the shadow watching the moon slowly touch and then illuminate "Old South Middle" — the only building of the Old Brick Row left standing. There was magic in its touch. It spoke to us of old traditions — of "Tap Day" — that momentous day in May when the members of the senior societies emerge from their "Tombs" and singly march to the "New Fence" which has taken the place of the old one, so much mourned, in front of the Green, where the members of the junior class have nonchalantly draped themselves over the grass, and with ill-concealed anxiety await the "tap" which makes and sometimes breaks their college life. A "tap" on the shoulder followed by "go to your room" means to a junior that, as far as the class-body is concerned, he has made good in his undergraduate days, and that therefore he has been chosen for membership by one of these

societies. As there are only fifteen members in each society, it is a great distinction to be tapped.

The old building held us in a spell. It revived for us Yale's splendid record — its sixteen thousand living graduates, men of mark in every state of the Union, and its present enrollment of approximately thirty-three hundred students; its seventy odd buildings; its long line of notable presidents extending back to the date of its rather uncertain beginning in, or about the year 1700. We seemed to hear it say:

I am the connecting link between the past and the present. Much that is good from the past still remains; democracy is not a creed but a living principle, and theology is not a tradition but a vital influence. Calvinism flourished in Yale in its purity and this "Mother of Churches" is conservative. She has passed with pride, two century-old milestones, and still retains her convictions unshaken but with an added broadness of outlook — for the years have widened instead of narrowed her vision.

Among American colleges, Yale is the third in age and many place it the second in standing, although down the line numerically. Its first president was the Rev. Abraham Pierson who was minister of the church at Killingworth, of which the town of Clinton was then a part. On the Green at Clinton there is a monument which informs one that on this spot the first classes of Yale were held, although the Russell parsonage at Bran-

ford also claims some of the honor of its beginnings. However Saybrook was the real first home of the College, and classes were only held at Clinton, because the president preferred that students should come to him — he did not like the trip to Saybrook.

Yale was first called the Collegiate School of Connecticut and its location continued at Saybrook for a number of years, even though most of the instruction was at Killingworth. When the college was removed to New Haven in 1716, it created a storm of protest in Saybrook and the most vigorous opposition. So great was the indignation, the villagers retained the library until government aid was asked and the sheriff was sent to demand the books; even then, the resistance was so strong that in the confusion that followed, many valuable books were lost. The first building of the college at New Haven was erected in 1717. The first contribution to what afterward became Yale College, was made by John Fitch of Norwich who gave six hundred thirty-seven acres of land in Killingly and "enough glass and nails for a college hall."

The moon had left "Old South Middle" in shadow and its lovely outlines were uncertain and grey in the dim light. I shivered a little. "Wake up, Billie!" I whispered — for we seemed to have been in a mysterious past, part of which was stern and unyielding —

a past that spoke in no uncertain terms of duty and justice, but that left mercy outside, a forgotten attribute of the good God, whose word " was adopted as the only rule to be attended unto in ordering the affayres of government in this plantation."

I wonder if New Haven makes the same impression upon everybody as it did upon us? Or was our interest in it as a college town and our appreciation of the beauty of its wide elm-shaded streets and public buildings due to a combination of the witchery of a June night and some sympathetic natives upon whom we stumbled by accident?

In the full sunlight of the next morning, we had our first chance encounter. We had started out early from our Club, and as it was just around the corner from the Green and the lovely modern Colonial Library, we wandered into the library's marble coolness more as a starting point than anything else — but we spent the morning there. With an investigating turn of mind, I had gone upstairs to the print-room leaving Billie to her own devices down in the main reading room. Within a short time, she came quickly toward me and I could see from her face that something interesting had happened.

" That man from Ridgefield is here! " she whispered.

" What? " I exclaimed, bristling with surprise.

CENTER CHURCH FROM YALE CAMPUS
NEW HAVEN, CONN.

"Now calm yourself, old dear, he's a native and he has promised to take us to the Faculty Club, which is a wonderful old house with an interesting history, now owned by Yale. And besides, just out of common courtesy, you should thank him for helping us in Ridgefield — so come along!"

"How did he happen in here?" I asked incredulously, as I followed down the stairs.

"He tells me he lives almost next door," she answered, "and he always comes in early in the morning to read his paper. It was a funny thing," she continued, smiling, "but I was looking over a paper myself and was sitting almost next to him, and didn't know it till he said good-morning."

I don't wonder Billie was glad to see him. He was an unobtrusive person but always there when we wanted him, and his brain was like a huge filing-cabinet. He took a question mark on high gear, and knew when to stop without our putting on the brake. As a guide in a strange city he was without a peer. He took us over to the Faculty Club, which is directly opposite the College on the Green, and although there was a great deal of buzzing going on, as it was being prepared for Commencement week, we managed to get an idea of the old house before going out into the garden. Here we lazily watched the willow-tree spin

lacy shadows across the grass while we listened to the story of this more than century-old house.

"Pierpont, who built the house in 1767," he told us, "was one of the founders of Yale, and it therefore seems quite satisfying that in its old age, Yale should have bought it and given it back its prestige and dignity. The land on which the house stands was an original charter grant from the king, and when Anson Phelps Stokes bought it before Yale's ownership, he had great difficulty in getting a deed — as there never had been one in the original family.

"During the Revolution it was taken over by the British, and in 1779, it was used as a hospital by them. Pierpont had tried in his haste to remove all the furniture before the British took possession, but in some way his wife's portrait was left behind. After the Revolution, when he again regained the house, he found the portrait had been stabbed through the heart by one of the officers. This picture, by the way, is still in the possession of the family. When Mr. Stokes bought the house he did some restoration, and made rather interesting modern additions. Those two large brick ells," pointing to the arched openings, "which enclose the open brick court, do not, I think, detract from the simple lines of the original house, and the ball-room with the billiard-room above it, give the space

a club house needs as well as giving it a recreational value."

The original "keeping-room" of the old house runs across the entire width at the back, and is fully thirty feet in depth and about fifteen feet wide. The floor boards are of oak, black with age, highly polished — but the knots stand up like hummocks in a meadow, and I had the tendency to step from one to another to avoid the bog in between. In this room the fireplace opening is over seven feet wide.

Notwithstanding the modern additions, the interior of the house has preserved its atmospheric quality to a large degree. Perhaps the lines of Cowper over a fireplace, placed there by Mr. Stokes —

> Now stir the fire and close the shutters fast
> So let us welcome peaceful evening in —

will better translate the effect the panelled walls and long, low rooms made upon us, than any detailed description could possibly do.

A sister of a former mayor of New Haven, a delightful lady of the old school, was our second chance encounter. She loved every stick and stone of the old town and the destruction of so many of the wonderful elms by the elm-leaf beetle, was the catastrophe of her life.

"Woodpeckers also did a lot of damage to Yale's

towers," she declared, "so that between the bugs and the birds and the British, our town has had a hard time to survive." Seeing my look of surprise, she explained that in the early days of the settlement, woodpeckers and birds of that character did a lot of damage to the buildings as well as the crops. "And it was the civic duty of every settler to kill his quota of these birds for the protection of the settlement — in fact they were fined if they did not."

A steady line of motor vehicles was honking round the Green. Up into the sky the new tower of Yale pierced the flying clouds, but this little old lady of Yesterday saw only the alder swamp along the creek bordering the Green, where the Indians gathered branches for their bows. Under her guidance we visited the old Grove Street Cemetery where a shaft marked the resting-place of Noah Webster, the compiler of the dictionary, who must have been a very tiresome person, as well as a very tired man when he laid him down to rest. A story she told me, while it illustrates his nice distinction of words, also throws a side light on his character which is amusing.

"It seems that Noah Webster was rather too fond of his house-maid and one day his wife caught him kissing this girl over the bannisters. 'My dear,' she exclaimed in a shocked tone of voice, 'I am surprised!'

'No, my dear,' he answered, 'I am surprised, — you are astonished.'"

Many other men of prominence are buried in this cemetery; Roger Sherman, Lyman Beecher, and Eli Whitney, and many of the old tombstones were placed here from the original burial ground when Center Church was erected on its site in 1814.

The three churches on the Green, the United, Center and Trinity, were all built about the same time — over a century ago. The crypt under Center Church contains one hundred forty tombstones which date back to the seventeenth century. The monument to one of the regicide judges, John Dixwell, is just behind Center Church, although we understood he was buried on the Green.

Like the Boston Common, the Green at New Haven is a great open space in the heart of the city and aside from the physical advantage of such a breathing spot, the history that clusters about it must be of inspirational value and an educational asset to the city. Originally it was used as pasturage for cattle. During the Revolution it was the meeting place of the patriots and the reviewing ground.

New Haven is a beautiful city. We were tremendously impressed with its situation when we went out to Morris Cove. It is built on a low stretch of land

glass doors in the old corner cupboard without a scratch on any of the pieces.

The place was bought by a Mr. Pardee some years ago (he has since died) and he took the greatest delight in restoring the old house. The kitchen, which is the most delightful room as well as the oldest, is the full width of the house. With its sanded floor, its hand-hewn beams, the cellar stairs cut out of the solid rock, the cavernous fire-place, and the secret passage to the water through a wall four feet thick, it held more interest than any other room we happened to discover during our journeyings. Mr. Pardee was an enthusiastic antiquarian. The many old pieces of 1733 earthen-ware, and the huge candles, at least a foot in width, were as full of interest as the coach made by his ancestor, Lawrence Bradley Pardee, and sold to a southern planter, only to be discovered and purchased by him in Louisville, Kentucky, after many adventurous years and brought to a dignified place of state in the coach-house of this seventeenth century house.

The ball-room above the kitchen, while of the colonial period, was a later addition and nothing could be more in contrast to it than the modern collection of paintings by American artists which it contained. One entered the room directly from the stairs, and I stood with my mouth agape, too astonished to make an exclamation,

when I realized I was literally surrounded by pictures of the modern school — by such men as Henri, Chauncey Ryder, George Bellows, Hawthorne, George Luks, Hugo Ballin and Kopman. Men of the older school such as William Morris Hunt, and of a later school — Horatio Walker, Ballard Williams, Anshutz, Paul Dougherty and George Fuller — were also among the collection. It is a remarkable group of paintings. Many of them I have seen in the big exhibitions in New York and Philadelphia, and I was greatly impressed with the fact that such a collection of art should be shown in this early colonial house which had been built in a day and generation when food and shelter occupied men's thoughts almost entirely to the exclusion of creative artistic work. America is a big country. But I never realized so comprehensively our national achievements, as I did standing there in that vaulted room, nearly two centuries old, — a frontier house, with the sanded kitchen floor below me and an evolved American School of Painting around me. It was a great idea of Mr. Pardee's to show his pictures in just that way and it did more for me patriotically, than any Fourth of July oration.

Chapter Six

FROM GUILFORD TO SAYBROOK

Launcelot: *Turn up on your right hand at the next turning, but at the next turning of all on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.*

FOR the next two or three days we found ourselves wandering in and out of many villages, and up and down innumerable elm-bordered streets where ancient houses had been dropped down from the clouds in bewildering confusion, and perched on hills and in valleys without regard to any rule or reason.

In other towns, old houses had to be discovered. But in Guilford, and on to Saybrook, we counted pre-Revolutionary houses by the hundreds. We could not escape them. We were hardly out of one village and away from its Green before we were into another — little oases from the truck-bordered Post Road.

Guilford was fairly bursting with old houses. The "Old Stone House" a little distance out of the town,

was built in 1639, by the Rev. Henry Whitfield. In its present condition it is L-shaped, but only the main part and the big stone chimney are of the original building. The chimney is the oldest in Connecticut we were told — built of roughly quarried stone now covered with stucco, it has a Gothic look, with its wide base, narrowing as it rises, by means of offsets and slopings. Tradition says that the front of the house was at one time one huge room, like a baronial hall, and it was used as a meeting house. When meeting was over, Whitfield would lower his movable partitions built like huge Venetian blinds, that he kept drawn up and tied to the ceiling. I believe when down, they were bolted to the floor. Rather a practical suggestion to modern apartment dwellers. Although the oldest stone house still standing in the State, and with the exception of the Roger Williams house in Salem, the oldest in New England, it is in a remarkable state of preservation and it looks down from its situation on the hillside with complacency, as it is now in the kindly care of the State Historical Society. To its credit and also to the credit of Norman Isham many other of the town's oldest houses have been delightfully but simply restored. One of the most picturesque is the Dr. Fiske house, situated on the Post Road a little distance from the Green. It is a wooden house with a long " lean-to "

at the back, and was built about 1720, though really belonging to an earlier period.

Guilford was the native place of Fitz-Greene Halleck, the early American poet. After his life of fame and glory he came back to Guilford in his last years and died here in 1867. The monument to him in the Alderbrook Cemetery was dedicated by Whittier.

The "Foote House" has interesting associations as the birthplace of Roxanna Foote, the mother of Harriet Beecher Stowe and Henry Ward Beecher; and the "Black House," along the Post Road after one leaves the town, while lacking in any old-time charm, is reminiscent of revolution in France and of the loyalty of a French subject.

Billie was flabbergasted when she found German immigrants were now living in it. "And they've painted over the black," she wailed.

The story of the house is quite a nice one, I think.

Nicholas Loysel was a refugee, driven from the island of Guadeloupe in the West Indies, by a negro uprising.

It must have been a contrast for Loysel to come to Guilford from Guadeloupe, I thought, when we ran the car up along the bank and stopped in front of the house. I remember going to Guadeloupe from St. Kitts. The latter was an English island and the former

French, and the difference in the natives was almost unbelievable. In the English island, the negroes were heavy and black and sullen, and the whites were business-like, unimaginative, and given to drinking much Santa Cruz rum. In the French island, only a short cruise away, everything was different; the mulatto women tied their turbans with such an air! And they knew so well how to wear their clothes. Nobody hurried, nobody worried. I felt gay in Guadeloupe. But perhaps Loysel did not feel the difference in coming to Guilford, as he was a Huguenot.

How or why Loysel drifted into Guilford is not known, but he built his house in 1761, and supported himself by teaching French — with Roxanna Foote as his favorite pupil. When the news came to Guilford of the beheading of Louis XVI, in 1793, he immediately had his house painted black — that is why it is called the "Black House." "But it isn't black now!" again wailed Billie.

The old house had just been clumsily repainted. The ancient front door and the tiny panes of glass are the only clues left to its identity and its antiquity. It stands by the road-side, unkempt even with its new coat of paint, and inside and out, the Germans — perhaps unwittingly — are helping along the devastation that time has begun.

All along the South Shore, one hears of Acadian refugees. The story of Longfellow's "Evangeline" came back to us with much force, when in each town our attention was called to an "Acadian" house. The expulsion of these French peasants from their village of Grand Pré in Nova Scotia, in 1755, is not pleasant reading. They were brought by British ships to Long Island Sound and sent ashore by the dozens, and were billeted on the natives in almost every little town and village along the coast. Some of the loveliest pre-Revolutionary houses were built by this Acadian labor. Sixteen of these exiles were allotted to Guilford. The "Joseph Clay" house, built about this time, is undoubtedly their work.

We never could understand why this earliest type was called a "salt-box" house. The roofs of the second-story slope from the chimney, at the back, and in some instances, almost touch the ground. This was done, I learned, to avoid the taxation placed on the two-story house.

"Hold up a minute!" I said quickly, as we started down the road. "We must find out how far it is to Westbrook."

A man was cutting grass with a lawn-mower and I had a hard time attracting his attention. When I did get it, he looked at me blankly.

"Great heavens!" I turned to Billie in disgust. "He can't understand me!"

"Talk louder," advised Billie.

"Louder? Why, you don't understand either. He doesn't speak English! He is Portuguese, or Hungarian, Pole or Italian, and he is cutting the grass of a seventeenth-century house with a motor lawn-mower!" I sat down dejectedly in the car.

Where is the unadulterated Yankee with his "Git aout," and his nasal twang? We missed his trail on the Connecticut South Shore, that is certain. Connecticut's colonial governor, Jonathan Trumbull, who was the original of Washington's "Uncle Sam"—the "Brother Jonathan" to whom he so often referred—has made us better known in Europe and the world around, than even Washington himself. The passing of the old-time Yankee strikes a sad note. We found him being replaced by an alien life. The familiar austerity of the countryside is now enlivened by folk-dances; by unfamiliar and strange music; and the "movies" has taken the place of the meeting house as the pivotal point of community interest.

The villages, some of them with smaller populations than before the Civil War, are now taking on a new life. Though this alien life is a virile one, we wanted

the real Yank with his raucous voice — but we heard instead, guttural tones, harsh in their volubility, proclaiming a nationality remote and strange.

And with the aliens from across the seas, has come another invasion. New England is now an artistic workshop and a playground of the New World, instead of its prayer-rug.

Countless literary coteries, musical groups, and art centers, confronted us everywhere. New England is being re-peopled. Boston is more Irish than Dublin. Even the pride of the farms — the huge barn bursting with hay — is now given over to the automobile. The hay has become an unmarketable commodity, for the horse is passing with the Yankee.

However, we found both a horse and an unadulterated Yankee in Westbrook, and the horse led us to the Yankee. Driving along the Main Street of the old town, and gratefully acknowledging its shade and peace by removing our hats, we suddenly spied a two-wheeled high topped carriage with an aged horse — the calico variety — standing before a house so mellowed by time that it almost had faded into its background. The mighty elms trickled over the roof, and dripped their branches over the walls and their shadows across the grass.

We drew up and waited to see the door open.

"Yes, we're both of us right smart, thank you, Uncle George."

We heard her before we saw her. But down the walk came a Yankee. An old, old Yankee, but the breed was there; a daguerreotype of "Brother Jonathan," aged and a bit tired.

"Hallelujah!" I whispered softly. "I'm glad he waited to die till I saw him." He climbed into the battered buggy, picked up the reins, and the horse ambled down the road.

I walked boldly up to the door. "Could you tell us of a place where we might have dinner?" I asked of the Voice from within. I wanted to see the inside of the house.

"Come right in, and I'll call Sister Emily; she does dressmakin' and I take the boarders. Dressmakin's hard work," she rambled on as she drew up the blinds and opened a window. "Now boarders comes nat'rel to me — it runs in our family. Some of us has always kept a tavern here in Westbrook. But the old tavern is now the Congregational parsonage. — Emily! Drop your sewin' and come down! — No, it's time she stopped, her eyes is bad," as I protested.

Sister Emily was a faded edition of her sister. Dressmaking had rounded her shoulders and her tongue had lost its cunning through disuse.

"These ladies want some dinner, and I've just been tellin' 'em that we're used to takin' care of guests, and some big ones too, at that. My Uncle William used to tell us before he died, how he missed seein' Lafayette when he made his great trip through Connecticut. He said his parents sent him to rock the baby's cradle because he was so young, while all the rest of 'em went outside the tavern where the crowd was, and where the General was a bowin' from his horse. The citizens had congregated to hear him talk — but my Uncle said as how he didn't care what Lafayette looked like, all he wanted was to stop rockin' that baby and get out doors. He didn't even look out the window!" Sister Emily gently echoed her sister's laugh. Our landlady was wound up. Nothing could stop her till she ran down. We sat on the hair-cloth sofa quite helpless, but I was happy, for I had found some Yankees.

We had intended going on to Saybrook, but I was becoming enamoured of my Yankee "girls" and decided I would like to spend the night, if they would have me. So I boldly announced: "I'm going to stay here."

"Why that's just what Peter Parley said!" exclaimed my landlady in delighted surprise, stopping again on her way to the kitchen. "He knocked at the

door one day and when mother told him we hadn't an empty room he planted his foot in the door-way and said, 'I'm going to stay right here'—and he stayed!"

"Now who is Peter Parley?" asked Billie. "I heard about him in Ridgefield, and here again in Westbrook; if his father's name was Goodrich, why is his name Parley?"

"My dear," I answered from the lofty height of many more years, "Peter Parley wrote books—delicious books that were the joy of my young mother's life."

Sister Emily brightened up.

"Yes, he wrote nice books, but he talked too much. That's how he got his name," she volunteered, eager to break into the conversation—but there was no chance with her sister, who took up the cue immediately.

"Did you never hear that story about how he got his nickname?" she asked, while Emily sank with resignation into the Sleepy Hollow of her chair, as her sister continued:

"His mother was a 'Lay' of the family here in Westbrook, and I got it straight from them. When he was a boy, he was always hagglin' and hagglin' over everything that was told him, and took exception to all he heard. When he first went to school his teacher

examined him to see what he knew and she asked him what the letters in the alphabet were. He looked sullen a minute, and then he said, 'I'm not here to tell you what the letters are — you're to tell me.' After that everybody began to call him Peter Parley."

Saybrook was a very important post in the early days. It is now a sleepy old town full of pleasant houses bordering a main street that tunnels through great trees. We had vistas of pink hawthorne and Persian lilacs, as we drove its length the next morning, but a brisk little summer breeze, wide awake as it stirred the tall elms, was the sole sign of energy in the village.

The settlement of Saybrook began in 1635, just fifteen years after the Puritans landed in Plymouth. It was intended as a refuge for a group of men in Great Britain, whose religious convictions were at variance with their neighbors, and there is some reason to believe that Cromwell, Hampton and other English Puritans of birth and position instigated the movement to start this colony across the sea — but at the last moment, by express orders from the King, they were not allowed to embark. At one time a city was laid out, over at the southern end of the Point where the great lighthouse is now, with streets and squares, wharfs, a market and park. The colonists began to

whisper about distinguished arrivals, but they never came and it all fell back to waste land. In any case, George Fenwick was the only member of this group of noblemen to see the grant at the mouth of the Connecticut River, and he returned to England after a few years, a heart-sick, disappointed man.

Lords Say and Sele and Brook, prominent men in the company who remained in England, sent Lion Gardiner, a military engineer, to lay out the settlement and take charge of the building of the fort — but he, too, became discouraged with the catastrophes that seemed to beset the colony, and left it, establishing himself on an island at the eastern end of Long Island, now called Gardiner's Island.

On a trip over to England, Fenwick brought his wife back with him. Her first husband had been Sir John Boteler, and after her marriage to Fenwick, she still continued to be called the Lady Anne Boteler. Unaccustomed to the hardships of frontier-colonial life, and a gentle soul, her life at the fort must have been full of suffering.

To the old families of Saybrook, Lady Fenwick is still a very real person.

"The story of her life was the fairy tale of my childhood," our hostess in Saybrook told us, "and the rose-mallows that grew around the site of the old

fort at the Point, we pretended were part of her garden. The only thing that reminded her of England was her garden — walled in from the world and the lurking savages. Instead of being a princess when I was a little girl, I used to pretend I was the Lady Anne. I would braid my hair down my back just as they say she used to do, and walk in and out of the hedged-path in the back garden picking flowers, and heaving huge sighs.

" And indeed, she makes me sigh now," she continued pathetically. " Everything about her life was sad, and so was her death. When the fort was accidently destroyed by fire, she took refuge in the old mill about a mile away — but the exposure and the fright killed her."

A few years ago, her grave was removed to the cemetery. She had been buried on a hill just outside the fort, and from the description of it by our hostess, it must have resembled a dolmen of Druidical origin.

When the tomb was opened, they found thick plaits of golden hair, and the little girl who had played " Lady Anne " then knew her dreams of " long flowing golden hair " had been really true.

Within the cemetery at the Point, surrounded by a tall iron railing and shaded by a willow tree, a

sandstone tombstone now marks her resting-place. The old inscription has long been obliterated. It now bears the single sentence, "Lady Fenwick, died 1648." For some reason a cross had been chiseled on its face. I called Billie's attention to it.

"A cross on a Puritan's grave!" she exclaimed in much surprise.

Fenwick returned to England after his wife's death, and it is said that he was one of the regicide judges, in later years.

As we drove down the main street we passed the favorite haunt of that gallant sailor, Isaac Hull — the Hart mansion. Hull was the commander of "Old Ironsides" and was much beloved by his men for his great humaneness. In the grounds of the Hart house is the tomb of beautiful Jeannette Hart, who renounced the world to become a Roman Catholic nun. Her remains were brought home from Rome and laid to rest with the English Church service. This old house, built in 1783, was the scene of much entertaining. Captain Hart had seven daughters and their beauty and intelligence attracted such men as Fitz-Greene Halleck, Bolivar, the patriot from South America, and the two Hull brothers, Isaac and Joseph.

We wanted to find the site of the early days of Yale College and we found it marked by a stone boulder

almost within the cemetery grounds. Its location directly adjoining the cemetery and surrounded by tall hedges, suggested an important tomb and on going to investigate, we found it commemorated the birth of a college instead of the grave of a Puritan.

The Saybrook parsonage where the first classes were held and where the first commencement of the college was solemnly observed, was in that part of Saybrook now known as the Point. In later years, this became a busy harbor, and the entrance to a long line of bustling little sea-ports all along the Connecticut River as far as Hartford.

A quivering aspen tree, shedding its cotton all over the road as we rode along, recalled a story of Saybrook in those superstitious days when witches were ducked and every man was suspicious of his neighbor.

One night in the dark of the moon, an old farmer was taking his grain to the mill at the Point. Suddenly some one began to pelt him with something soft like cotton.

"Lord! Lord! Have mercy!" he implored. Whipping his poor horse as though the devil was after them, and throwing off bags of grain to relieve the load, he reached home in a state bordering on lunacy, but coherent enough to tell what had befallen him, before he lapsed into unconsciousness. The next morning at

break of day, his neighbors started out to investigate. They found his bags of grain where he had thrown them, under an aspen tree, but the gentle breeze was blowing its cotton-wool blossoms, like feathers, all over the ground, over his bags and into their faces — and this tale is told of the farmer to this day.

Chapter Seven

ALONG THE CONNECTICUT RIVER THROUGH ANCIENT SEA-PORTS TO MIDDLETOWN

E changed our direction at Saybrook, running up along the river to Middletown, now the home of Wesleyan University, and the Berkeley Divinity School, and a hundred years ago, prominent as the first town in the United States to manufacture officially, government pistols.

I had been dipping into old Timothy Dwight's "Travels in New England" and before going on to Lyme, we wanted to see something of his Beautiful River, as he called the Connecticut River. He declared that no traveller could thoroughly describe it, and no reader adequately imagine the uncommon and universal beauty of its banks. Over a hundred years ago he wrote: "I am persuaded that no other tract within the United States of the same extent can be compared to it with respect to those objects which arrest the eye of the painter and the poet. . . . The beauty and grandeur are

here more varied than elsewhere. They return oftener; they are longer continued."

One can well imagine the profound impression this greatest of New England water-ways made on that seasoned navigator, Adriaen Block, when he discovered it and sailed along part of its length in 1614, aboard his American-made ship "Restless."

This vessel has the proud distinction of being the first one built on American soil by American labor. And it was real American labor, for two native Indians helped this Dutch captain fell the lumber and lay its keel. It has been called the "Pioneer American yacht." The misadventure which brought it into being, is interesting reading.

Block and a small company of mariners had gathered about Manhattan for the purpose of exploration and trade with the Indians in the neighborhood of Hudson's river. Block's ship "Tiger" had been loaded to capacity with valuable pelts and was just about to hoist anchor and make sail, when an alarm of fire was sounded.

Unable to save the sturdy little vessel, a dejected group of men huddled together on the rocky shore and watched its destruction until the last plank disappeared. What should they do? A new boat was a necessity and they agreed that the only way to get

it was to build it. With the forests about them and every tree a potential mast, with friendly Indians to help them and their own indomitable spirit, the task was not as formidable as it had at first seemed, when the fast approaching winter season loomed up as a handicap before them.

By spring the little sixteen-ton craft was ready to be launched. Christened "Restless" it slipped into the water and a new voyage was begun — a voyage that was to make new territory for Holland.

Hell-gate was successfully passed and given its name. Slowly swinging into the Sound — the Great Bay they called it — and hugging the shores of Connecticut, they sailed eastward until they came upon "the mouth of a large river running up northerly into the land." This Block determined to explore, before proceeding farther.

Whether "almost a continuous succession of delightful scenery" as President Dwight puts it, encouraged the Dutch navigator to continue his explorations up the river as far as the Enfield Rapids above Hartford — the entire length of the river in Connecticut — or, whether the alluring prospects of gain from the possibility of bartering pelts from the Indians who seemed friendly along the route, is open to conjecture. The Amsterdam Trading Company, with a trading license, organized

after Block had returned home, showed what the Dutch nation thought of his discovery and for eighteen years a very profitable trade with the Indians was carried on exclusively by the Dutch. Block left his little ship "Restless" after it had rounded Cape Cod, taking passage on a larger vessel he encountered which was Holland bound.

The "Restless" which Block had turned over to a skipper — a Dutchman named Hendricksen — justified its name in its wanderings. In 1616 he entered the Delaware in the "Restless" and explored this river up to the Schuylkill, bartered with the Delaware Indians and cruised along most of the coast, a pretty good record for our first American-made boat.

The Connecticut is a tidal river, from its mouth at Saybrook to Middletown and a little beyond. It has cut its way through rock on most of its lowest reach, but all along its course there are narrow strips of meadowland, with fierce little streams breaking through the headlands and forcing their way to the broader stream. At Middletown the river is almost half a mile in width, narrowing to "The Straits" — a mile in length — two miles below Middletown, where its width is narrowed to forty rods along part of this distance. Here the rocks of the pass rise to a height of from four hundred to eight hundred feet.

The State Road from Saybrook parallels the Connecticut, and we found ourselves pointing east, then west, then north, in a most bewildering fashion, following the lead of a whimsical river.

Essex and Deep River are interesting colonial villages, still wearing a remote, but prosperous air. Until about 1850, they were a part of old Saybrook. Essex was a place of some importance during the Revolution when its ship-building industry extended to war vessels, and its commerce, to the West Indies and it still speaks with no little pride of the British raid in 1812 when some American vessels were cornered and burned in the harbor of the town. Boat-building and sail-making are still trades of the community, but the most noted industry in Essex is the manufacture of combs!

"Combs!" ejaculated Billie, "Why combs?" And when you come to think about it, you do not place combs among manufactured articles or as an industry. At least we did not, but after being told that combs had been a product of Essex since 1800, begun by the Pratt family who had invented a device for cutting the teeth, we realized the importance of the handy little article, for it had really kept the town of Essex on the map. One of the oldest houses in the village is the Pratt homestead on West Avenue. It might be pos-

sible to trace a connection between the manufacture of combs and a sea-faring village through the ivory and bone brought back from the East, and the long idle days of an extended voyage when whittling and carving occupied many an hour.

Potapaug Point is the oldest part of the town and we were well repaid for the decision we made to leave the car and explore on foot. An old warehouse, belonging to the family of Haydens, and dating from 1753, was our first find of interest, and the old homestead of this family built in 1766, directly back of the warehouse, is said to contain many beautiful pieces of pre-Revolutionary furniture. Essex is beautifully situated. The streets rise one above another on the slope of the steep hill above the river, where the view across toward Lyme, and up and down its length, is one of unmatched loveliness.

A succession of little villages close to the water's edge followed Essex, and at Tylersville we found there was a bridge that crossed the river to East Haddam. Both Haddam and East Haddam are full of historic interest, as well as being delightful little towns. East Haddam has an added attraction in the picturesque Salmon River, the last tributary of the Connecticut of any size, before it empties into the Sound. It was in East Haddam that the patriot Nathan Hale taught

his first school and the memory of its hills and rivers must have been forever with him.

Haddam was settled in 1662 and one does not need the date to tell its antiquity. When its title was bought from the Indians it was only worth thirty cents, so the story goes, but the record of its years shows many persons of national prominence have hailed from this old, old town. The two elder Field brothers — David Dudley Field and Stephen Johnson Field — were born here during the pastorate of their father, the Rev. David Dudley Field of the first Haddam Church. Dr. Field's sons gave the town the Meeting House Green, and Field Park, which now bounds the old site of their father's church. Ex-President Cleveland's great-grandfather, the Rev. Aaron Cleveland, was also a minister of this church from 1739 to 1746.

Although old Haddam holds so much to charm the eye, my memory of the place is marred by the story of David Brainard who was born there in 1718. He was a missionary to the Indians, and I read of him as "a flame of piety" who "burned out his young life in his thirtieth year" in arduous work. I lost my sympathy when I further read that, although brought up in this lovely countryside — "the smile of God" was the early name of this river valley — he was in the habit of wandering alone among the

hills, wrestling with an awful wickedness he imagined in his nature, and trying to placate a terrible God.

Not content with making himself miserable, he made a dear little girl miserable too, when he became engaged to Jonathan Edwards' youngest daughter, whom he decided never to marry, because marriage would interfere with his career. He died of tuberculosis at Jonathan Edwards' house in Northampton where little Jerusha, his eighteen-year-old sweetheart, gave her life nursing him, for she too died only a few months after his pompous funeral when "eight of the neighboring ministers, and seventeen other gentlemen of liberal education, and a great concourse of people" had gathered to listen to the funeral oration. Poor misguided David Brainard and his poor little sweetheart Jerusha, sacrificed in the name of religion! How terrible and useless it all seemed on this summer's day, with the "Beautiful River" and the hills and the flying clouds, all gestures of a good God around us.

Still paralleling the river we passed through the ancient town of Higganum — the accent on the last syllable — where two clattering streams from the Chatham hills provide water-power and a living for many of the villages. We were conscious of old houses painted yellow, and of broad elms, as we drove much too quickly through its single street up the road which winds be-

tween Bear Hill and Chestnut Mountain to Middletown of which John Fiske wrote almost fifty years ago:

> In the very aspect of these broad, quiet streets with their arching trees, their dignified and hospitable, sometimes quaint households, we see the sweet domesticity of the old New England unimpaired.

Middletown is called an inland town, but on its main street until not so very long ago, there stood a stone building marked " Custom House " built by the United States in 1834, but now replaced by the new Federal Building, showing that at that time it had a maritime as well as a commercial importance. During the latter half of the eighteenth century it was a greater port than Hartford, when its very profitable trade with the West Indies was at its height. This dropped off during and after the Revolution, as well as its ship-building, but this latter trade continued to some extent until as late as the Civil War. It is said that more shipping was owned here during the Revolution than in the whole of Connecticut and there are still evidences of a seaport around the harbor and along the river front. Some of the oldest houses were built along the river, but these have now given place to factories and the railroads.

The city as it stands today, is located on a rise of

ground west from the river, and at its highest point — the grounds of Wesleyan University — it has an elevation of one hundred and fifty-five feet. Looking toward the river through the trees, gave us a most dramatic view of the Great Bend and The Straits toward the east.

We had the good fortune to have a student guide about the city, a Yankee boy from Meriden, who gave us many interesting and picturesque facts of the locality. We learned from him about the two hamlets — the " Upper Houses " and the " Lower Houses " which comprised the old Middletown for nearly a century and a half. " Upper Houses " is now the town of Cromwell just north of Middletown.

One afternoon we were driving along High Street which follows the College campus and pulling up at the corner, we stopped to look back at the view. Unanimously and spontaneously we said " Beautiful! " As far as we could see there were rows and rows of old, old houses, surrounded with gardens.

" That was Charles Dickens' reaction to this street," remarked our Yankee guide quietly, but much pleased at our enthusiasm.

" He said this was the finest street he had ever seen in a country village," he added.

Ethelbert Nevin also had occupied at one time, one

of these stately old mansions, he thought, and I like to believe that a part of his music had its inspiration from that elm-shaded street.

We were glad Dickens liked something in America. His notes on the river ride he took on the Connecticut are amusing reading, but at our expense. He took this ride in February 1842, just two years before the line was discontinued because of railroad competition. The boat, the "Massachusetts," ran between Hartford and Springfield, and it was considered the best of the "Fleet," hence his criticism and his witticism could hardly have been appreciated by the American public, especially by the New Englander.

I omitted to ask the question, but I should think it must have been of about half a pony power. Mr. Paap, the celebrated Dwarf, might have lived and died happily in the cabin, which was fitted with common sash-windows like an ordinary dwelling-house. These windows had bright red curtains, too, hung on a slack string across the lower panes; so that it looked like the parlour of a Lilliputian public-house, which had got afloat in a flood or some other water accident, and was drifting nobody knew where. But even in this chamber there was a rocking-chair. I am afraid to tell how many feet short this vessel was, or how many feet narrow; to apply the words length and width to such measurements would be a contradiction in terms.

John Fiske, the historian, although not a native of Middletown, spent the first eighteen years of his boy-

hood with his grandmother in the old homestead on the river front, and part of my desire to visit the little city came after reading his description of a view from the northern end of the town:

> About eight miles north of Middletown as the crow flies, there stands an old house of entertainment known as Shipman's Tavern, in bygone days a favorite resort of merry sleighing parties, and famous for its fragrant mugs of steaming flip. It is now a lonely place; but if you go behind it into the apple orchard and toil up a hill-side among the gnarled fantastic apple-trees, a grade so steep that it almost invites one to all fours, you suddenly come upon a scene so rare that when beheld for the twentieth time it excites surprise. I have seen few sights more entrancing. The land falls abruptly away in a perpendicular precipice, while far below the beautiful River flows placidly through long stretches of smiling meadows such as Virgil and Dante might have chosen for the Elysian fields.

Fiske was a most precocious youth, and the long list of information that he assimilated before his seventeenth year, leads one to question when he found the time to enjoy mere landscape, which he undoubtedly did. He took up the study of Latin at six; Caesar and such light reading as Rollins, Josephus, Milton, Pope, Shakespeare, Gibbon and Froissart he devoured from time to time, besides beginning the study of Greek, Hebrew, German, Spanish, a number of other languages and music, and singing in the church choir. During all this period although "averaging

twelve hours daily, twelve months in the years, before he was sixteen" reading and studying he still found time to devote himself "to out-door sports and life, taking long walks and rides in the country round about, and boating on the river." Billie and I were curious to know when he ate or whether he slept, but we are sure he must have been likable to have written such a beautiful appreciation of the countryside that I have just quoted.

Wesleyan University with its long row of college buildings and its campus fronting on High Street, dates from 1831. It is under the direction of the Methodist Church and was its first established college. It had its beginnings in the buildings vacated by Captain Partridge's "American Literary, Scientific and Military Academy" which had removed from Middletown to Norwich, Vermont. The governing board of the Methodist Church, looking for a suitable location for the proposed new college, were offered these buildings "as a gratuity" provided an endowment was raised. This was promptly accomplished — much of it being subscribed in Middletown. Other gratuities or benefactions have provided Wesleyan with an endowment amounting to $3,000,000.

The Reverend David D. Field, who was the orator for the day when the town celebrated its second centen-

nial anniversary in 1850, referred to the college at some length, and this paragraph was especially notable:

> Having teachers long experienced, some of whom have been here from nearly or quite the beginning, and sustained by the existing income; with libraries, university and society, large for the time the institution has existed, with apparatus and cabinets suited to different professorships, with several conferences for its patrons, and graduates traversing the country speaking good words in its behalf, it possesses the elements of increase and permanency.

What seemed most unique to us in this statement, was the absence of all mention of athletics, the retention of its professors, and its ability to exist on its income. Of the college buildings, the Orange Judd Hall of natural sciences, and the Memorial Chapel were the two that most attracted our attention and interest on College Row.

The Berkeley Divinity School of the Protestant Episcopal Church, was established in Middletown when it became a chartered institution, although it was organized in Hartford as part of Trinity College in 1849, through the influence of Bishop John Williams, fourth bishop of Connecticut who had recently been made president of this college.

Middletown's most illustrious citizen was probably Commodore Macdonough, the hero of Plattsburgh in the war of 1812. Although a native of Delaware, Mid-

dletown claims him for her own through his marriage into one of its native families and his long residence in the town. He was in command of the United States Naval forces on Lake Champlain, and his victory in front of Plattsburgh was a most triumphant one and heralded far and near. James Fenimore Cooper devotes many pages to an account of his victories and it is interesting reading. Just before his death he commanded the frigate "Constitution." A large shaft marks his burial spot in the ancient cemetery commemorative to the "hero of Lake Champlain."

Simeon North, first official pistol maker of the United States, lived in the old Huntington house on High Street, which site is now a part of Wesleyan University. His famous Spruce Brook industry first began in Berlin, Connecticut, but with the advent of the War of 1812, it was moved to Staddle Hill, about a mile and a half southwest of Middletown. A cousin of mine who is a direct descendent of Simeon North told me that when Lafayette made his last visit to America in 1824, he was taken to the Staddle Hill factory "as one of the sights of Middletown." In a copy of "Outing" magazine in 1902 there is an article by John Paul Bocock entitled "Collectors and Collections of Pistols." He speaks of a pair of flint-lock dueling pistols made in the United States by the first American pistol maker,

S. North, " whose output since that day in 1813, when he got a contract from the United States Government for five hundred horse pistols, has been dearly prized by all fanciers of American arms."

" At the close of the war," wrote Catherine North in her history of the family, " Simeon North was commissioned by the State of Connecticut to make two pairs of gold mounted pistols to be presented as a testimonial for their services to Captain Isaac Hull of the Frigate Constitution, and Commodore Macdonough who captured, on Lake Champlain, the English squadron under Commodore Downie. Mr. North had so much pride in the making of those pistols that he sent to England and brought over Peter Ashton a skilled artisan, who superintended the work." Commodore Macdonough's pistols are now in the Hartford Athenaeum, but no one knows what has become of Commodore Hull's pistols. During the War of 1812, it was not possible to get a sufficient supply of arms, and a notable event was the hurried visit of President Madison to " urge the company to increase its force."

We turned back toward Saybrook before sunset, as we wanted to drive through the reservation which the town of Middletown gave to " our much honored Governor, Mr. John Winthrop " in 1661, on Great Hill above the Straits. The Governor believed there were

valuable minerals to be found there and spent weeks at a time, with only one servant, in this wilderness region, prospecting for ore.

Great Hill was called "The Governor's Gold Ring," from the impression the people had that he really had found gold. However no authentic information has ever been found concerning the mine's output, and nothing was done about the grant until about a hundred years after it had been made, when some Germans appeared on the scene, and then we read in the diary of President Stiles of Yale, dated Jan. 1, 1787:

> Mr. Erkelens visited me, full of his Cobalt mine and China voyage. He some years ago bought the Governor's Ring, as it is called or a mountain in the N. W. corner of East Haddam comprehending about eight hundred acres, or about a square mile area. Here he finds plenty of Cobalt, which he manufactures into smalt, with which is made the beautiful blue on China ware, etc.
>
> Governor Trumbull has often told me that this was the place to which Governor Winthrop of N. London used to resort with his servant, and after spending three weeks in the woods of this mountain, in roasting ores and assaying metals and casting gold rings he used to return home to New London with plenty of gold. Hence this is called the Governor Winthrop's ring to this day.

Alas! we saw only picturesque country, much of it rugged in the extreme. The old mine has fallen in, and even the site of another mine — The Old Lead

Mine — worked by the patriots during the Revolution, evaded us in the quickly gathering dusk.

If you want an enchanting motor ride, through little villages that still retain a flavor of their seaport greatness, along a road that winds up and down to a college town of exceptional beauty, select a day in June when the foliage is not too green, or better still, an autumn day when the wooded hills across the river are red and yellow and russet brown. Drive back by moonlight. Then you will have seen the river in its two loveliest aspects and will be quite willing to agree with Timothy Dwight when he lovingly called it "The Beautiful River."

> Fair, noble, glorious river! in thy wave
> The sunniest slopes and sweetest pastures lave;
> The mountain torrent with its wintry roar,
> Springs from its home and leaps upon thy shore.

Chapter Eight

LYME TO NEW LONDON

N crossing the new toll bridge, eighteen hundred feet long, over the Connecticut River after returning to Saybrook, we had a most wonderful view of the river all the way to its mouth at the Sound. Even the hazy outlines of Long Island were plainly visible, for the harbor of the Connecticut is free from islands, which makes it an exception among the rivers of New England.

Perhaps the most peaceful, lovely old town in the Connecticut valley, is Old Lyme. It is the only river town in the State that has remained a purely residential one, but its colonial houses hold within their walls many memories of the days when the building and sailing of ships was the chief occupation of their owners. The Lieutenant River was then the business center of the town. Ships from the West Indies unloaded their cargoes into the huge warehouses along the river front, and money made easily, was spent in lavish hospitality. Influential men lived in the town — men who commanded respect in the State.

The principal occupation of those who live in Old Lyme today is just living, and it seemed to us the easiest thing we had ever done, as we sipped our tea and watched the river slip by among the laurel. One does not need to acquire the habit, one becomes inoculated in Old Lyme.

There is another occupation that is being grafted on to Lyme's tree of life. But it is not an occupation, it is a calling. I had to be very careful with Billie in Lyme. Painting is the breath of life to her. She is a real painter. I am one by association, but unless one paints, one never loses the stigma of laity, and opinions about pictures by those outside the fold are only bleatings.

Lyme is full of painters and pictures. You find painters in force when the laurel is in bloom or when the trees are not too green, and the place to find many of them is at " Miss Florence's."

We were doubly fortunate in being in Lyme in early June, and in finding accommodations at her house. It is around " Miss Florence's " house that most of the art life centers, or has originated. Every painter who has ever been to Lyme knows Miss Florence Griswold. She takes good care of them, is interested in their work, and they find there that intangible thing, an art atmosphere. Her house stands just back from Olde

MISS FLORENCE GRISWOLD'S HOUSE
LYME, CONN.

Lyme Street, which takes the place of the Green, and you enter its impressive, columned doors, through a walk bordered with arbor-vitae trees. Metcalf, the painter, made this doorway the subject of his canvas, "May Night," the picture that took a prize at the Corcoran Gallery and is now in the Pittsburgh Art Gallery.

The Griswold house was built over a hundred years ago, but it did not come into the Griswold family until 1840. When the last of her family died in 1899, Miss Florence decided to open her house to artists and make it an art center in Old Lyme.

"We had always been a family of artists," she told me, "and it seemed the natural thing to do." The late Henry Ranger was the first to pull the latch-string, and then came Louis Paul Dessar, Frank V. Dumond, Henry Poore, Carlton Wiggins, Everett Warner, Willard Metcalf, Gifford Beal, Charles Morris Young, William Robinson, Childe Hassam, Chauncey Ryder and a score of others. Miss Florence proudly stated that she had been the means of bringing about thirty painters to Lyme.

The custom of having one table in the dining room for the men and one for the women used to be carefully preserved, but it has been abandoned in recent years. The men's table was called "The Hot-Air

Club." The whole house holds much that is of interest, but the dining room is particularly attractive. It is a large room with two tables running its full length and when we entered, dinner was already in progress and the room was full. Opposite the door was the huge fire-place that we had heard so much about, with its famous frieze around the mantel, called "The Fox Chase" — painted by Henry Poore. It is a "take-off" on the School of Lyme, I was told, and each figure — there are about twenty-five of them — represents a well-known painter. The frieze is narrow and the figures necessarily small, but the faces were painted out of proportion and are easily recognizable.

The room is panelled and every square inch of panelling, even the doors, has been used by the painters to make quick impressions of the river, or the clouds, or a bit of laurel. Over the mantel, the old prints were brought from England by Captain Robert Griswold, the father of Miss Florence — and the Canton bowl standing on it came from China, the gift of an uncle many years ago, on one of his return trips from the East. The parlor is over-crowded with curios and antiques and the walls in the hall as well as in the parlor, are hung with pictures — the work of these painters who regularly, each year, make Lyme a habit.

Twenty-eight acres of land surround the house. Bordering the old-fashioned flower garden at the back, are a number of studios, and north lights stare at one from the barns. Mrs. Woodrow Wilson occupied a studio to the right of the garden in the summer of 1911, once the work-shop of Louis Paul Dessar and Allan B. Talcott.

" Miss Florence " acts the part of hostess to her many guests and the dinner hour is a delightful informal gathering of the clan.

We made the acquaintance, while in Lyme, of a man whose knowledge of places and people is almost uncanny. He took us in our old car that we handled so carefully, over the wildest ride it had ever had, and our safe return was little short of miraculous. Its bones rattled, its insides shook, but nothing stopped his mad speed. I think the car had found its master. Up one grade and down another, his hands waved to points of interest as the machine did its forty miles an hour.

Never once did he stop talking. " Back in there," and his voice was as soft and smooth as the racing engine, " lives a family named Bill. They have called all their children by the name of some important bill passed at Washington. One is named Prohibition Bill, another Louisiana Purchase Bill and so on. They have

about twelve children and each one commemorates a Bill."

We bounced to Meeting House Hill, a part of the first grant of the Griswold's from Fenwick in 1645. At the Griswold burial ground, we got out of the car and read on the monument to Roger Griswold that "his Excellency" had been the "late Governor of the State." He was the son of the first settler, Matthew Griswold of Black Hall, whose house — in a perfect state of preservation — is still occupied by a member of the family. Almost hidden by the foliage, a Benjamin Franklin milestone proclaimed to us that this backwater lane had once been a Post Road to Boston. The milestone is now its monument.

Bouncing again we flew to Silltown. It is a tradition of the Sills, who founded this town, that their settler, Joseph Sill, was instrumental in naming Lyme. He came from Lyme Regis, Dorsetshire, England — that famous old seaport on the Lyme River which has been a royal manor from the time of Edward I — and as Silltown is a close neighbor of Lyme, the origin of the name is probably correct. There are many pre-Revolutionary houses all through this locality and most of them are being restored.

Artists are not the only ones who now are being lured to Lyme. As our car tore along over the ruts on the

back roads, we caught glimpses of very beautiful estates dotting the country-side. Billie and I decided, as we gathered up the hairpins from the floor of the car next morning, that there was nothing moss-grown about Lyme, even though it was hoary with age and the peace of a long, well-spent life lay over it.

As an art center, it has left off its swaddling clothes. It has a flourishing Art Association and its "Museum Purchase Plan" recently evolved and put into effect in 1923, brings into the organization "the Art Museums of the country as Associate Members." It proposes to buy paintings purchased from the Annual Exhibition held in the summer and distribute them as gifts to the Museum members. A fund has been made possible "by the generosity of friends of the Association and of Art who from an educational point of view purely, have agreed to contribute to this fund."

The new Art Gallery is on Olde Lyme Street, as well as many of the historic houses. The original meeting house, built in 1668, was replaced by a larger one in 1817. This one was burned to the ground in 1907, but was restored in a very few months, a replica of the old one and a very beautiful example of the style of Sir Christopher Wren. It stands at the junction of Ferry Lane and Olde Lyme Street as one enters the

town from the river, white and smiling behind the century-old elms that surround it.

A group of delightful little houses, some with studios, have been recently built, hidden away among the trees within a stone's throw of the center of the town. We had to hunt to find them, but were rewarded for our effort. So many people think they must build their houses on the top of a hill. "We must have a view," they say — not realizing that a view ceases to be a view, when one sees it constantly. These houses, modern to the last degree, were quite as interesting in their way as many of the colonial houses. The contrast was very marked, but with no disparagement to either, for the architecture of a period is usually the outgrowth of the needs of that day. In these new houses, attention was focused on the convenience of living.

An American family whose home is in China, was occupying one of this group. They had returned to educate their children, and it was interesting to us to hear them say that they had decided to live in the small New England town instead of the larger city, during the formative period of their children's lives, because they believed the best in American life — its standards, social contact and education, was to be found

here, instead of in the cities with their unamalgamated foreign element.

Lyme is a most American town in all these things. Descendants of the early settlers are still living in the ancestral homes, even to the seventh generation, like the Griswolds of Black Hall. These small towns are very clannish. The slightest claim of kinship makes you welcome — but you have to "be born" to "belong" and one finds here the most loyal Americans, the most whole-hearted patriotism, too. They are loyal to each other and they stand behind their country, perhaps the women even more than the men. The women of Lyme placed themselves on record in this respect over a century ago. In a letter to the patriot Nathan Hale, by his brother, he says:

> The ladies of Lyme have expressed feeling for you not far removed from love.

We lingered in Lyme. No other way of saying it could express it better. The peaceful river flowing among the laurel held us; and we liked to talk across the dinner table at "Miss Florence's." We liked, too, the mental alertness camouflaged under the quiet living. To live in Lyme, is to love to live.

Like an old estate in England is Black Hall, right on the very edge of the Sound. It is the old home-

stead of the Griswolds who received their grant from George Fenwick in 1645, and who still continue to hold it. It lies just off the road from Lyme to New London, and we were glad we turned down the lane and drove around the house, if for nothing else than the view. You would never know the place was there unless you had been told as we were.

So many interesting little spots dot the way to New London, — Bride Brook Valley, the old boundary between Lyme and New London which received its name from the story of the wedding which took place in spite of no minister. As it was against the law for them to go to New London or for New London to come to them at Lyme, they were married across the stream by the Governor. The Historical Society has bought the 1660 Thomas Lee House beyond this brook — a house full of romantic stories — and the Andrew Griswold house nearby is colonial in age and feeling and well worth stopping to see.

Whereas this court considering . . . that they might thereby leave to posterity the memory of that renowned city of London from which we had our transportation, have thought fit, in honor of that famous city, to call the said Plantation, New London.

1685, *The Connecticut Assembly.*

During the entire colonial period from about 1720, for fifty years, New London was an exporting town —

the port of approach as well as departure for the whole neighboring countryside. The West India trade flourished, and evidences of the wealth that flowed into the City are seen in the character of the houses built there during this period, although it never equalled Providence, either in the number or magnificence of its early homes, or in the wealth of its inhabitants.

It was the Navy base of Connecticut during the Revolution, and it had the misfortune during this war of being the chief point of attack in 1781, by the British fleet under the command of Benedict Arnold who, although he had been born at Norwich a few miles to the north of New London, appeared to enjoy the sacking of the town, and watched it burn from his vantage point on Meeting House Hill.

A few years later an epidemic of yellow fever completed the havoc the Revolution had begun.

In fifty years the harbor of New London had regained its old activity through the whaling trade and in the size of the revenue this industry brought into the town, it vied with New Bedford and Nantucket. When petroleum succeeded whale-oil, New London again drowsily waited for something to turn up, being pretty confident that with her harbor, one of the deepest and best sheltered basins along the coast, something undoubtedly would. And it did. Following the

invention of the submarine the United States Government built a submarine base here and afterward enlarged it at a cost of $11,000,000. A dozen or more piers now accommodate as many as twenty large modern submarines. On account of its strategic situation New London now is also the headquarters of the U. S. Artillery District, which includes the forts commanding the eastern entrance to Long Island Sound.

The State of Connecticut has recently built a concrete pier, which we were told cost in the neighborhood of $2,000,000. It is one thousand two hundred feet long and two hundred feet wide, with a storage capacity of fifty thousand tons. It is used as a docking-place for vessels from all over the world.

Had we known even a few of these impressive facts, we might have felt more cheerful and expectant as we hobbled into New London at a late hour, with damaged dispositions and a maimed car. We had chosen the State Highway from Lyme to New London in preference to the thread of roadway that ribboned before us toward the marshy shore of the Sound, because we were late in starting — Lyme was so alluring! We had accepted a dinner engagement in New London and must take the shortest route. But the straight stretch of macadam that lay before us was deceptive and it proved our undoing. Before our jolly little engine had

eaten up many miles of the hot, smelly road, we were brought up short before a sign which reached almost across it. " State highway under construction, pass at your own risk " was what we read. When we decided to risk the passing, a man appeared from a sentry-box and waved us back, saying, " You must wait ten minutes for the cars from the other end to come through before you can go on." When pressed for time, ten minutes is long to wait, and the row of automobiles that eventually bumped through seemed endless. A funereal procession of impatient motorists followed our lead between the narrow passage that had been left open. It had rained during the late afternoon and the dry ruts of the torn-up road had become canals into which we splashed and out of which we heaved into the muddy, boggy borders.

Billie and I had achieved an unreal, too-cheerful countenance. We smiled stonily at each other in the fast growing dusk, but after hammering the top of the car for several consecutive minutes, the smile just gasped and died. Billie was driving. A grim look of endurance settled all over her countenance. One big bump hastened the end and a nice fat nail finished us. Maimed and halting we crept into New London, having covered almost the entire distance from Lyme over a road that had ruined our car, but had not more

than ruffled our temper. I look back on that drive as a test of friendship.

After a period of resuscitation, for the car was not really dead, we started out to view the town, but we found that navigating in a motor car was not easy in this city. Round and round the blocks we drove trying to find a place to park the car while we did some adventuring among the lovely old houses. Every curb was black with backed-in cars, like pins in a paper. Every few minutes they shifted and threatened to stab us side-wise as we straddled the trolley tracks down Bank Street. "There's a place!" I'd cry joyfully. Alas! it was the wrong side of the street. So on we would go to the next corner hoping to be able to turn, but invariably the traffic officer would firmly signal to us, till time after time, we would find ourselves at the Parade at the foot of State Street in the very center of things, entangled in the traffic, and yelled at by the police.

When we were fortunate enough to find a place to back into, even then we had no peace of mind, for the time limit is so short that we always exceeded it and were being called to account by the omnipresent traffic officer, who would good-naturedly let us off when he heard that we were strangers. By the time we had made the acquaintance of every traffic officer in this

way, we decided we were ready to leave New London.

One of my pleasantest memories of this old town was the visit we made to some friends who had bought, and were living in the Thomas A. Scott house. Thomas A. Scott was the original "Captain Joe" — the Master-Diver — in F. Hopkinson Smith's story "Caleb West." The house in which he lived on Pequot Avenue is at least one hundred and fifty years old. Grayed by the weather, but covered by a luxuriant growth of white wisteria the old house still scans the busy river and wonders what manner of craft it is that appears and then disappears under the water, so unlike the whalers with their spreading canvas!

"Captain Joe" had made all of this region familiar to us, but the intimacy of living under his roof-tree brought his personality very near. People's idiosyncrasies, their queer little twists and traits, are often more apparent in the background of their homes than in their other human contacts. "Captain Joe" loved the deck of a boat, so he had the floor of the first story of his house built like one, — curved in the middle. We lurched to breakfast and steadied ourselves from dinner and wondered what was the matter with us, until we were shown the slope of the polished floor. The corporation for which "Captain Joe" was master-diver, —

he died in 1907 — still continues to handle wrecking apparatus as well as build bridges, and it now employs several hundred men. On the end of Fisher's Island, which is at the opening of the harbor, stands the Race Rock lighthouse, built by the late F. Hopkinson Smith.

That the settlement of New London was not made in haste is clearly seen in the character of one of its earliest houses, the Hempstead House, not far from State Street on Hempstead Street. It was built by Robert Hempstead, one of the original settlers, in 1678. Although of unusual length, it really consists of two parts — one on each side of the huge stone chimney — and is in a remarkable state of preservation. The first white child born in this settlement was Mary Hempstead, and the house is now occupied by her descendant, Anna Hempstead Branch, the poet — and it is here in this centuries old house she wrote the poem "I Cannot Quite Forget" which the class of 1897, Smith College, presented to The Unbound Anthology in memory of two of their classmates.

Only a few steps away on the corner of Jay Street, another descendant of Mary Hempstead lives in what is known as the Huguenot House. This is a most picturesque ivy-covered brick cottage, a type of the old Huguenot houses found in France. It was built in

1751, by Huguenot refugees, and the fifth generation of Hempsteads now conducts a gift shop and serves tea in the front room; and in the back room between times, she sets up type for the single sheet poetry — The Unbound Anthology — for the Poet's Guild of Christodora House, New York City. This poet's guild is an arts' community center for neighborhood work. Edwin Markham, William Rose Benét, Anna Hempstead Branch and Richard and Beatrice Mansfield, are some of those whose poems are published in this way.

Nathan Hale's school house now stands in a corner of the old burying ground on Meeting House Hill. It was moved here some years ago and looks forlornly out of place in this ancient city of the dead.

There is a more cheerful atmosphere about the Old Town Mill, built in 1650, even though the great wheel, which was still grinding grain six or seven years ago, is now silent. The only sound that broke the stillness was the singing of Briggs Brook on its way to the sea. One reads that the founder of New London, John Winthrop the younger, was given the exclusive right to grind the corn for the colony, and it must have been a lucrative business in those days when men traded in grain. It also must have been the noisiest spot in the town. Today, any sound seemed an intrusion. Only the rush of the brook, the whirr of the birds and the

rustle of new life in the trees, seemed permissable in that happy backwater.

Until the Shaw mansion on Bank Street was purchased by the New London County Historical Society in 1907, it was always occupied by descendants of the family who had built it. It is an impressive colonial house in the very heart of the town and dates from the year 1756. Captain Whipple who was the guide, knew the history of every piece of furniture and the stories of each family portrait; he showed us with great pride, the room where Washington had slept, the White Room it is called, and the beautiful mahogany four-poster preserved with great care. Mistress Lucretia Shaw's portrait interested me most, for she opened her house and nursed sick American prisoners from the British prison ships. "She filled her home with cots for our soldiers," is the way the record reads.

The barrel that brought the powder used by Arnold to burn the town, his sword, and his mortar and pestle are all shown among the other interesting relics. Arnold's career from a druggist to an illustrious traitor is a record of this region.

Before leaving New London we visited the New Connecticut College for Women and its beautiful and extensive grounds endowed by the late Morton F. Plant. The College was chartered just before the war and

opened in 1915. The founders of the college carefully surveyed and considered many sites, but the decision was made in favor of New London and certainly the the situation is incomparable.

" Over a hundred and twenty students from several states and a faculty of a dozen or so " inaugurated the College; today the class of 1926 alone numbers more than the opening registration in all classes.

The aim of the College is to " hew out new lines and make offering of studies particularly congenial to women and essential to their best development " without disregarding the best of academic tradition.

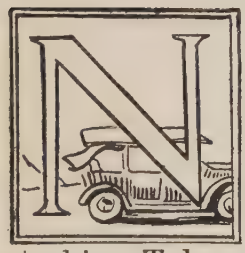
Besides the earning endowment fund of $1,000,000, the institution owns land and buildings with their equipment worth a million more. The grounds on the east reach down to the Thames River, and on the June day we wandered about the campus, we had a marvellous view of the harbor and the Sound.

Notwithstanding all of the important government activities which make New London prominent; its pre-Revolutionary houses; its connection with historical events; its new and endowed College for women, and its many and varied industries with their immense plants, the city is best known, perhaps, by the Yale-Harvard boat race which takes place every year in June. The course extends for four miles above the

bridge up the Thames River. In following the old Mohegan trail to Norwich — the first turnpike road in the United States — we paralleled for some distance this course of the famous boat race and visualized the concourse of people and the excitement of the next week, when the race would take place. Along the opposite shore we located the quarters of the Harvard crews, Red Top, and somewhat farther along, Gales Ferry, Yale's headquarters.

Chapter Nine

NORWICH, PLAINFIELD, BROOKLYN, POMFRET AND WOODSTOCK



ORWICH is built on the site of a wigwam village, and all of this territory was the Happy Hunting-ground of the Mohegans. Cooper has made us familiar with it through his Leather-stocking Tales.

The Thames River is navigable to Norwich and in the eighteenth century it carried on quite a little trade with the West Indies, and it is still a commercial port. The Mohegans must have realized the value of this water communication, as well as the isolation of the situation when they made it one of their principal villages.

As early as 1640, Uncas, the sachem of this tribe, became on friendly terms with Captain Mason of the settlement of Saybrook, and in 1659 made a deed of conveyance of a large tract of land, to thirty-five proprietors. When the colonists arrived, Uncas and his tribe established a village near what is now called Mohegan Hill. The remains of this fortress are nearby,

and a pitifully small remnant of half-breeds, all that is left of this once powerful tribe, can be found in this vicinity.

They were always on good terms with the English and their memory is preserved in Norwich by the well-kept burying ground in the highlands of the city and by the granite shaft placed over the grave of the sachem, Uncas. The Edmunds Indian Collection, housed in the Converse Building, contains many interesting relics of these early tribes, the Pequots as well as the Mohegans. The last of the great sachems buried in Norwich was Mazeen, who died in 1826.

Nowhere on our route, in any of the states in New England we visited, did we find so much written about the Indians, nor the affectionate regard for the Indian that we found here. As American citizens we gained an ounce more of self-respect in connection with our country's treatment of the red man, to discover in this New England city its record in relation to the Mohegans, and the honor it still continues to pay to the tribe which "stood by" in its early struggles.

We heard a curious local tradition given as a reason for the migration of so many of the Saybrook colonists to Norwich. It is said that these early settlers were driven from Saybrook by the crows and blackbirds which would descend in black clouds upon the

newly planted fields of maize in May or early June, and tear up the young shoots, leaving whole districts in ruins. The regions nearest the sea or large rivers, were troubled the most and many of the settlements were obliged to make by-laws rendering it obligatory upon every man to destroy during the three spring months a certain number of crows, woodpeckers, jays and other grain devouring birds, — "A dozen was the usual number required with a premium for over a dozen and penalties on those who fell short."

Billie said this corroborates the story told us by the ancient lady in the library at New Haven, in connection with the Yale towers and the crows — so perhaps the truth in this case is again stranger than fiction.

There is always an element of interest in all of the early laws, as they throw light on living conditions as well as on the mental outlook of that period. On account of the free range of cattle, sheep and swine, the settlers made a law governing the height of fences. No front fence could be lower than "a five rayle or equivalent to it, and the general fence a three rayle." Again, — on inquiry why some reconstructed houses had been painted red, we were told that red predominated in the early days because it was a cheerful color. Yellow, blue and white were also used but not to the same extent. Paint did not come into use on houses

till toward the middle of the eighteenth century, and "the almost universal use of white paint did not appear," says an authority, "until toward the middle of the nineteenth century."

The immediate suburbs of Norwich are not beautiful. We passed through Thamesville noted for one of the largest paper-board mills in the world — though nothing else — and entered Norwich over a bridge across the Yantic River, but not before we had taken a sudden sharp hill and discovered Norwich spread out before us, a most astonishing and impressive sight. Its situation is best described by the letter Y, — the two rivers, the Yantic and the Shetucket are the arms, and the river Thames the stem, with Norwich perched in the junction, and the most of it standing high on a ledge.

The town is made up of three divisions; on the strips between the rivers, on the hills, and on an island in the Yantic.

We thought we had become used to steep grades in New London, but the streets in Norwich taxed our nerve. To get anywhere you have to go either up or down. We found Norwich a city of traditions, and before we left, we also found it a city of contradictions. Its old families, old houses and illustrious personages are too numerous to recount, and even fifty

years ago, a writer speaking of Norwich wrote, "In the pursuits of life, rare combinations of apparently opposing interests are here embraced in one municipal bond." One fifth of the population is foreign born including thirty-one nationalities. This alien population forms the bulk of the labor employed in the large milling districts which compose the outlying districts.

Arnold the traitor, was born and lived here and it was also the home of the Huntingtons, those mighty patriots of Revolutionary fame.

Five Presidents of the United States — Fillmore, Grant, Hayes, Garfield and Cleveland, traced their ancestry to Norwich, and Yale University owes its first contribution to a native, John Fitch. We also owe much that is fine in literature to Norwich. Lydia H. Sigourney was born and wrote here; Don G. Mitchell — Ik Marvel — wrote "The Reveries of a Batchelor" in Norwich; Edmund Clarence Stedman spent many of his early years here and never forgot the city.

> Guarded by circling streams and wooded mountains
> Like sentinels round a queen;
> Dotted with groves and musical with fountains,
> The city lies serene.

The residential district is in the central part of the town, but Norwichtown, one of the few interesting suburbs, is full of old tradition. We left the car in

the garage and trolleyed out to Norwichtown and we look back on that little trip as one of the red-letter days of our stay in the city. We just prowled around. The little red school house founded in 1783 by Dr. Daniel Lathrop to whom Arnold was apprenticed as a druggist, is right on the road and still looks out across the beautiful valley. We found many of the old houses were being restored most carefully with the greatest regard to detail.

Wondering about the history of one of them we walked boldly up the high flight of steps with a view to investigation, as the place seemed deserted for the time being. The house stood just off the main highway, on a semi-circular bit of road, and was built into the hill which rose almost directly behind it. The main part of it was on the second floor which opened out onto a veranda. It was so old, it was hoary, but only with the beauty of age, not its decrepitude, and we were not surprised when we learned that an artist owned it and was living there.

Being of an inquiring turn of mind and loving a beautiful old house about as much as anything in this world, I began to peer in the windows and around the back of the porch. Suddenly a boy appeared. Billie hastened to acknowledge our intrusion which I declared was entirely due to the beauty of the house.

" I'm sorry everybody is out," he said politely, " but I'll be glad to show you some of the house and the studio."

We really tried to decline but the place was too intriguing — we could not resist it. Just inside the doorway stood a suit case and I found myself staring at the name in large letters on the end. I nudged Billie and pointed to the suit case, — " Elizabeth Telling " she exclaimed. Now Elizabeth Telling lives in Chicago, but in the summer she is usually down in Ogunquit on the Maine coast. It was surprising to find her here. I drew out my card and handed it to the boy.

" Will you please say to Miss Telling that we are sorry not to find her in? " I'm sure he thought I had suddenly lost my mind or he had not heard correctly. Billie patted me on the shoulder and explained that I had suddenly discovered from the suit case on the floor, that an old friend of mine was visiting them, which cleared up the situation for the boy, and made us feel better about our invasion of the premises.

After this, we decided that when anyone asked us in Europe if we knew " John Smith " in New York, we would treat the question with less levity.

When in New Haven we had been given a card of introduction to a descendant of old Governor Trumbull and also of the painter John Trumbull, and we lost

no time in presenting it, as the house, on being pointed out to us, was a lovely example of early architecture. It was called the Elizabeth Huntington House and had been built in 1780. Everything stands high in Norwich, but this house stood higher. We did not dare take our car up. On either side of the walk were old bushes of Persian lilacs now in full bloom, — a much more delicate flower than the ordinary lilac, and the fragrance permeated the atmosphere, even filling the formal front parlor of the house which was quite a distance away.

The house had an interesting sky line, but the most beautiful and remarkable thing about it was the panelling and woodwork of the interior. This had been left undisturbed down the years, although much that was modern had been substituted for other interesting features the house originally must have had. The first Franklin stove in Norwich is still in the possession of the family, to whose ancestors it had been sent from New York in 1826.

Mohegan Park, a narrow tract of almost primeval woodland in the center of the city, is accessible from Washington Street. From the antiquarian point of view, as well as from its situation, this is one of the most interesting streets in Norwich. One climbs a sharp grade to reach it, but is well repaid by the charm

of the dignified colonial mansions all along its length.

The house in which Arnold was born was torn down in 1855, after a variety of vicissitudes which gave it the reputation of being haunted.

After Arnold left it, it had many tenants. Captain Hugh Ledlie of Windham first bought the house and as his wife was insane, it quickly attained the reputation of being haunted. Tenants succeeded tenants who were only too glad to leave the premises. After awhile the windows were shut, the doors boarded up and the gate swung to and fro on its rusty hinges. Some years later, a native of the town took courage and bought the old place, lovely even in its ill repair and desolation, and then "the beams and rafters, the garden and groves, were apparently appeased." The old record added that the spell seemed to have been completely broken when a thunder-bolt descended upon the house, shattering the windows and the mirrors and breaking a passage out through the wall. "This electric shock," it declared, "was perhaps necessary to purify it thoroughly from the Arnold taint."

Arnold's leaning toward the British seemed to have started early, according to tradition in Norwich. I was told that during his apprenticeship to the Doctors Daniel and Joshua Lathrop, he ran away with the intention of enlisting as a soldier in the British army.

After his apprenticeship was over, he made several voyages to the West Indies and also went to London, returning with a large assortment of drugs and set himself up in business at New Haven. The sign of the shop is now in the Museum of that city. It is lettered in white on a black ground and both sides are alike.

B. ARNOLD, DRUGGIST
BOOKSELLER &C.
FROM LONDON
SIBI TOTIQUE

"Which way shall we go, Billie?" I asked, as I polished up the wind-shield while she stowed the luggage on the back seat. It was a morning in June and the day was "at seven." We had no particular objective except that sometime Billie wanted to go to Providence to see those doorways she had heard so much about and the old Baptist Meeting House, and I wanted to go to New Bedford and wander around the wharves and see the whaling-ship "The Wanderer" which I had heard was now in port. It was a toss-up where we went first, so we flipped a penny and Providence won. As I wanted to browse around in old Israel Putnam's country, we decided to go to Providence by way of Putnam, which took us in the region of Brooklyn, Pomfret and Woodstock, so we tooted the horn and coasted down the hill to the northeast.

On looking back we had our last glimpse of the city as Mrs. Sigourney described it, " like a citadel, guarded by parapets of rock, and enbosomed in an amphitheater of hills, whose summits mark the horizon with a waving line of forest green." It is well called The Rose of New England.

We had made up our minds that we would not stop until we reached Brooklyn just this side of Pomfret, but in passing slowly through Plainfield because the view was so extended, we suddenly discovered a post by the roadside that amazingly resembled those posts in Paris that hold the " affiches." We drew up our car, and read notices of every public event that was to happen in the town! A village that still continues this old custom should contain other things of interest aside from its lovely old trees, the view, and its affiches-post, we decided, so we voted to investigate. Our route had followed the valley of the Quinebaug to Plainfield, ascending all the time, and the scenery had grown more and more beautiful every mile of the way. The trees were unusually large — particularly the elms. Their branches interlaced overhead, throwing delicate shadows across the fine hard road, which as far as we could see, stretched away under this canopy — a thread of green across the golden sunshine.

Right in front of where we parked our car, stood

an old stone church bearing the date of 1818. Billie looked it over with the greatest curiosity, as it was the first church of this character we had encountered. I might add — the only stone church we saw in our whole trip in New England, that could be classed as colonial, except the First Unitarian Church in Providence which also dated from about this period.

The church in Plainfield had replaced the original church which had been built in 1784, but which had been blown down by the historic summer gale of 1815, that played such havoc in this section of the country.

The Benedict Parsonage, named for the first minister of the Meeting House, was built in 1784. It is now the oldest residence in the town, and the largest elm in the country stands in front of its door. This historic old tree measures fifteen feet four inches in circumference and it was probably a sturdy tree when Washington met Lafayette at the Tavern not far away, over a hundred and fifty years ago. This old tavern, which is still open for guests, dates from 1750, and the more modern addition from 1820. Washington reviewed the French troops on the broad " plains " surrounding the village, from which Plainfield took its name, and it must have been a great occasion for the boys in the " Academy " on the hill.

Plainfield Academy was founded in 1770, and incorporated in 1783, and during the Revolution there were two hundred or more boys attending the school. In 1778, Mr. Ebenezer Pemberton became its " rector or principal " and according to an old history of the village we picked up in a native's house, " it had no superior at the time on the continent of America." The building is in a perfect state of preservation and is architecturally interesting because it resembles both a schoolhouse and a church — without following the tradition of either. Away from the main roads, it stands aloof from all activities on a hill which overlooks the whole countryside. From its vantage point, we decided the small army of boy students must have had a wonderful position to watch the French troops, and the Commander of the Army review them, and to see perhaps, for the first time, the French general, Lafayette, about whom they had heard so much.

We left the main road just beyond Plainfield at Putnam and made a detour to Brooklyn and Pomfret, so associated with Israel Putnam, the Yankee and the patriot.

It was interesting to pass the farm, now known as Putnam's Farm, where he lived before he became famous, and we stopped awhile and explored the locality of the " Wolf's Den " where he and five of his neigh-

bors tracked the wolf that had killed large numbers of sheep and goats, and which Putnam killed single-handed after being lowered into the den by his companions. The story goes that being unable to lure the beast out, Putnam insisted on having a rope tied around his body and being dropped into the cave where he located the animal by its glaring eyeballs. As it is the sort of thing Putnam would do, it is an undoubtedly true tale and can be classed with his spectacular ride down the rocky steps at Greenwich when the British were after him.

His success as an officer in the French and Indian War and his services at Havana and Detroit changed his position from a plain farmer to a man of importance in the community. After he returned to Pomfret, he was made selectman, planned roads, was an authority on school questions, deliberated on problems of civic importance, — such things as "whether to repair or pull down the meeting house, and he even 'hired the master,' seated the congregation, and collected the parish rates!"

His evolution from farmer to an inn-keeper bears re-telling as it proves again his nimbleness of wit in meeting an emergency and turning circumstances to his advantage.

As his popularity increased, he became known as a

celebrity all over the country, with the result that his visitors increased to such a proportion that they not only became burdensome, but a drain on his estate. They came in pairs, then by the dozens and then in droves! In great perplexity he took counsel with his wife (as has been done before under other disturbing conditions) and they evolved the plan of turning the hordes of visitors to some account financially, by opening a tavern and having the visitors pay for their own entertainment. His last wife was his second wife, but she was first, the wife of Brooklyn's first minister. ("Wait," broke in Billie, "till I get that!") Her second husband was John Gardiner Esq. of Gardiner's Island, and Putnam was her third and last husband.

"Now this is the point I want you to get," I said interrupting Billie's work. "Putnam's second wife's first husband left her an estate in Brooklyn. He was the Reverend Ephraim Avery, and she and Putnam settled themselves on the Avery estate at Brooklyn and opened an Inn. He hung his sign before the door — a full length representation of himself as "General Wolf" in appropriate military attire. An outstretched hand beckoned all to enter and partake of the good cheer within. And they did. The Inn at Brooklyn became one of the most widely known hostelries in Connecti-

cut and during the Revolution it was a center of much that was thrilling."

"Just what is the point you want me to get?" asked Billie squinting over her sketch box. "Was it the success of the Inn, or the success of finding so many husbands?"

"The success of the venture," I replied. "Take it whichever way you like."

This old tavern, although greatly altered, we found still standing with a huge equestrian statue of General Putnam beside it.

There are many curious old stories of this locality. The street called "Pucker," because the people on it were so stuck-up, hails from Thompson I think, a town just to the north of Putnam, and the "Windham Frogs" is really not a tradition, but a tale vouched for in town records. It was told to me by the nicest of old ladies who wanted so much to put us up for the night, but couldn't because she was expecting her daughter and a bevy of grandchildren old and young, to arrive at any time by automobile; so she tried to make amends for her lack of hospitality by sitting quietly in her chair, although she was bursting with eagerness, and relating to us all the memories she had of the locality. Every few minutes she would rise from her seat and watch for "their car."

This was the "frog" story: There was a family named Follet who owned the mill privilege in Windham, which was a nearby town, and who lived quite close to the water. One night — it was a very dark night — they were awakened by "A din, a roar" which "seemed to fill the heavens and shake the earth." They sat up in bed and trembled thinking at first it was the day of judgment, then that it must be the French or Indians marching on the village, and finally they concluded that something was disturbing the frogs, so the whole family dressed and cautiously proceeded to the water's edge where they found the village assembled in a state of terror. Everybody agreed it was the frogs making the clamor, but nobody could tell why, as the night was so black. They were afraid to leave their homes unprotected, so the majority returned to guard the women and children, leaving a few men with their guns to wait and sound an alarm. With the first faint streak of light, they discovered an army of dead frogs about the pond and "nobody to this day," said the dear little lady, "has ever been able to tell what had happened to the frogs, unless it was a horde of migrating frogs who battled with the frogs in our pond."

We spent the night in Pomfret at a very charming country place called The Larches which had been

taken over by two young girls and converted into a summer boarding house. The season was young but when we arrived there was one small table in the dining room where guests were eating. We were famished and the food was delicious. Billie and I had been eating storage food — canned things and cream puffs — all along the route and we found the change to waffles and stewed chicken most agreeable, to say nothing about the home-made strawberry short-cake, which melted in our mouths. It was an unusual summer Inn, in more respects than food. Different because everything about it was right, which puts it in a class all by itself. I'm afraid they made no money, though. The food was too good, the rooms too big, and their hearts too generous. When we paid our reckoning the next morning they presented us with two boxes wrapped in white paper which they explained was our lunch; "from two strangers to two strangers with our best wishes." We drove off quite bewildered — a reaction to be expected from a courtesy so unusual in this day and age.

Our evening at this Inn was spent in talking to a woman who lived on the adjoining estate — a woman who had the charm of an older generation and to whose family Pomfret owes much of its prominence at the present time. There are many important people

and many large estates in the surrounding neighborhood, a development of the last fifty years. The Vinton family are from Providence and the mother of our chance acquaintance, Madam Vinton as she was widely known, established her summer home in Pomfret about one hundred years ago.

That Pomfret had once been the home of Whistler, we learned that evening. "What is now the Catholic manse, is where Jimmie lived," said Mrs. Vinton, "and during his boyhood he and my cousin were not only friends, but classmates at West Point. But Jimmie was always drawing and he didn't get through West Point because he had so many demerits. However, he never forgot old friends even in after life when he had become famous, and I have a sepia sketch he sent me from Paris."

Whistler was born at Lowell, Massachusetts, and the house has been made a Whistler memorial by the Lowell Art Society, but the Catholic manse at Pomfret, Connecticut, can claim much more distinction from its connection with the painter, for he at least knew and loved the old town, while the Lowell house was merely his birthplace.

We returned to Putnam en route to Providence by way of Woodstock, which had been suggested to us as well worth a detour. Through an introduction, we

paid a morning call on Herbert W. Bowen, our one time minister to Persia, and later to Venezuela, whose home is a delightful, rambling old house called Plaine Hill, which straggled over the ground and stood well back from the elm-shaded road. He was very proud of his mother-town, his colonial home, and his ancestor who was one of the thirteen original settlers of the village. Whenever he wants a good solid rest he says he returns to this old homestead and the quiet of the hills. Arthur Sherburne Hardy, one time minister to Spain, is his next door neighbor as well as his brother-in-law.

We were invited up to the study at the back of the house where the windows looked out over the hills. Here Mr. Bowen had gathered some interesting mementos. A framed copy of the first number of the Yale Daily News, dated New Haven, Jan. 18, 1878, hung on the wall and I noted that Mr. Bowen and Taft were its first editors. The first paragraph read:

> The Innovation which we begin by this morning's issue is justified by the dullness of the times and by the demand for news among us.

Mr. Bowen was a ready talker, one who takes you over wide stretches and periods. He gave us an à-la-carte interview. We picked at random, a subject here and a place there, and when we left we felt he had so

much more that was interesting to give, it was a pity we had not the time or the capacity to assimilate another morsel of information.

His passing comment on a visit Oliver Wendell Holmes made to Woodstock years ago when he came to take part in a town celebration gave me a mental picture of the poet I shall never forget.

" I remember," he said, " going to meet him at the time and I found him to be a quaint little man with a sonorous voice. He read his poem ' Ship of State,' written at the time of the Hayes storm and stress period, to perfection."

Speaking of the early history of the region, he told us of John Eliot, the apostle to the Indians, who had preached many times in the neighborhood from a rock which we could easily find, and of the tremendous influence for good his life had been.

The last Indian in the locality of Woodstock had been an old medicine man — a dealer in herb medicines. Mr. Bowen remembered him well.

" It is pathetic," he said, " to see the last of an old civilization. A fallen conqueror is a pathetic sight. Look at the spectacle of William at Doorn Castle! "

Mr. Bowen's comment on the unpopularity of the United States with the South Americans was not surprising to me, as I had heard it in Paris. Since the

war there are many South Americans in Paris, and we often heard fragments of conversation at the cafés or the theatres, which opened our eyes regarding their attitude toward us as a nation.

During a period of residence in Spain, Mr. Bowen had had many opportunities for observing the young King Alfonso at close range.

"I never liked some traits about the child King at that time, but I'm glad to say these traits disappeared as he grew older. I remember one day seeing him on the beach at San Sebastien twist a dog's nose till it bled. He always was allowed to win in everything, which must have been exasperating to any normal boy playing with him. I suppose they had been carefully trained to this state of things, but," he added, "it must have been an awful bore!"

A photograph of a man with a long sweeping mustache, and an important looking group surrounding him, proved to be the Shah of Persia, taken in 1909, just after the Shah's return to Persia from a trip to Europe. He gave public audiences at that time and the whole diplomatic corps arranged themselves according to rank in the photograph. The Shah, who spoke very good English, was full of his trip, but he regretted that it had not included America.

"I was remarkably sorry," he said to Mr. Bowen,

"that I could not go to the United States on my travels, but you see," he continued ruefully, "I am afraid of the ocean!"

At which our Minister replied; "Your Majesty, you should never be afraid of the ocean. It always has been very kind to our friends, and only unkind to our enemies."

This amused the monarch very much. He always continued to be Mr. Bowen's very good friend, and presented him with a diamond snuff-box on his return to Washington.

Woodstock has a most interesting permanent colony who return to it year after year and call it home. Mr. Bowen's father, Henry C. Bowen, the founder of the Independent, had his summer home here before his death; and Clarence W. Bowen, his brother, formerly owner of the Independent, Judge George C. Holt of the Federal bench, and Hamilton Holt, president of Rollins College, Florida, are all residents of the town.

Before taking a cross cut to Providence, we turned down a narrow by-road, untravelled and steep, and in its heavily shaded length, it was depressing. We were hunting John Eliot's Pulpit Rock. Along each side of the road, deep woods extended as far as we could see. We chugged along in silence for we were visualizing moccasined feet between the trees and among the

rustling leaves — but friendly feet, because John Eliot had had a mission to preach the fear of God.

Reaching the cross-roads we turned down a sunny hill where the road became wider. We knew we must be approaching the spot, so we drove very slowly.

"There, Billie — there is John Eliot's Pulpit Rock!" I cried pointing to the left bank up beside the rail fence. And there it stood, bearing witness for two centuries that on this spot John Eliot had made praying Indians out of savages. Brushing aside some ferns and wild geraniums that carpeted the bank, we read:

1686
PULPIT ROCK
SACRED
FOR EVER MORE
1886

Chapter Ten

PROVIDENCE: THE SOUTHERN GATEWAY OF NEW ENGLAND

PROVIDENCE is rich in historic interest — in the survival of many of its colonial houses and in its great industrial development. It was founded less than twenty years after the Pilgrims landed, by Roger Williams, who had been banished from Salem for his too publicly expressed and heretical differences of opinion.

A man with an unusually broad mind and with the courage of his convictions, he was the first in America to announce his belief in the freedom of conscience and the separation of church and state — and he followed these convictions, and established on these heresies, a colony where they were the foundation and the corner stone. In addition, he asserted his belief in the right of the Indian to the land. Instead of boldly annexing the territory he needed to establish this new colony, he received a grant to the lands of " Moshassuc " from the Sachems, Canonicus and Miantonomoh, and so at the beginning created friendly relations with the neigh-

boring tribes. Roger Williams' doctrine of religious liberty was embodied in a " Compact " now in the City Hall in Providence.

The founders of the city were Baptists in their religious belief and the first church in the settlement was of this denomination. The present building, erected on the site of the first church, dates from 1775. We loved to listen to the old bell ring the curfew every evening at nine o'clock — a custom still adhered to — and from the windows of our hill-house on Angell Street, we watched the sky enfold the spire when the stars paled before the lights of the town. For over a quarter of a century, no salary was ever paid to its ministers. " Each pastor earned his living in secular pursuits." This church is a beautiful example of colonial architecture and it still plays an important part in the life of the city.

It was the end of Commencement week when we were in Providence, and the campus of Brown University — one of the oldest as well as one of the best known of American colleges — was swarming with fond parents and fonder sweethearts. Motor cars coasted down the steep streets in steady processions, and the traffic cop in his white gloves, beckoned up and down and right and left without an intermission, pivoting first on one foot and then on the other.

OLD WAREHOUSE ON THE CANAL
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Brown University was founded through the influence of the Baptists in 1770, and it has a most interesting history. In 1790, the degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred on George Washington, who was present at the Commencement — and it is closely connected with many pre-Revolutionary and Revolutionary happenings.

The front Campus parallels Prospect Street and the buildings of particular interest are University Hall built in 1770, and used as a hospital during the Revolution, principally by the French contingent of our army; the John Hay Memorial Library; the memorial clock tower built in memory of one of the Brown family; and the John Carter Brown Library which houses an important collection of Americana.

Much of the history of Providence is linked with industrial or commercial achievements, and for that reason, its early homes are the best and most important of the colonial type. Books, too many to be counted, have been written about its old houses, and reproductions of its old doorways are legion.

At the late end of the eighteenth century, Moses Brown, "the Quaker," and his three brothers, were the most influential citizens of the town. They were the "Big Four" of the Providence Plantations. John Quincy Adams described the John Brown house as "the most magnificent and elegant private mansion that I

have seen on the continent," and the Duc de la Rochefoucauld-Liancourt, a French nobleman who was travelling in America in 1795, wrote of John Brown as the "richest merchant in Providence." When his eldest daughter was married he made it the occasion for the formal opening of his new house, and her wedding was a much talked of event. The papers gave big space to it, and the Providence Gazette in making the announcement said: "On Tuesday evening last, was married John Francis Esq. merchant, to Miss Abby Brown, daughter of John Brown Esq.: a young lady whose truly amiable disposition and engaging manners cannot fail to adorn and dignify the connubial state."

The Brown Brothers accomplished many things daring in conception. They built wharves, houses, a bridge, they tunnelled a hill and shortened a highway, and their ships entered every port of the world. The first ship from the port of Providence to the East Indies — the "General Washington" — was sent by them. Their versatility was remarkable. From trading vessels they turned to the manufacture of cotton goods, beginning the industry in Providence, which has developed to such proportions that this city now leads in the production of textiles per head, although the South is fast pushing the North in its cotton industry.

John Brown's house, standing on the hill above Benefit

Street, is one of a group of houses which date from colonial days. If Providence had nothing else to commend it, the beauty and historic interest of these houses would alone repay a visit to this Rhode Island City.

In hunting for a place to house our car, we were recommended to a garage which bore the name of "Good Cheer." "That's the place for us," said I. The unusual name on the swinging sign puzzled us for days until we learned that this was the greeting the Indians gave to Roger Williams when he and his men paddled up the river. It has now become almost a Providence trade-mark. It was a friendly policeman who explained all this to us, and it was under his guidance that I explored streets listed in no guide books — streets where each house was a gem — but in localities entirely given over to foreign mill workers, whose only appreciation of the houses was the shelter they gave them. A few of these houses are now being reclaimed and they stand like little islands in a Saragossa Sea.

This policeman was one of my happy discoveries in Providence. I had been looking one day in frank delight at the old Carrington place when I heard a friendly voice say:

"You're a stranger, ain't you? Interested in old houses? Maybe I can show you some, if you've a mind to walk around with me on my beat," and his

hand went up to his hat. Could any other city than one named Providence have produced such a policeman? He was as full of gossip as the proverbial old woman, and he had some comment to make on each old house. Every sentence began with a whispered "Now they do say"—and he made the streets so mysterious that I felt sure I was living in the "Once upon a time."

"Now they do say this house could tell some tales, if it had a mind to," he began, lowering his voice as we passed under the shadow of its trees. It was an imposing house standing well up and back from the street and almost hidden by trees and flowering bushes.

"There used to be lots of slaves in the plantation, and this family," pointing up to the house, "had more than most.

"Many's the time I've been told of the slave-pens in their cellar with iron gratings in front of each one, and I know that the old whipping-post is still in the back garden—for I've seen it!

"The family in that house over on that corner sure makes us boys tired. Why, they've lived in it always and their forebears before 'em, and instead of bein' proud and grateful for their ancestors and the fine things they left them, they went over to Italy or some foreign parts, and brought back a cargo of antiques and turned out all the old family furniture and put these things

they brought back with 'em in their places. Why, what do you think? They even ripped out the old floors and woodwork, so I've been told, and had wood brought over too — the old wood, all panelled by hand, wasn't good enough. They said it was antique wood they brought over, but I know one of the carpenters, and he told me that when he cut it with his pen-knife, it was so green that the sap came runnin' out! They've been most two years fixin' it over and placin' all their foreign stuff. I call it unpatriotic, and I should think their ancestors would turn in their graves," disgustedly.

I looked with curiosity at the old square clapboarded house so lovely in its simple dignity, and thought with amusement of the incongruous mixing of old Italian in such a setting — as incongruous as the immigrant tenants behind the pillared porches and colonial doorways in the street around the corner through which we had just passed.

Providence is fast becoming not only the southern gateway to New England, but a manufacturing world center, with its avenues of approach over both land and sea.

George H. Corliss, a world figure in 1850, put Providence on the map industrially. His invention at that time of the new sliding valve in the engine which bore his name, revolutionized steam-engine building, and

made Providence the world center of this industry. His rise from a country store-keeper to international fame came after years of fighting, and the record of these years reads like a romance — and it is an industrial romance.

The 1850 period in United States history is like the Midway of an Exposition or the Main Street of a new town. Our country was hewing and building up its industrial greatness. A group of men were giving to the world their creative genius in the form of revolutionary invention and each day some new display gave added prestige to our inventive ability.

But the acceptance of the Corliss engine — its adoption by manufacturers — came only after a hard fight which lasted about five years, as the ideas embodied in it were too revolutionary, even for a Yankee.

After it was accepted, Corliss spent years defending his patent. His daughter, Miss Maria Corliss, told me that during fifteen years, from 1850 to 1865, her father spent more than $100,000 — in defending his rights in patent litigation.

The value of Corliss' invention lay in the reduction of steam consumption, and in the maintenance of a given speed regardless of the pressure. I have read much interesting matter in connection with the Corliss engine, and as far as I understand it, the great difference be-

tween it and the engine that preceded it, lay in the uniformity of the speed. Before he invented his valve, every difference in the load varied the speed.

"There was one manufacturer," said Miss Corliss, "who saved nearly a quarter of a million dollars in coal bills during fourteen years, by using my father's engine. In the beginning most people were incredulous."

One of his greatest achievements was the manufacturing and setting in place in less than nine months, the famous fourteen hundred horse-power engine with all the transmission machinery, in Machinery Hall, at the Centennial Exposition of Philadelphia in 1876. This was the largest and the most powerful engine of its day. From this huge central engine all the machinery of the Exposition was run continuously for six months without a break. Nothing of the kind ever had been attempted before, and it became the talk of the day all over the world, bringing additional honor to its inventor, and renown to Providence.

Corliss was the son of a country doctor in the small town of Easton, New York, but his boyhood was passed in Greenwich, a town about thirty-five miles from Albany. When he was nearly twenty-one he opened a country store in Greenwich and sold general merchandise for six years. It is not generally known that

while he was behind his counter selling drygoods, he devised a sewing machine and obtained a patent for it in 1843, three years before Elias Howe received his patent. Howe himself in later life gave Corliss the credit for the invention, although "neither man had known or seen the other's invention," declared Miss Corliss.

Because he could neither sell nor interest a manufacturer in his sewing machine, he decided to leave his home town and seek a wider field in a big city. He sold his store and obtained work as a draughtsman in Providence, where he had an opportunity to experiment in a machine shop. Recognizing the weakness in the steam-engine, he promptly forgot his sewing machine and spent his energy in perfecting his steam valve. At the time of his death in 1888, there had been fifty-eight separate patents issued to him and nine more were granted his family after his death.

His home on Prospect Street in Providence, which he built in the early fifties, is still the home of his daughter, Miss Maria Corliss. His love of line and proportion, which is so evidenced in his engine and which Bartholdi, the French sculptor, commented upon, is seen in his house. While it is of no particular style or period, it is simple and dignified, with high ceilings and broad deep rooms. Mr. Corliss had an aversion

to architects. "He used his own ideas," Miss Corliss told me, "and he had a builder in whom he had great confidence. As the house on the opposite corner had been built on high ground, my father felt his house should conform to it, and so he first had quantities of dirt hauled and a terrace built, before the house was begun. He had a theory that houses should be part of the landscape."

The exterior is of brick trimmed with brown stone, and the interior woodwork is of black walnut. Heavy carpets, long draperies, walnut furniture upholstered in velvet brocade deeply fringed, pictures in wide gold frames and vases and books, made an impression of quiet ease of living in a mid-Victorian day. His daughter lives alone in the big house. She is startlingly like her father. I told her she was like her father — "Yes, I think I am and he always thought so too," she replied, much pleased.

It has been said of Corliss that through his invention "he contributed the most effective device ever designed for economizing steam, or in other words, obtaining a larger power effect, pound for pound, from the fuel or water used in generating it."

Benefit Street and its neighborhood, on the hill above the town, is rich in lovely old houses. The street was first opened to "benefit" those whose homes sloped

back on the hillside, I was told. The Sullivan Dorr house on this street, is over a century old. Aside from the interest of its fine detail, it has an historic interest as the early home of Thomas W. Dorr, who was illegally elected Governor of Rhode Island. Records tell us that when he was refused recognition by President Tyler and the Supreme Court he, with a group who were struggling for equal suffrage against the limited suffrage clause in the charter of 1662, tried to take the arsenal. Dorr was seized and convicted of high treason and sentenced to life imprisonment. Not long after, he was released and before his death he was given back full citizenship. And now he is spoken of as the hero and victim of Dorr's Rebellion.

Many of these old houses are of red brick with marble trimmings and white wooden pillars. College Hill, as this part of Providence is called, so charmed us that we spent most of our time wandering up and down Benevolent Street, Power Street, Williams Street, Brown Street or Prospect Street. On these streets, almost toppling down into the city from sheer steepness, are grouped the largest number of beautiful colonial residences that are to be found, perhaps, in any one city in our country. And the reason that this locality has remained so beautifully intact, is because, says someone, " the steepness of the slopes has saved the

THE BENEDICT HOUSE
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

residence district and diverted business along the valleys and out over the more level West side." Here one finds the Carrington House, high up from the high street, almost hidden in its trees; the John Carter Brown House; the John Brown House; the Ives House; the Crawford Allen House; and the century-old First Unitarian Church.

Exchange Place in the heart of the city is a big open space — a veritable breathing space if one could only rest in it a moment — with the City Hall on one side, the Union Station on another, the Federal Building on the east, it literally swarms with people — and driving a motor car is a hazardous proceeding. The only stationary figures in Exchange Place are the statues of Henry H. Young, Chief of Scouts under General Sheridan, General Burnside, the Bajnotti Fountain and the Soldiers and Sailors Monument. When we slowly threaded our way on foot, in and out of traffic one morning, Billie stopped suddenly under the Burnside statue and almost got run over. "Now I know why they are called Burnsides," she shouted in great delight, pointing to its whiskers.

In the early days, there was much Dutch influence in the town, and quite a little intercourse with New Amsterdam.

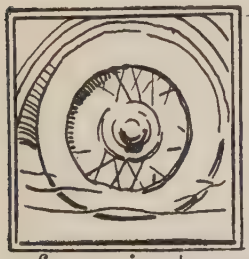
Roger Mowry's tavern on Abbott Street near the

North Burying Ground, is still standing and it shows little sign of its age, although it was built in 1653. In the early days of the colony many important happenings took place here. One authority says that Roger Williams held prayer-meetings in it, and it is quite certain that the town council met in its big open room. The old stone chimney is just as it was when the smoke from the huge logs curled upward through its wide mouth into the primeval forest. Of all the old dwellings one reads that "this veteran with its chimney toward the hill, an eye witness of the town's early history, a share in its early struggles, almost an embodiment of its early life, alone remains."

Chapter Eleven

BRISTOL

Do not by any means neglect to go to Bristol — quaint, old-fashioned, historic and beautiful.



UR objective from Providence was New Bedford and the route through Fall River. At Warren, where we should have branched east we made the mistake of turning south and in a few minutes arrived at Bristol, much to our chagrin; but as we drove down the main street — Hope Street — between rows and rows of wonderful old mansions, we thanked our good fortune for the unexpected discovery we had made of this historic seaport town of Rhode Island.

Bristol lies on a peninsula in Narragansett Bay called Mount Hope Lands. Across from it by ferry, a short run takes you to Newport, yet the two towns today are utterly dissimilar, although in the early days they were both seaports of prominence and both centers of Revolutionary happenings. The years have brought Newport into international social prominence. Bristol con-

tinues to be proud of its isolation, its old families and its colonial homes, and it still preserves its old time traditions and its records of past achievement, along with the treasures of furniture and rare objects with which these old homes are filled, brought from many lands by sea captains to their home port.

But try as it will, the Irish, the Italian, the Portuguese and the Canadian French are now invading its seclusion, drawn to the town by the demand for operatives in the mills. With this incoming of alien races, the Puritan habit of Sunday observance is no longer the rule. We saw more open Sundays in the blue-law Connecticut State, and in the Puritan towns of Rhode Island, than in any other section of New England.

There are many legends of Mount Hope. One of the most interesting is the supposition that it may have been the "Vinland" of the Vikings. A recent writer who has studied the matter at some length, contends that this region in the eleventh century had all the physical conditions to warrant a belief that the "Hope" of the Norsemen is the Mount Hope of Rhode Island, and he also tells of a discovery about thirty-five years ago of a rock known by tradition, but lost sight of for many years, on the Mount Hope Bay.

"Upon it," he says, "is rudely carved the figure

COLT MANSION
BRISTOL, R. I.

of a boat with what may have been a Runic inscription upon it. The writing was surely not graven by English hands and the Indians had no written language. May not the strange carving have been made by the axe of a Norseman?" he asks.

Leif Ericson was the leader and thirty-five men comprised the party that sailed from Greenland in an open boat in the year 1000, a hundred years after others of their country had discovered Iceland. Several years before, the island of Newfoundland had been sighted by another Norseman and the object of Leif's expedition was to locate and explore this remote coast.

The first land they came upon did not attract them. Sailing on and on, they sighted what is probably Nantucket and then touched upon a coast "where a river flowed out of a lake." Here they decided to disembark and explore the country. Chancing upon some wild grapes which they loved, they called the country Vinland.

Two other expeditions sailed from Greenland, the last being the most important one, and while there is no authentic record of the exact spot where the Vikings landed, the Mount Hope legend has much in its favor.

Bristol, like the other early settlements, had In-

dian friends and Indian foes. Massasoit was always the staunch friend of the whole Plymouth Colony. One of his villages was on Mount Hope. After his death in 1662, his sons succeeded him and when Philip became king, he reversed the friendly attitude of his father, and showed the most deadly enmity toward the settlers. The English had not played fair with his tribe, and his resentment turned into ferocious hatred.

He waged a bitter war against the colonists from the year 1675 until 1676, when Captain Church of Bristol, who led the colonial forces, succeeded in bringing him to a stand on Mount Hope where he was shot, so tradition says, by one of his own tribe who had joined the American troops. On the west side of the hill beside Cold Springs, a large granite stone states:

In this miery swamp 166 feet W. S. W. from this Spring according to tradition King Philip fell Aug. 12, 1676. O. S.

Besides being one of the greatest Indian fighters, this Captain Benjamin Church was the first representative in the General Court of the Plymouth Colony. In the oldest house in Bristol, built by Deacon Bosworth (descendants of his still own it today), stands an oak arm-chair fashioned with wooden pegs by this same Captain Church, who it seems could build a chair even

if sitting on one was never spoken of as one of his accomplishments.

Bristol was founded to be the seaport of the Plymouth Colony on the West and its reputation grew with the years. At one time its commerce was greater than that of Boston, and its ship-owners far exceeded in wealth those of New London, Newport, or New Bedford even in its "whaling" days. Situated as it is at the head of Narragansett Bay, which was a strategic point during the Revolution, it was the center of many stirring happenings. Bombarded by the British in '75, because it refused to send some sheep demanded by the British, the town lost many of its earliest homes. Thirty or more houses were destroyed, including St. Michael's Church, and the whole district suffered through the invasion of marauding troops.

With the revival of commerce after the war, great distilleries were again opened, for a cask of rum usually would purchase a slave. This traffic in slaves Bristol shared with Providence and Newport, but it was Bristol and its slave traders that Mr. Webster scored in his address of 1820. In the census of 1774, "114 blacks were recorded in Bristol in a population of 1209."

Many tales are told in the town of the exploits of three of its most famous sea captains — Simeon Potter, John DeWolf and James DeWolf — and of the ships,

"The Prince Charles of Lorraine," "The Juno," and the privateer, "Yankee." Simeon Potter's adventures in the eighteenth century read like a combination of Captain Kidd and Robinson Crusoe. He was a poor boy with no education, who, after a short life upon the sea, — and from all accounts a right merry one, — returned to Bristol with a pocketful of money and "lived happy ever after." He had obtained his wealth through "privateering" upon the foes of Great Britain — unlike the "Yankee," whose successive captains exacted tribute from England instead of for England, not so very many years later.

Statistics and records tell us that Rhode Island was a hotbed for privateersmen and that it provided the greatest number of privately armed ships in the colonies during the eighteenth century. The object of a voyage was to bring in a prize captured upon the sea, plunder towns and coasts — make money for themselves. It was simply "legalized piracy." That it did not hurt Potter's standing in the community is seen in the honor it paid him when he was voted to fill the newly created post of Major-General of the Rhode Island forces, after he had retired from the sea.

Mark Antony DeWolf, the first DeWolf of Bristol of whom we have any account, was clerk on board the "Prince Charles of Lorraine" and his grandson,

John — or "Nor'west John" as he is best known — the second of the three famous captains of Bristol, won his renown through a voyage to the Northwest coast to collect furs for the China market. He rounded the Horn in the "Juno," sold it at Norfolk Sound, crossed the Pacific in a little craft of twenty-five tons burden, and after an overland journey of twenty-five hundred miles returned home by way of St. Petersburg. "This was a voyage and travels more than half a century ago" (written by Captain DeWolf himself in 1861), "and I was probably the first American who passed through Siberia."

James DeWolf was a son of Mark Antony DeWolf and his name has gone down in the archives of Bristol as another of its most successful and prominent men. He went to sea very early with his uncle, Simeon Potter, was twice captured and held prisoner. Before he was twenty, he was master of a ship, and before he was twenty-five, he was independently rich. Much of his money was made in the slave trade, but as part owner of the "Juno," which turned over to the owners a clear profit of one hundred thousand dollars, and as principal owner of the privateer "Yankee," which brought into Bristol a million dollars as the result of freebooting during the War of 1812, he had other large sources of wealth. He was also largely instrumental in

developing the manufacturing industry in Bristol and eventually became a leader in the political life of the nation, first as a representative to the Rhode Island Legislature, and later to the United States Senate.

These three men have, perhaps, made the greatest mark in the eventful early days of the town, when Bristol was a famous seaport of the colonies.

We did not need these old chronicles, these annals of adventure in Bristol's past, to lure us to tarry awhile. Even its situation on Narragansett Bay, lovely as it was, could not give the old sea-port the charm that Hope Street held for us with its rows and rows of ancient houses, each one different, and most of them lived in and cherished by their owners. The most dominant house in the town stands on this street in the center of things. It was built by a DeWolf in about the year 1810, but it is now known as the Colt House, or Linden Place, and it is a very imposing and beautiful mansion, an unusual example of early architecture. The main doorway is protected by a portico upheld by four Corinthian columns which rise to a balcony under the roof. The wide wings of the house, its rose window, the elaborate yet delicate iron gates and railings, give it great distinction. The DeWolfs have not only left monuments to their memory through

their exploits on land and sea, but also in the houses which they built and which still remain in the town — imposing houses, and well worth a visit.

The William DeWolf house on Poppasquash Point (a neck of land not far from Bristol with a wonderful drive along the shore), built in 1808, by Russell Warren, was quite as imposing as the Colt house, but in a more intimate and friendly way. It strongly suggested the Pringle House in Charleston, and I was not surprised to find that William DeWolf's daughter had married into the family of the South Carolina Middletons, who had extensive estates on the Ashley and Cooper Rivers, and also, that some member of the Middleton family had married into the Pringle family. Southern influence is strongly apparent in the planning of the interior as well. The porch in front is supported by two Corinthian columns reaching to the cornice, on which is an unusual design of balls which seem to want to drop into the sockets over the doors. Inner columns support a balcony capped by a railing of intricate design. Square and white, the house stood in the sunlight, overlooking the Sound. Many-windowed, broad-winged, surrounded by great elms and flowering shrubs, it captured our imagination and was reminiscent of ante-bellum days. There certainly was ample accommodation for many slaves in the south wing over the spacious

kitchens, and the house itself could shelter a family of the old-fashioned type — but only two are left there now.

Miss Middleton, who was its gracious mistress, was a lady of the "old school." She wore a dress-cap of the finest of lace which fell softly about her ears and framed her gentle, wistful face, in which the color came and went like that of a girl in her 'teens. Slender almost to frailness and with the tiniest of hands and feet, she exactly fitted into the picture. Nothing had really happened here since the war.

Pictures, furniture, books, china, glass, old silver, filled the huge rooms. In the front parlor the mantel was of intricately carved pink marble brought from Italy, and in one corner of the room stood the card table of John Hancock. Furniture that belonged to President Adams, including the chair in which he died, were also some of the historically interesting things in this museum of a room. But the tiny pianos delighted us most. One was a Clementi, and the other, well — I'll let Miss Middleton tell you its history as she told it to us, first calling our attention to a portrait on the wall of a little girl with golden curls and a round, shy, happy face.

"That was our mother when she was six years old," she said proudly, pointing to the picture. "And this,"

THE De WOLF MANSION

Bristol, R. I.

pointing to the old piano, "was the piano her father sent to France to secure for her. It is now over one hundred years old. Mother was a very beautiful child and the idol of her father, and no piano in our country was quite good enough for her. Isn't she lovely?" asked the gentle little lady looking with adoring eyes at the picture, while I had a mental picture of the wee tot sitting before the key-board with its elaborate adornment of golden wreaths, playing Mozart or Handel and experimenting with the many pedals, which included the harp, the bassoon and the drum.

There were many notable pictures in the rooms. A portrait of Thomas Middleton painted by Sir Benjamin West in London was interesting for this reason, as well as for the fact that he was the son of that Henry Middleton of South Carolina who was president of the First Continental Congress for a time; an unsigned portrait of Washington supposed to be by Stuart, but still a bone of contention among critics; a Sully and a Jarvis; an Angelica Kaufman; an Albini and a Vermeer; and "The Madonna of the Flambeau," painted either by Raphael or by a pupil in his studio. It is a much discussed picture and is well known for the beauty of its color, its antiquity and the uncertainty of the painter.

Treasures of china and glass were kept in cabinets

along the walls. " Pink cockerel " English china, three hundred years old and worth a hundred dollars a plate, were the most valuable pieces we were shown, but the most precious china to them was " grandmother's set." When grandmother was married and became a Middleton of South Carolina, she had her " set " of six hundred pieces and much of it is still unbroken. In addition to its age this china is interesting on account of the design being the same as Washington's china at Mount Vernon.

The Waterford glass came from Ireland and was the gift of Governor Gibbs, but we particularly liked the old Steigel glass made in Manheim, Pa., about the the year 1762, and known to all lovers of old American glass by the " tear drop " in the stem, and the rim on the bottom.

Every room was a museum in this old William DeWolf house. I felt most poignantly that it was the past that was alive, not the present, and it was somewhat of a shock to mount into our automobile at the garage, instead of into a coach drawn by long-tailed horses, from the carriage house.

The doorways of Bristol are equally as beautiful, I thought, as the doorways of Providence. Along Hope Street, although some of the houses had been modernized by the addition of porches, we could always find

under their shadow a colonial doorway in its setting of fluted columns topped by a fan-light, or doors framed by a carved border and surmounted by a Palladian window. The Reynolds house has what is known as a "Christian door," that is, the four panels in each half form a cross. This is one of the very old houses in the town and dates from 1698, but the Bosworth-Perry house is, I believe, the oldest and it has the distinction of having had the first religious meeting of the town held in it. Both of these houses had part of the framework sent over from England. The 1789 Parker-Borden house is remarkable for the carved rope design of the interior, especially the mantel in the north parlor; for the stairway with its inner rail; for its very beautiful doorway surmounted by a Palladian window, and for the fact that the exterior wood has never been painted. Other houses well worth looking up are the Norris house (1792) and the Andrews house (1788), both on Hope Street, and there are many others equally as interesting.

The old Back Road takes one to the Governor Bradford farm on Mount Hope Land. He was the descendant and namesake of the governor of Plymouth Colony, and was held in esteem by the whole community. His house is gambrel-roofed, with two chimneys at either end. Three dormer windows break the line of the

roof, but the rest of the exterior is severely plain though delightfully proportioned, with the doorway in the center framed by arched trellises.

The house that I remember most distinctly in Bristol is the House of the Eagles, or the Diman-Cabot house. It is also called the Cabot-Churchill house, because at one time Captain Churchill of the "Yankee" had lived there and some of his crew had carved the four American eagles which now adorn the four corners of the parapet rail on the roof. The eagle also screams his welcome from the knocker on the door. It is said that the daughter of Governor Diman found the knocker in the attic and also the four eagles during the Spanish war and resurrected them.

This house dates from 1807 and the interior is filled from attic to cellar with curios from all over the world. One could have spent days going through the rooms and enjoying their contents, but as our hostess was expecting her "Club" to tea, our visit was a hurried one.

"If you had said you were expecting your neighbors in to a quilting party it would have seemed much more fitting," I told her.

Billie and I wondered how it would sound to hear a group of twentieth-century women discuss the "air service," for instance, in a room filled with memories

of the notorious freebooter, Captain Churchill. We can stop the clock and buy an old house, old furniture, old books, old pictures, and create a setting of yesterday, but this background only throws into more distinct relief the picture of today — for men and women move on — only things stand still.

This Captain Churchill of the "Yankee" was responsible for bringing into Bristol much wealth, and many of the treasures in the town at the present time were bought with prize money gained by freebooting. In the Governor Diman house, however, the contents have a more historical value. The Chinese fire-screen which stands before the mantel in the front room was a gift to an ancestor in 1846, when the treaty ports were opened, and it is perhaps the most valued thing in the house. This screen is a cameo — carved like a cameo brooch. It is two by three feet and is mounted in teakwood which has been heavily carved. Another interesting old relic is the camphor-wood camp-chest which belonged to General Prescott of Revolutionary fame. The chest was salvaged by a Rhode Island colonel when the General was captured and eventually found its way to the back hall of this old house where it rests in peace. For a camp-chest, it seemed to me to be unusually large — it measures five feet long and two and a half feet broad— and that it was made for hard

usage is evidenced by the brass clamps and the three locks that protect it.

Some of the original chairs that were used by the first Continental Congress are in Bristol. It is not generally known, although the story has been in print before, that when thirteen chairs were needed for Liberty Hall in Philadelphia, General Varnum of Bristol was commissioned to buy these chairs abroad. However, Congress soon outgrew its thirteen chairs and instead of adding to the number, the original chairs were sold. General Varnum bought six, and one, at least, I located in the oldest house in the town, the Bosworth-Perry house. Underneath the present covering of brocade can still be found the crimson rep that must have looked so smart when the delegates met for the first time in the State House on Independence Square.

While whaling and commerce, slave-trading and freebooting, belong to Bristol's past, yet the port has lost nothing of its former prestige. In fact, it has gained in importance, for, although the craft that sails now from the old town is only a dart upon the water, yet that dart has pierced the complacency of English yachtsmen and has kept the "Cup" in America.

The Herreshoffs, builders of boats, have lived for generations in Bristol. Narragansett Bay has been

SERVANTS' GALLERY OF THE DE WOLF HOUSE
BRISTOL, R. I.

their workshop and playground, and the number of sailing boats as well as larger vessels they have built for American and foreign buyers seems almost unbelievable. From their shipyards came the cup-defenders, "Vigilant," "Defender," "Columbia" and "Reliance." The old home of the Herreshoffs on Poppasquash Neck was built in 1760, of timbers brought from England by some of the Brown family of Providence in 1650. We motored into the old place over grass feet high, as both of the houses had been unoccupied for some time, and our peep into the oldest house through little panes of glass, showed us walls of great thickness and rooms we longed to enter — low-ceilinged rooms with ample fireplaces irregularly shaped, that looked out over the Bay with its skimming boats, or into fields of fast ripening hay.

Chapter Twelve

FROM NEW BEDFORD TO THE CAPE

T the mouth of the Acushnet River, overlooking Buzzards Bay, New Bedford straggles up the hill. The city is now an important manufacturing center of cotton goods, with busy streets, an unusually good hotel in an open part of the town, with a statue of "The Whaleman" by Bela Pratt in front of the Library, to tell you that in its palmy days New Bedford was not a cotton-mill town, but a thriving seaport.

Its one-third alien population, chiefly Portuguese, meets you everywhere, and it is curious to walk the streets of an American city and see so many un-American faces. The Portuguese were brought into the town by the captains of the whaling vessels, from the Cape Verde Islands. A Portuguese crew could stand the hardships of a long voyage better than the Yankee boys from the farms, and there came a time when this was the only crew a ship's master could get together. The Canadian French are import labor for

the cotton mills. The best way to get a quick estimate of the character of a town, is to look at the shop windows. Here we saw strange food and even a Coffee House in the shopping district gave us coffee that was full of chicory. It was the gayest little place imaginable.

Vivre Gaiement
C'est Vivre
Deux Fois.

This slogan was right over my wide-armed chair. There was no mistaking the nationality of much of the patronage.

There are very few of the old families left, in New Bedford, but those who live along County and Hawthorne Streets — the old residential district — might be called marine aristocracy, for their wealth and position date back to the days when New Bedford was a seaport of importance, to the whaling period in its history when over three hundred vessels were registered from the port. There are a number of dignified and beautiful old houses still standing in their original grounds, many of them with " widows' wharfs " — the tower of observation seen on so many of the roofs of houses along the coast. One of the houses used by the Young Women's Christian Association is most interesting on account of a space between floors high enough

for a man to hide in, or to be imprisoned in, and the supposition is that it was a hiding-place for slaves. The space was most ingeniously arranged and it was not discovered until quite recently.

When "Down to the Sea in Ships" was staged in New Bedford, the old Quaker Meeting House was used, and a few of the descendants of the Quakers took part in some of the pictures. The past and its traditions are still treasured memories to most of them and the impersonation of the people who lived in those days was undertaken with the greatest seriousness. "Grandmother, I'm here," called a little old Quaker lady softly into the grave-yard, when one picture was being taken. This whole neighborhood, but particularly Dartmouth on Buzzards Bay, was a Quaker settlement dating back to 1650.

The eighteenth century Seaman's Bethel and Mariner's Home on Johnny Cake Hill overlooks the harbor and docks, and nearby is the Jonathan Bourne Whaling Museum, "the only one of its kind in the world." In it is a half size model of the whaler "Lagoda," a most successful whaler which sailed the seas for almost half a century and made large profits for its owners. It stands in the main hall and was quite large enough to walk through and inspect every detail, even to the harpoon, lances, try-works and the crow's nest. The

"THE WANDERER"
Old Whaler at New Bedford

Museum was given to the Historical Society by the daughter of the whaling merchant, Miss Emily H. Bourne.

By the greatest sort of good luck, when we arrived at New Bedford, "The Wanderer," the last of the old square-rigged whalers, was in port being fitted up for a last cruise to Buenos Ayres on the River Plata. It was the whaling history of this old seaport that had drawn us to it. I wanted to walk along the wharves and perhaps find an old timer who might be induced to talk, and I did.

If Bristol's prosperity was due to the traffic in slaves and the profiteering of a few adventurous spirits during the War of 1812, New Bedford's rise to wealth and prominence was on the back of the cow of the sea. This I partly knew, but a chance meeting with a "maker of whaling guns and lancets," Captain Frank E. Brown — one of the best informed men on whaling subjects in the town — confirmed my knowledge and added to it.

Captain Brown had a small shop on Water Street, up a narrow flight of stairs built like a ship's ladder with a rope for a bannister rail. A Danish captain was just taking his leave when I entered and I had a few minutes to glance about, covertly eyeing the man in the swivel chair. That he was a Yankee there could be no doubt,

and I learned afterward that he came from "round Kennebec way."

"Want to hear about the Whaling Fleet?" he drawled. "Well, just wait till I show you my coat-of-arms."

With a mysterious smile on his face, he slowly rose from his tilted chair and opened a cupboard door, taking out a small shell shaped liked a harp.

"Now, what do you call it? A shell? Oh, no, no! I call it a lyre. That's what I am, — a liar. Can't help it," and he settled back in his chair again much pleased with his introduction of himself as a stringer of tales.

"Do you know that a woman is more beholden to the whale than to anything else under the sun? She is indebted to it for her corsets, her cosmetics and her perfumery. They tell me corsets don't have whale-bones in 'em now. They used to, I know that. And umbrellas, too, used to be made with whale-bones instead of steels."

"What part of a whale is used in the manufacture of perfumery?" we asked.

"It is a product of the whale called ambergris," he answered, "and it was first discovered off the coast of Arabia. It is an oily, porous, greasy substance, and because of its unusual quality of absorbing and retaining odors, is used in the making of perfumes. A bit of ambergris is worth more than its weight in gold,

and a good-sized lump of it is worth more money than all the oil obtained on the longest cruise. Two of the most famous catches of ambergris were made by the schooner 'Watchman' in 1858, and by the bark 'Splendid' in 1883. At that time it sold for $550 a pound. I'm not lying now, it's Gospel truth, and I suppose you'll think I'm also lying when I tell you about women's cosmetics and ointments. You don't know, I'm certain, that spermaceti — a whale product — is the basis of them all. In these days cold creams and things are adulterated with paraffin — ain't no more fit than kerosene to put on skin, but we're hard up for spermaceti."

"Captain Brown — " I began, but with a wave of his hand he stopped me.

"They will keep calling me 'Captain' Brown and I hate it, for I've never been out of port in my life, but if I can't stop the bunch, at least I can stop you," he said smiling good-humoredly.

"I'd like to hear all about whales, not what one can read, but what you've seen and heard from the men on the whalers," was the large order I presented him, but he contentedly once more settled himself in his wobbly chair, tilted it as far as it would go and then proceeded to discourse on whales.

A whale is about eighty feet long.
Its mouth is about as big as an average room,

That is, seventeen to nineteen feet long and five to seven feet in diameter.
Six to thirteen men can stand up comfortably in a whale's mouth.
A whale's stomach can hold about six barrels of food.
A whale weighs about ninety tons.
It can cut through the water at a speed of twenty miles an hour.
A whale is not a fish; it is an animal like a horse or a cow.
It breathes exactly like a horse, directly into its lungs.
In prehistoric times whales were land animals.
Whales give milk-white milk; when fresh it is sweet and nutritious.
Whales have no homes but can be found anywhere in the sea.

If you've ever heard anyone use the expression "spouting hot air" this is the origin of it, according to Captain Brown:

"Most people," he said, "have seen pictures of whales sending volumes of water high up in the air, or so it seems to them. But a whale does not spout water, it spouts breath just as we blow breath out of our noses. On a cold day, we can see our breath as it comes out. On any kind of a day, a whale can see its breath. It is terribly hot inside on account of its blanket of blubber — a coating of fat four inches to a foot thick. The heat inside of it makes the damp air in its lungs very hot. When it blows it out, the air is seen because of the sudden contact with the colder atmosphere."

Again, according to Captain Brown, you don't say "hit a whale," you say "struck a whale," and when a "pod," not a "school" of whales is sighted the crew call out "Thar she blows!" In whaling education this is primer stuff which one should by all means know.

The right whales and the bowheads, which furnish oil and whale-bone, and the sperm whale in which ambergris and spermaceti are found, are the most valuable. Some species hunt their food and some species are hunted by food, that is, the sperm whale lives on the devil-fish, and as the octopus is attracted to the whale by the color of its jaws, the whale does not have to hunt for its breakfast, its breakfast comes to it.

The Captain insisted that the whale was temperamental and very intelligent.

"Why," he said, "I've been told by whalers who have watched them at play that they have their preferences, same as folks. A bull whale will pat his female, not very lightly, maybe, but in a manner that cannot be mistaken for anything but a caress."

Captain Brown was a bit contemptuous about the so-called submarine-bell discoveries during the last war, and declared that every tar knows that you can knock two stones together under water and the sound will carry thirty feet — if knocked together above water it

won't carry. On the same basis of sound, whales have been known to signal to each other four or five miles.

"For instance," he explained, "if there is whaling on the weather-bow miles from the vessel and whaling on the leeward, one pod of whales will signal to the other."

"Do whales attack vessels?" was asked.

"There have been only two actually proved cases where vessels were attacked and destroyed by fighting whales," he replied. "The danger to a whaler is the likelihood of the small boats capsizing, or the men being lost in the struggle with the whale when it is being struck or captured. The sperm whale fights with both head and tail, but the bowhead and the bone-bearing whales fight only with their tails, for their heads are sensitive."

The whole number of vessels employed in the whaling industry in the United States at the time of its height in 1843, was six hundred and fifty, and of this number about three hundred and thirty odd at one time sailed from New Bedford. To man this fleet required about eight thousand officers and men. It is easy to understand how New Bedford grew from a town to a city when one realizes the immense amount of business necessary to equip the crew and outfit the vessels. The estimated cost for each voyage of this fleet was $5,305,030,

and the approximate value of the ships and outfit as they sailed amounted to $10,060,000.

These figures give one the importance of the whaling trade during the first half of the nineteenth century and the prominence of New Bedford as a whaling port. Nearly one hundred ships were often outfitted in the town at one time. In one year an itemized list of goods furnished the New Bedford fleet amounted to an outlay of almost $2,000,000.

The length of an average voyage was three or four years, and as the destination was unknown, every contingency had to be considered and provided for when a whaler started on its cruise.

In 1841 the proceeds or imports from the Fishery was 5,018,076 gallons of spermaceti oil worth ninety-five cents a gallon which totaled $4,767,172.

The import of right whale oil was 6,531,462 gallons totaling $2,177,154.

The proceeds from 2,073,480 pounds of whale-bone amounted to $414,696.

Of these returns, the officers and crew would draw for their services about thirty per cent or $2,207,706. It usually took about one third of a four-boater to pay off the crew. " The smaller the vessel the better the lay " is an axiom in whaling vernacular.

During the long stretches of time on a whaler at sea,

the crew made jagging wheels, carved whales' teeth, or did scrimshaw work. Jagging wheels were used by the women at home for cutting out and ornamenting pastry.

Captain Brown opened a drawer and, from a miscellaneous assortment of junk, extracted several beautiful specimens of these wheels, and we saw dozens of them in the Jonathan Bourne Museum ornamented with mother-of-pearl, brass wire, or enamel from walrus teeth inlaid in the ivory.

Captain Brown's stories were interesting and his information valuable, but the man himself was a character only to be found in the backwater of life. He had always wanted to go to sea, but stayed at home because "of a woman." Into his dingy little shop just a step from Merrill's Wharf or Pier 3, drifted men from all over the world and he absorbed the talk of the sea, and information about the sea, until he was as saturated as the oldest "salt" of them all. Among those who used to frequent his room and The Spun Yarn Club, was Francis D. Millet, the artist who lost his life on the "Titanic." His business, "A maker of whaling guns and lancets," is not so prosperous as in the days of the "fleet," so he has the leisure to play cards with the boys and read from the book he says he enjoys the most — a worn copy of "Josephus"!

"I've sent out many a copy of 'Josephus,'" he said,

" and there was hardly a whaler that went to sea that did not carry ' Josephus ' along. You see, it was very popular with the boys," — eyeing me sideways.

In the Whaleman's Club over the Five Cent Savings Bank, one still can find among its members a few old timers, but with the wreck of the last whaling ship, " The Wanderer," on its outward cruise a few months after our visit to New Bedford, and the " Charles W. Morgan " tied up in her old age along a decrepit wharf at Fairhaven, the old whaling fleet is as dead as the " stone fleet " sunk in southern harbors during the Civil War, or the " ice fleet " lost in the Arctic ice in '71 and '78.

We made a direct run along the west shore of Buzzards Bay, passing through Fairhaven beloved by artists for its quaint old houses, its situation and its wonderful elms; through Mattapoisett once noted for its shipbuilding activities, but now a " place of rest " as its Indian name implies, and Marion, the delightful old fishing village on Sippican Harbor which has now become a popular and fashionable summer place, through the summering here in years gone by of Richard Harding Davis and Richard Watson Gilder. It was here too, that Joe Jefferson first came to fish and Grover Cleveland also, but it was beyond Onset at the head of the Bay that Jefferson's summer home, Crow's Nest, was lo-

cated, and near the railroad station of Buzzards Bay is the Cleveland home, Gray Gables.

Our route to Sandwich crossed the Canal over the Bourne bridge. The draw was down so we were not detained crossing over, but I understand it takes less than a minute to raise it. The Canal was built under a Massachusetts charter by a private corporation whose president, August Belmont, supplied most of the capital. Its engineer was William B. Parsons, who was the construction engineer of the first New York Subway. The Canal shortens the route from New York to Boston, as well as from other points, by seventy miles and reduces to a minimum the dangers of " The Graveyard of the Atlantic " as the distance from Block Island to the northeast extremity of Cape Cod is called.

The settlement of Sandwich began in 1637 and it became a civic part of Plymouth Colony in 1639. It is the oldest town on the Cape. At the beginning, it had a rough time from within and without. In its early days a storm of unprecedented fury swept over the country and " blew down many thousands of trees, tearing up the strong by the roots, breaking the higher pines and winding small oaks and walnuts of good size, as withes." Old Governor Bradford relates that " the sea rose twenty feet and many climbed into trees."

Nearly everybody in Sandwich is related either by

birth or marriage, but in the early days there was a mixture of many shires and even races. One finds in old records names that connect the settlement with the English Reformation; with the north of Ireland and the law of 1688 under the reign of William and Mary, which practically wiped out the industries of Ireland and sent emigrants by the thousands to the Colonies; with the exodus of the seven thousand Acadians scattered by the British from Maine to Georgia. Ninety of them appeared at Manomet near the old fort of 1627, in seven two-masted boats. Old legends, curious superstitions and customs difficult to trace have come down by word of mouth through the years.

"I'll send old Tilly after you," is a threat that has scared many a naughty child and it had its origin in the Thirty Years' War in Germany where Count Tilly never spared a German Protestant.

But if the old stock varied in tradition and custom, it stood solidly together against the Quakers. In this day, we have our "problems"—in those days they had their "troubles"—and the "Quaker trouble" lasted through many years of bitterness which almost annihilated the Quaker and completely annihilated his substance.

The Sandwich Quarterly Meeting is perhaps the oldest in the country, but it was fought for and bled for.

There were more Quakers in Sandwich than in any other part of the Plymouth Colony. This was due in a measure to the sympathetic feeling among the settlers, not so much toward the religion of the Quaker as toward a policy they believed in — the policy of "live and let live."

The history of the Sandwich church until the Revolution was a long struggle against intolerance, principally based on dissension from Puritan policies as well as a strong disinclination and aversion against interference with the Quakers. Although the Quakers had the sympathy of the settlement they suffered untold persecution from representatives who were sent from the Plymouth Court to enforce the law. A letter written in 1658 by General James Cudworth of Barnstable illustrates the conditions in the colony at this time.

He wrote: "As for the state and condition of things amongst us, it is sad, and like to continue; the anti-Christian persecution spirit is very active, and that in the powers of this world. He that will not whip and lash, persecute and punish men that differ in matters of religion must not sit on the bench nor sustain any office in the Commonwealth."

It seems unthinkable that a group of men who fled from religious persecution should so quickly enact laws and become persecutors. These are some of their laws.

"If any one entertained a Quaker he was fined five pounds; if any one saw a Quaker and did not inform the constable though six miles away he was to be punished by the court as it saw fit; if there was a Quaker meeting in any man's house he was fined forty shillings, the preacher forty shillings, and every hearer forty shillings. When caught they were sent to prison and kept on bread and water; no one might bring them food or speak with them, nor could they spend their own money. They were fined for every Sunday they did not go to the Pilgrim meeting and for every time they went to a Quaker one."

Of course one must be fair toward the Puritans. As Billie remarked: "In the seventeenth century, all the Churches persecuted. Why pick on the Puritans?"

The curious mental twist of men's minds when it comes to religion is well illustrated in the Sandwich story of a native, who ordered by his will that his servant Dinah should be sold and the money laid out in purchasing Bibles for his grandchildren, and in another story of a pious Bristol slave-trader who thanked God for his full cargo of slaves.

The name of Bourne is a familiar one in this locality. Richard Bourne, the first Bourne, spent his life in the service of the Indians, and in 1670 he was the pastor of the Indian Church at Mashpee, the district which be-

came later the "Mashpee Reservation." The foundation of it was laid by this same Richard Bourne, who secured from these Indians a deed of about twenty-two square miles of land about their villages and which he entailed after his death, to them and their children. In this way he guarded them from English aggression. In the early part of the next century another clergyman of London left quite a large sum of money to be used in the conversion of these Indians, and Harvard College was appointed trustee. The annual income from this fund now amounts to about five hundred dollars and is used as part payment of the minister's salary, I was told.

The Meltiah Bourne House, now the Whittemore House, quite the loveliest as well as one of the oldest in Sandwich, was built in 1690 and it is still in a remarkable state of preservation. It stands well up from the road and is surrounded by the oldest of trees which have grown to a great girth in this climate. The clapboards of which it is built are of shaved cedar about an inch thick and they are laid with hand-wrought nails; these clapboards have been painted a soft lavender which is particularly beautiful when the sun sifts through the trees and stencils varying patterns over the surface.

The cawing of the blackbirds circling 'round the old church spire reminded us of the old law about these

THE "CHARLES MORGAN"
Old Whaler at New Bedford

troublesome birds which the early settlers in this region had been obliged to make, and which went a little farther than the New Haven or the Saybrook law. In Sandwich a man could not marry unless he had killed his quota of these birds demanded by the town!

Much fine old American glass came from Sandwich. At one time it had the largest glass works in the country, but the last old chimney has now fallen to the ground, and the place is strewn with the debris of bricks and broken glass.

Billie and I hunted in the ruins for pieces of the glass and we found some lovely colored bits which Billie declared she was going to have ground smooth and made into a necklace.

The making of glass was commenced here in 1825. During the years from '61 to '64 the Boston and Sandwich Glass Company did a business of over $300,000.

The factory flourished for about fifty years when "owing to sharp competition from the West where fuel was plenty and cheap, the business gradually declined until about the early '90's when the fires were allowed to go out." Another record said, "In consequence of the formation of labor organizations which created a conflict between capital and labor, the fires have gone out forever."

In the charter of the company an unusual clause

provided that if the fires ever went out in all the furnaces the charter should expire.

At the height of the business four furnaces of twelve pots each produced approximately two tons of glass per pot, per week.

Pressed glass was first made in this factory. The story is told of the carpenter employed in the works in 1827 who needed a piece of glass of a certain shape. He decided that it was possible to press the molten glass in form just as molten lead is pressed. Until then all glass was blown "either off hand or in a mould and considerable skill was required and the process was slow."

The manufacturers, like the general public when something new is suggested, laughed at the carpenter. He kept his own counsel, but went ahead and built the press and now the United States is the greatest pressed-glass country in the world. The early Sandwich glass is noted for its color, and is much hunted and prized by glass fans.

Before leaving the Cape — Billie insisted in hurrying on to Boston — we took a hurried drive down to Falmouth. Not far from Sandwich on the road back toward Bourne, we came to Bay View Cemetery where Joseph Jefferson is buried. In the Little Church Around the Corner in New York, the memorial window is his real monument, but on the slope of the hill in

this cemetery, overhung by a maple tree and sentineled by a huge pine, stands a boulder marking his grave. He selected the boulder himself and on it is written

JOSEPH JEFFERSON
Feb. 20 — 1829. Apr. 23 — 1905
And yet we are but tenants.

Let us assure ourselves of this and then it will not be so hard to make room for the new administration, for shortly the Great Landlord will give us notice that our lease has expired.

J. Jefferson.

It was the end of June and along the way to Falmouth the villages and summer homes were painting up and making ready for the season. Old houses and new ones that looked like old ones; smart little shops; stores brim full of things to eat; cars dashing about — that is Falmouth today, smelling of salt marshes, with its inlets white with sails and gaily painted boats.

Falmouth was settled in 1660. During the Revolution it was bombarded, and it also had a visit from the English during the War of 1812, so that it really is an historic little place. About a hundred years ago, it was a busy fishing village and it had a coast trade of some importance. Through all of this region down to Woods Hole which juts into Vineyard Sound, we ran past many beautiful and extensive estates on little estuaries

of the Bay, but it is not a swept and garnished country. The roads were winding and hilly with a feeling of remoteness, and they took us into stretches of shade and out into unexpected vistas of open water.

Woods Hole is noted for so many things. The United States Bureau of Fisheries is here with a hatchery connected with its laboratory, and its importance can best be estimated by the eighty million cod that had been hatched and distributed during one year, as well as other fish. And the Aquarium is worth seeing too. Here is also the Marine Biological Laboratory which draws biologists from many colleges during the summer months.

At Monument Beach we had to put our car up for repairs, but we had the good fortune to spend the night in a studio cottage which had been built among the scrub pines, where lovely old things — rugs and furniture — vied with the out-of-doors and a wonderful hostess in making us happy and comfortable, until the damage made by a Cape Cod nail had been repaired, the horn mended, and other minor troubles adjusted. Then we started inland toward Boston.

Chapter Thirteen

FROM THE CAPE TO CAMBRIDGE, WATERTOWN, BOSTON, DEDHAM

AVE you ever been in a car whose horn either won't honk, or just honks all the time? Our horn began to really worry us after we had it tinkered with at the Cape. When we needed to use it, it was exasperatingly silent. All through the city of Brockton, it blew like the siren on a fire-engine and we only evaded the police by dodging around the corners. We dropped quarters and half dollars at every garage along the route, but the horn seemed in league with them. It behaved itself until we were well away and then played up again. By the time we reached Dedham, we were hungry and tired, but before we hunted either a place to eat or a place to sleep, we honked to a service station.

"A minute would fix it — nothing much was the matter," we had heard before all along the route. And a minute did fix it — it killed it! What they did to the car in that minute cost us twenty dollars, hours of de-

lay, and cost the nicest of cousins the work and worry of towing us to Boston. That was one wild ride to Boston! Billie steered at the end of a long stretch of rope and followed the leader across Commonwealth Avenue and a wealth of common avenues, with a set face but a steady eye. "Held up for repairs" applied equally to us. Our insulation had been burned out also, but with us, a night's rest would start us off again.

The next day, which was Sunday, we spent in Cambridge and Watertown, and we used our ill-luck with the car to revive our memories of both these places, but we kept out of Boston for the time being, as it was torrid weather.

Houses are like people. Some vary with the weather. We love them on a hot day when they are framed in green, and are indifferent when the wind blows east, or the snow scurries down the street. The charm of the early colonial houses was, in a great measure, their serenity and poise. Brattle Street, the old road to Watertown, has many such houses along its length. In the olden days it was the exclusive section of the town and the royalist quarter. Then the estates extended down to the river and the occupants were "a select social circle to which few others were admitted." Everything they did had to have a precedent, and it was only from

HARVARD HALL
From the College Grounds

a sense of propriety that they ever opened their doors to an outsider.

Some of the great names of the past in Cambridge are connected with houses that are still standing along "Tory Row." The seven principal families of this "select social circle" were all related in some way, and the relationship even extended to the outskirts of the colonies as far north as Maine, when Colonel Henry Vassall married Penelope Royall, daughter of that rich West Indian who lived in much splendor at Medford, a member of whose family had married Sir William Pepperell of Kittery, Maine.

What is now called the Vassall House at 94 Brattle Street on the corner of Hawthorn Street, has a long, interesting history. The land on which this house was built was a homestead lot granted to William Adams in 1635. He built his house here, but five years later left it to join Governor Dudley in the settling of Ipswich. The only part of the original house still standing is the old chimney, eight feet square, with its pounded-oyster-shell laid bricks, and the room at the west end and on either side of it.

In 1665, after repeated change of hands, the house with five acres of land came into the possession of Jonathan Remington, who fought in King Philip's War, was selectman and town clerk, and whose son, Jonathan

Jr., who was born here, was one of the most noted men of his day. Then it became the property of the Belchers, another noted family who sold the place in 1719 to John Frizell of Boston. John Vassall bought it in 1736, for one thousand pounds. The Vassalls, for whom the place is called, were a distinguished family. Originally French, the du Vassalls, Barons of de Guerden, in Querci, Perigord, emigrated to England, but their greatest wealth was made in the West Indies where John Vassall was born. He was brought to Boston when a child, educated at Harvard and brought his young wife to live in Cambridge on "Tory Row." The house passed into the ownership of the younger brother Henry, after the death of John Vassall's wife, and it is usually known by the name of the "Henry Vassall House," to distinguish it from the Vassall house on the other side of the road, which was built in 1759 by his son John.

In the making of the Henry Vassall place, the land of five early settlers had been thrown together, which gave the estate eight acres. In its palmy days it was bounded by Watertown Road, now Brattle Street, Windmill Lane, now Ash Street, the Charles River on the south, and a house-lot on the west. They had slaves and horses and chariots, and tradition says they owned the only fire-engine in the town. We read of this opulence from the account book of Henry Vassall now in the posses-

sion of the Cambridge Historical Society, which gives a picture of magnificent living before the Revolution. As Madam Vassall was a widow when the war began, her estates were not confiscated, but she had to leave Cambridge for Antigua, W.I., where she had other large estates. It is said that just before sailing Madam Vassall petitioned the Provincial Government then sitting at Watertown, that she might be allowed to take with her some of her effects, and Congress permitted her to take anything that she wanted except "provisions and her medicine chest."

The Henry Vassall House then became medical headquarters, due perhaps to the fact that one of the two medicine chests which the Continental Army possessed was left here by Madam Vassall, and also on account of the many available rooms — there were at least twenty — and the halls and outhouses.

The story of Surgeon General Church, who was quartered here with Dr. Isaac Foster, was told to me in this way: it seems that General Putnam caught a young negress stealing into Boston with communications, and he set her up on his horse behind him and brought her to Washington, who found that Church was a traitor to the cause of the colonists. Church was a trusted member of the Committee of Safety and the discovery of his falseness was a terrible blow to the patriots. He was

taken and imprisoned in the central chamber of the Vassall house, where his name still can be seen cut into the door. " In Madam Vassall's chaise, to the music of fife and drum playing the ' Rogue's March,' Church was taken to Watertown where he was tried by the Continental Congress of which he was a member, and condemned to imprisonment in Connecticut and later, to banishment to the West Indies, but the vessel on which he sailed was lost at sea."

Dr. John Morgan, the first president of the Medical School of Pennsylvania, was appointed by Congress to succeed Church. He and his wife came at once from Philadelphia, " and if they did not live in the house at least his office was there," said my informant, " and his wife's letters give an interesting account of her life in Cambridge." On November 29, 1775, she wrote:

> Six or eight of the gentlemen of the faculty came to wait upon Dr. Morgan and escort us to the camp, some of them on horseback and some of them in carriages. I do assure you we had no small cavalcade. My good friend Mrs. Mifflin met us on the way in her chariot and conducted us to her house where we had to stay until settled in our own.

They were the last to leave Cambridge. When Madam Vassall came back to Cambridge after the war, the house was returned to her, which I think was very decent of the Government.

The driveway of this historic place is now Hawthorn

Street, named probably for the hawthorn hedge which grew along it. When Brattle Street was widened in the seventies, one hundred of the English acacias from this hedge, which had become trees, were cut down. With the exception of a few now remaining on Ash Street, all are gone.

John Vassall, the son of Henry, married Elizabeth Oliver and built what now is called Craigie House where Longfellow lived. This Vassall also was a Tory and he, too, had to leave Cambridge at the outbreak of hostilities. His house was first used by the Marblehead Regiment and afterwards became the headquarters of General Washington. It is interesting, not only on account of its association with men prominent in the history of their time, but also from its connection with Longfellow. The interior as he left it is full of the soft color of rugs, of pictures and of books; of panelled walls and curtained windows. It took little effort of the imagination to picture the rooms when the house was Washington's headquarters — the long stately room where Madam Washington received, and Longfellow's study and library on the right where he established his business offices. From the time of Nathaniel Tracy of Newburyport, of Robert Russell and Andrew Craigie; of Edward Everett, Jared Sparks and Joseph Worcester, to Longfellow's day, the house has been the scene

of widely varied gatherings — social, political, and literary.

There are Norse landmarks at Watertown, as well as at Bristol, and the Stone Bridge over the Charles River is a memorial to their supposed visit. Whether Leif Ericson called this Vinland, and not the Mount Hope Lands on Rhode Island, probably never will be settled. According to the late Professor Eben N. Horsford of Harvard, the ruins of Thorfinn's settlement mentioned in the Saga of Eric the Red in about 1000 A.D. is along Bank Lane near the Charles River Reservation. There is a ruins here of an old, old stone hut which shows some characteristics of Icelandic houses of that early date and there are other remarkable indications of an invasion by the Vikings. Norumbega Tower, erected by Professor Horsford, now marks the spot that he believed to be the Norse settlement, and there are additional evidences of it near Mount Auburn Cemetery.

The old Grove Street Cemetery at Watertown is the first burying ground in the settlement and dates from 1642. Another ancient cemetery is near the site of the First Parish Church. Many of these slabs bear seventeenth century dates. Deacon John Stone's slab records the death of an optimist " whose life was much desired and whose death is much lamented " who " went rejoicing out of the world into the other on the 26th day

FANEUIL HALL
From the Market, Boston

of March, 1691." Several generations of the Coolidge family are buried in the Grove Street Cemetery and the only monument in the cemetery is to the memory of that Coolidge — the only Watertown man " who lost his life fighting upon the British retreat from Concord and Lexington." A descendant of this Coolidge lives in Watertown and on a brief visit there later in the day we had the good fortune to find him at home. He told us had we come on a week day instead of on Sunday we would have seen his fields gay with kerchiefs of Italian women who work along with the men — an interesting contrast between today and yesterday.

It is a matter of record that the inhabitants of Watertown were the first to object to taxation without representation. They made a formal protest against being obliged to pay for a fort in Cambridge, when their opinion had not been asked in the matter.

In our hasty visit to Harvard we were particularly interested in its memorial gateways and the wall that almost completely surrounds it. Before entering the " Yard " we read over the entrance gate this inscription:

> After God had carried us safe to New England and wee had builded our houses, provided necessaries for our livelihood, reard convenient places for God's worship, and setled the civill government, one of the next things we longed for and looked after was to advance learning and perpetuate it to posterity.

The old, old "schoale or colledge" founded in 1636 at Newetowne, afterwards to be called Cambridge, and made possible by the General Court of Massachusetts Bay agreeing to give four hundred pounds toward its support, has seen many stirring happenings. If Faneuil Hall, which we decided we would run into Boston to see again, is called The Cradle of Liberty, Harvard College could well be called the Cradle of American Literature for, from the day of John Harvard, the young minister who gave the "schoale" all his library — three hundred books — and half of his fortune in 1638, down through the line of notable presidents and the remarkable group of men who came out from it and who gave American literature its prestige, to the present day, there has been no college in our country with a record equal to it.

The oldest building, Massachusetts Hall, like Old South Middle at Yale, stands just within the main entrance, and like it too, it is a brick building toned by time and beautifully neutral in color. It was built two hundred years ago and it is a fine type of colonial architecture with its gambrel roof and two chimneys at each gable end. It is fortunate that two such splendid examples of pre-Revolutionary buildings still remain and are treasured possessions of these oldest of Colleges.

Memorial Hall, erected over half a century ago as a

memorial to the Harvard men who served in the Civil War, stirred us profoundly when we walked past the long row of tablets in the corridor. Love of country was as strong in Harvard in the sixties as it was in an earlier period, when the portraits of the men in the dining-hall were living familiar figures. There are some Copleys here, and a portrait of Washington by New England's fine painter, Trumbull, and a treasured possession of Harvard's even before Washington's death. Alas! the old elm where he took command of the Army has at last succumbed to time and only a tablet now marks this historic spot.

The most beautiful of all the buildings is the Widener Memorial, in its setting of green. It is classic, dignified, and impressive. But it is more than this. It speaks to you of strength and softness, of realism and illusion, a contradiction of effect, due perhaps to the combination of the colonnade of massive stone pillars in front of the façade, and the illusion of great distance given by the unusual perspective of the main hall.

Cambridge also has its memories of the regicides. Two of them took refuge here, and a curious oath, " By Goffe-Whalley," was popular among the boys in the middle of the nineteenth century. The reputation of insularity, which is widespread and seems to stick to this old college and to Boston, gives occasion for much

slyly poked fun. One story I heard only the other day. A man came to Harvard from the Middle West and during his college career he became extremely chummy with a scion of an old Boston family. After graduation the western man went home but returned in ten years to represent his firm in Boston, where the friendship of his college days was renewed. The Boston man frequently dropped into his friend's office. One day he said in a burst of impulsiveness, " By Jove! I like you. I'm going to ask Father if I cannot have you up to dinner some night! "

The old frigate " Constitution," " Old Ironsides " as one hears it affectionately called, was lying moored at the Navy Yard over in Charlestown and Billie and I decided we could do nothing better while waiting for our car, than to pay a visit to the famous old warship that had once made history.

And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky.

We were glad we went. The ship was open to visitors and from her cabin to her curved prow, the broad, long deck was reminiscent of those days when fighters swarmed among the cannon and the roar of the guns was mightier than the roar of the wind and waves; when the smoke of the powder hid the network of ropes taut to masts and spars and the smell of it replaced the tang of the sea.

REVOLUTIONARY POWDER HOUSE
DEDHAM, MASS.

A campaign is now under way for funds to restore the ship and we were glad to think there will never again be a possibility of its being reduced to junk, a danger that has been hanging over it for almost a century. On October 21, 1925, a tablet commemorative of its launching on October 21, 1797, was unveiled aboard the ship by two of the great-great-grandchildren of Commodore William Bainbridge, commander of the " Constitution " in the War of 1812.

As we rounded Quincy Market the tower of Faneuil Hall came into view. Here as much explosive oratory was hurled at the Ship of State, as it existed before the Revolution, and as much hot fire in the shape of burning words after the Revolution, as the frigate " Constitution " ever shot from its broad sides. The old building dates from 1742 when Peter Faneuil, a civic-minded man, gave the money to build a market-place and a meeting-place — the meeting-place to be forever free of all expense. Although it was burned down within a few years, it was immediately rebuilt and later enlarged under the personal supervision of Bulfinch, that great American architect. In the hall over the market-place such men as Webster and Edward Everett have spoken; great public meetings have been, and are being held, and social civic functions. Many copies of portraits of men prominent in affairs adorn the walls,

but the most notable portrait is the Stuart portrait of Washington mounting his horse at Dorchester Heights.

The upper part of Faneuil Hall is used as the armory of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, the oldest military organization in America. It was founded in 1637 by Robert Keayne, an English tailor, who before he came to America was a member of an old artillery company in London. Robert Shackleton in his " The Book of Boston " gives a most interesting account of his discovery in old Windsor, England, in an out-of-the way corner of the old town, of an unexpected reminder of old Faneuil Hall. He says: " Near the foot of a picturesque and almost mysterious stairway which leads down from the huge castle on its height to a postern-door, I noticed a house with a tablet upon it. Something led me to cross the street to read, and I was interested to find that it was the home of Robert Keayne, who left Windsor for Boston and founded in this new world the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, the oldest military organization in America."

We were glad we had not been able to bring our car into Boston, for we never could have wandered about the way we did, up crooked little streets and blind passages, through court-yards and out again into unexpected parts of old Boston. You can wander for hours in this

way and still remain almost under the shadow of the trees of the Common. A breeze had sprung up from the sea during the day, which made our tramping about possible, but it was two tired mortals that boarded their resuscitated car late in the afternoon and turned its head back toward Dedham.

We decided Dedham was well named, although we held no grudge against it. "Contentment" was its early name, and that is how we felt as we drove down High Street the next morning in the shade of its spreading elms. Perhaps the most important colonial house in the town is the Dexter place, built about 1762 by Samuel Dexter. The Dedham folk are extremely proud of it and well they might be, as it is a fine example of the best in colonial architecture, and it has been well preserved. The last royal governor was entertained here and Washington in '76 spent a night under its roof, on his journey back to New York after the evacuation of Boston.

The Haven house with its English elms; the Dowse house, better known as the Quincy house because it was the home for many years of that Edmund Quincy, scholar and author, the friend of James Russell Lowell who often visited here; the old house of Dr. Nathaniel Ames, built in 1772, whose diary is now in the possession of the Historical Society, — we slowly viewed them

all and wished that some good fairy could make us invisible and take us into each one. Turning the corner of High Street, we left the car and climbed up the hill to the old Powder House. It stands on Powder House Rock right up from the road and the view from here is well worth the climb, too. "On a great rock in Aaron Fuller's Land" the powder house was built in 1766, and from it we looked across this land and the broad meadows of the Charles River to the town called "Contentment." Just below us was an old landmark known as "the Key," the starting-point of the Key Road, one of the first roads constructed. The Key to Contentment would be a sign-post worth following, we decided, as we climbed down through the twisted cypress. The Fairbanks House, in a different part of the town, is not only the oldest house in Dedham, but the oldest frame house in America. It is on East Street, a road of the early days. Thick rows of willows led us to it along Eastern Avenue, or Willow Avenue, as it used to be called. The house stands at the junction of these two streets under great sweeping elms. It is in three sections. The roof of the middle part, which is the oldest, extends over a lean-to, almost touching the ground.

The end wings are later additions and have gambrel roofs. So low are many of the rooms that it seems impossible to us that a tall man could stand upright in

them. The house, we were told, was made from ship timbers and the chamfered beams in the kitchen bear out this assertion. It is clapboarded inside and out and it looks as substantial and solid as the day it was built. The chimneys are of English brick set in clay and the oldest one is eight by ten feet across; the hearths are square, set with bricks a foot square; the doorways low; the windows very small, irregular, and many of them retain the original leaded glass.

The rooms wander off in every direction and are filled with furniture, the most of it over a hundred years old; ancient clocks; a 1780 bedspread; a Sheraton table one hundred and sixty-seven years old; a desk one hundred and fifty years old; a kitchen table that had stood in the same place two hundred and forty years and had seen bread made in the bread-making trough for eight generations of Fairbanks. Another veteran that had seen much service was the dresser, as old as the house and the only one of the kind in the country. It is simple, with very little attempt at ornamentation, and is in a remarkably good state of preservation. The kitchen was full of homely implements, necessary when everything from cobbling to spinning had to be done at home, and besides the spinning-wheels and hand-looms there was a cheese-curd grinder two centuries old, also a cheese-press nearly as ancient, whale-oil lamps, crocks

and pewter, and, as they say at auction sales, — "too many things to enumerate."

We were in a saturated solution of appreciation and amazement by the time we had thoroughly explored the many irregular rooms. I had pulled out from under its berth the little trundle-bed and fingered the hand-spun linen sheets; had gazed with awe on the christening-bowl which had been brought from Sowerby, England, in 1633 and the silver luster-ware nearly two centuries old, and quite the climax was reached when out from the closet were displayed to our covetous eyes the clothes of Sally Fairbanks, who lived one hundred and twenty-five years ago. Billie gasped and sat down on a deer-skin trunk.

"Get up!" I said. "That trunk's too old to sit on." She promptly did so but at the same time suggested that I stop leaning on the wall-paper.

"It's over a hundred years old, you know," she reminded me.

Twenty years ago, some members of the Fairbanks family still lived in the old place and they were almost as ancient as the furniture. Now it is an historic shrine of the Fairbanks family of which the late Charles Warren Fairbanks, Vice-President during the Roosevelt administration, was a member. Six thousand families trace their ancestry to the Dedham Fairbanks and the

THE FAIRBANKS HOUSE
DEDHAM, MASS.

house is now owned by a corporation of the descendants. An inscription on the house says:

Jonathan Fairbanks who with his sons, John, George and Jonathan Jr. signed the Dedham Covenant Sept. 10, 1636.

Here lived eight generations. To preserve and perpetuate this historic spot his descendants throughout America were made a corporation and acquired the property in 1903.

Chapter Fourteen

SUDBURY INN, FRAMINGHAM CENTER, CONCORD, ON TO PETERBOROUGH

As ancient is this hostelry
As any in the land may be
Built in the old Colonial day
When men lived in a grander way
With ampler hospitality.

UDBURY INN, immortalized by Longfellow, is one of the old taverns about Boston that time has not hurt. On an original grant of land, David How in 1686, some say as late as 1700, built a home, which he used in later life as an inn to mend his broken fortunes.

About fifty years later How's Tavern became The Red Horse Tavern. Four generations of Hows acted as landlords of this old inn, the last being Lyman How, who was its landlord when Longfellow was a guest.

Grave in his aspect and attire;
A man of ancient pedigree
A Justice of the Peace was he,
Known in all Sudbury as "The Squire."

It ceased to be a tavern in 1860, but a recent interesting development was its purchase by Henry Ford and its restoration as an old-time inn, accommodating about twenty-two guests. Edison, who is a personal friend of Ford, helped him in planning the work and designed the lighting. No trace of anything as modern as electricity is seen — the glow from sconces or the pewter candelabra furnishing all light — but the glow is electrical although not apparent.

It was a delightful experience to be under this old roof, and we wondered why others have not had Ford's vision and reconstructed similar old taverns that are crumbling by the roadside. So many of the houses of the pre-Revolutionary period are being torn down and sold piece-meal, the bricks going in one direction, the doors and window-frames in another, panelling and mantels to antique dealers, and even iron numbers of the old date are being bought.

The original part of this old house has been added to from time to time; the dormer-windows in the past twenty-six years; the end ell and the woodshed at an earlier date, but the porch is a recent addition.

In the old carriage house on the road, which during the French and Indian War was the main route from Boston to Albany, we found the coach in which Lafayette had ridden in 1824 — the Governor Eustis coach. Ford

has had scouts out for any old furniture that may have been identified with the history of the place, and its former owner also had succeeded in securing much that really belonged to the house as well as to the period. The How coat-of-arms and family samplers hang in the parlor, and the old clock that Longfellow has immortalized has been brought back to its corner and reflects "The splendor of the fire's ruddy glow."

> It crowned the somber clock with flame
> The hands, the hour, the maker's name.

All the rooms are types of rooms, even the modern kitchen equipped with the last word in electrical cooking apparatus and appliances. The contrast between yesterday and today is most marked in going from the old dining-room and kitchen to the wing of the new kitchen, where efficiency has been the keynote.

Both the new and the old illustrate the best of the period. The ancient dining-room is an education in early household implements, furniture and customs. We saw how they cooked the meat on the old spit, which turned it round and round before the open fire by means of a weight wheel. The same kind of a spit is still used in parts of Italy and France.

There was plenty of space in the fifty-foot room for such things as bread-mixing troughs, wooden scales,

wooden bowls for stirring punch, closets for crocks and closets for pewter. The old room had taken on a wonderful mellow tone, aging from the years as well as from the logs in the fireplace.

The tap-room across from the parlor never has been altered. Its huge fireplace is panelled to the ceiling. Empty of everything but memories, an old vintage that went to our heads, and jugs and mugs and bottles, the bar looks out into a world that is unfamiliar, although the room seems quite the same. It had a worried look that bothered me. Two old prints on the wall told us that Paul Revere did something else in his life but ride through the night

> Through every Middlesex village and farm
> For the country folk to be up and to arm.

Printed under them we read " Engraved, printed, and sold by Paul Revere."

The inn was used by both Washington and Lafayette and the rooms they and Longfellow occupied are called by their names.

In the parlor are photographs of the characters in the " Tales of a Wayside Inn " and all of them were friends of Longfellow. The " Student of old books and ways " was Henry Ware Wales; " A Theologian from the school of Cambridge on the Charles " was

Professor Treadwell; Ole Bull was "the musician as he stood illuminated by that fire of wood"; "A young Sicilian too was there,"—Luigi Monti; and Thomas W. Parsons, the translator of Dante, was the "poet" who "was there."

The new owner of this old tavern loves flowers and he has planted an old-fashioned flower-garden to the right of the house. We heard that he was resurrecting old mills in the neighborhood and grinding wheat that is wholesome, and that he is also developing farms on an efficiency basis — real pay for real work.

We left this

> Place of slumber and dreams
> Remote among the wooded hills

and turned our car south to Framingham Center where Wallace Nutting tabulates every ancient thing under the sun from hinges to houses. We hoped we would find him home but he and his camera had gone a-hunting in Maine. At the back of his house he has a vast collection of historic furniture gathered from one end of the country to the other, and many of these things are museum pieces.

Framingham Center is an old, quaint, and quiet residential village in hilly country, where busy Boston people who hate suburban life but love the country, have elected

to live. It was one of the few places where we found bed and board away from a hotel, and for that reason, if for no other, we marked it with a red letter in our memories. When we had started on our thread of road, it had been our dream to spend our nights in the " spare rooms " of farm-houses where the disadvantages of the absence of a tub-bath would be balanced by quiet and cleanliness, by home-cooked food and fresh eggs and cream. But it was only a dream. Many of the farms in New England are prosperous looking and the houses are attractive from a distance, but on close inquiry, they are farmed by foreigners who looked at us askance. Every Yankee farmer's wife who had " spare rooms " was preparing them for summer boarders, and lodgers did not interest them although we were willing to pay them anything they asked. We will never again delude ourselves into thinking we can drive up shady lanes in New England and find old-time hospitality.

The most rhythmical of tree frogs put us to sleep and the morning of the next day found us ready to hunt up the " oldest of houses on the edge of the town." There are many old places in Framingham Center. It has a settled solid look that its 1700 date is responsible for. Houses of the Georgian period in American architecture are plentiful. A good example is the Jonathan Maynard House on Pleasant Street. The Country Club

House is an old 1693 house with a "hiding hole" in the center of the chimney. These "hiding holes" are often found in the earliest houses and they were used as a place of protection from the Indians.

The oldest house that we started out to find was on a back-woods road "up a hill, down a hill and take the first turn to the right." One has to have unusual sense of direction to follow accurately advice on routes. We were lost over and over again, but with us it made no particular difference except when a sudden storm came up or when we had strayed too far and darkness threatened.

Up the hill we passed the State Normal School removed from Lexington to Framingham Center in 1853 — the oldest in the country — and we drew up the car to take in the location. We found it was the usual thing in New England to build the schools on spots where every inducement of nature tended to lure the students away from their books. The old Academy of Timothy Dwight beyond Fairfield stood on Greenfield Hill and the view swept the valley; the Academy at Plainfield stood above the roofs of all the houses in the village; Brown University; Connecticut College for Women; these are just a few that come readily to my memory, but their number is legion. How can any poor child do sums indoors on a May morning, when the

trees are dancing just outside the window? And think of the climb when the snow is blowing!

The first turn to the right brought us into a backwater road in this backwater village. The house we were hunting had the highest elm in the village before its door, but every tree seemed to us the highest and the houses were like the chalked doors of the Arabian Nights Tales. Finally we decided in favor of a white one with lilacs up the front path and mock-orange flowers, and roses, and ivy, and green shutters.

Our guess had been a good one. It had once been a tavern and like all the taverns in New England, Washington had slept there. One old inn that is still an inn amusingly advertises that it is the only one in the country in which Washington never slept.

The inside of that house was most astonishing. It had every beautiful mark of the best in the early architecture; panelling, carved mouldings, corner cupboards; wooden mantels of unusual design; butterfly hinges, and to further prove its antiquity we were shown coins of George the Third that had been dug up on the place.

We took an indirect route north from Framingham Center and avoided the main travelled roads as far as possible. Nothing could have been more delightful than that early summer's morning spin through the back country where lakes and rivers met one at every

turn of the road, and the turns were many. We passed horses and buggies, and farm wagons, but few automobiles till we neared Concord, for we were approaching it from a little used direction.

> By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
> Their final flag to April's sun unfurled
> Here once the embattled farmers stood
> And fired the shot heard round the world.

One cannot help but have a feeling of reverence in entering Concord. It has so many historical associations that we were bewildered to know which to seek first among the many avenues of interest. Everyone knows the historic spots in and about the Village Green; the meeting house in which sat the first Provincial Congress in 1774 at that time about sixty years old and now so altered that there is little left of the old building; Wright's Tavern at the corner of Main Street — the British headquarters in '75; the century-and-a-half-old Beaton House; the Heywood House, famous as the birthplace of George Heywood who with his ancestors served the town as clerks for a hundred and seven years; the Reuben Brown House, down the road a little, now the Concord Antiquarian Society, named for the messenger who rode toward Lexington with the news that the British were approaching.

Driving down Monument Street from the northern end

of the Green, we came to the old North Bridge flanked on one side by a granite shaft which marks the spot where the British had gathered, and on the other by the statue of the "Minute Man" by Daniel Chester French, marking "where the embattled farmers stood."

Lexington Road in the other direction took us to Merriam's Corner. Here a boulder in the stone wall told us

THE BRITISH TROOPS
RETREATING FROM THE
OLD NORTH BRIDGE
WERE HERE ATTACKED IN FLANK
BY THE MEN OF CONCORD
AND NEIGHBORING TOWNS
AND DRIVEN UNDER A HOT FIRE
TO CHARLESTOWN.

The home of all the Alcotts — Orchard House — the birthplace also of "Little Women," has been restored by the Women's Club, and one may enter now if one wishes. The Wayside, which Hawthorne bought in 1852 and the last home in which he lived, is next beyond. It was formerly the home of the Alcotts, a pre-Revolutionary house, christened by them Hillside but renamed by Hawthorne The Wayside. He added to the main house the tower study at the back which rises above the roof, and while having no architectural relation to the house, it must have been a wonderful work-shop. Hawthorne's

walk, his "out-door study," was behind the house, among the pines along the "Mile-long Ridge" which is so distinctive a part of the Concord Valley.

Thoreau and his cabin in the pines on Walden Pond; the Old Manse — the "minister's house" for many generations, and associated with the Emersons, the good Ripley and with Hawthorne — these are all as much a part of Concord's history and pride of life as is its patriotic background.

In the cemeteries of Concord we had our most poignant impression of the great deeds and great minds that have preceded this day and generation. They are all recorded here. The Hill Burying-ground in the town itself is the oldest and we read on the old stones the names of William Emerson, the father of Ralph Waldo Emerson, and of Major Buttrick who commanded the forces at old North Bridge on the 19th of April, 1775 — that memorable day for Concord and the country. The oldest grave bore the date of 1677.

Walking up the Ridge path in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery we came first to Hawthorne's grave in a grove of pines. Two small white stones — the simplest kind of a monument — mark his resting-place. Nearby lie Thoreau, the Alcotts, and Emerson.

Concord does not by any means live entirely in the past. It links the past with the present. It always has

ENTRANCE TO THE WAYSIDE INN
SUDBURY, MASS.

been the meeting-place of literary scouts, and while the Concord School of Philosophy is a matter of history, we saw in an old 1690 house a remarkably fine small exhibition of pictures quite modern in feeling, which had been invited by the Concord Art Center. Quite nearby Thomas Whitney Surette, recently director of music at Bryn Mawr College, lives in another delightful brick-end house, and his summer school of music is getting to be a feature of the town.

From Concord through Littleton Common, Groton and Townsend to Peterborough, is one of the loveliest of motor trips. I cannot yet decide which was the most lovely, that stretch of country, or the road from Peterborough to Concord, New Hampshire. We lost out in our direction many times on both of these routes, but what did it matter? Sometimes in making a wrong turn we would discover the true American backwoods type, as alien to the man of the city as many of the most recently arrived foreigners.

I remember getting lost, about an hour's run from Concord. We had wandered over dirt roads for some time without getting anywhere, when suddenly we spied a little farmhouse. A man smoking a pipe was leaning over a rail fence.

"How can we get back to the state road?" I called to him. Hearing we were miles away, we got out and

and had the friendliest kind of a talk. He might have lived in Kamchatka for all he knew of passing events, but he cared, and asked question after question. "Does any of your folks happen to be Masons?" I shook my head. "I wish they had been," regretfully. He was an intelligent man, but off the beaten track. It was a revelation to me to know that such ignorance of present day events existed so near the hub of the world, and the man evidently a Mason at that!

The short cuts across the country are the way to see it, if you can stand the dust and are content to travel slowly and carefully. We detoured all around Nashoba Hill — "day-tours" we call them — before we reached Littleton Common. This is a region of hills and lakes but Lake Nagog was the greatest surprise, for it burst upon us in the backwoods on the rise of a hill and not for all the highroads of the state would I have missed the sight. How such a marvellously beautiful lake in such a setting, could be free of hotels and houses, could have escaped for so long the tourists of the country, is beyond explanation.

Littleton Common, about a mile away, is on the watershed between the Nashua and the Concord rivers. It is built on the site of the old Indian town of Nashoba where John Eliot had one of his Indian praying

grounds. Here we did see many beautiful homes and large estates and have since concluded that our view of Lake Nagog must have been from an unusual angle.

From Littleton Common to Groton is the finest stretch of hard road on which I have ever driven. Our old car hummed for awhile.

While I had heard of Groton as the home of an aristocratic school for boys, I had no idea that the town itself had anything especially to commend it. I certainly was surprised at its situation on the hills above the Nashua River. It simply bowls one over.

Timothy Dwight could easily have described Groton when he wrote a century ago of the New England village as "One of the most delightful prospects which this world can afford." Groton is dignified, placid, aristocratic, and neat; a town where people must respect themselves and their neighbors. There were no papers flying about, no unkempt back yards. We came into the town on its main street. High above, the old Lawrence Academy, with the date 1793 under the cornice, looked out all over the country, and on either side stood the Dana and Bazar houses, now dormitories of the school. Far off in the distance we saw the lovely spire of the Groton School.

In its earlier days Groton was a posting point on the route to Canada, and dating from that period, its Inn still bears, outwardly at least, the hospitable, old time cheer for which the pre-Revolutionary tavern will always be noted.

Three villages of the Townsends — Townsend Harbor, Townsend and West Townsend — we had to pass quickly as night was not far away and Peterborough must be reached in daylight. They were so sleepy, it would have been a pity to wake them up.

Crossing over the Squannacook River we climbed the Fort Hill to West Townsend, and at the Squannacook Inn we decided on the quickest route to Peterborough which, though hard riding, well repaid us by the extreme picturesqueness of this hilly country. A few miles beyond Ashby we passed the New Hampshire line and instead of following the usual route through West Rindge and East Jaffrey, we cut right across country into a region of flowering mountain laurel, where little brooks flowed sedately over mossy stones, or fell with much chatter down into valleys.

Nobody seemed to be travelling our way. Billy had taken off her hat at Ashby and laid it on the back seat of the car and had forgotten all about it, when into the quiet of our peaceful steady chug a horn tooted and a car drove up beside us. "Is this your hat?" someone

called and sure enough there it was. Billie reached out her hand and caught it, but before she had time to more than smile her thanks, they were down the hill. It is not the kind of country where one can easily draw up by the roadside — level stretches are hard to find.

Chapter Fifteen

PETERBOROUGH AND THE EDWARD MacDOWELL ASSOCIATION

HILLSBORO, CONCORD, NEW HAMPSHIRE, TO DOVER

E could not have timed our visit to Peterborough better. It was the last of June and the mountain laurel was in its glory. Our descent into the town was followed by a steep ascent, for its " Old Street Road " is like that. The Contoocook River, paralleling it on the left, fell tumbling over the rocks. Farther along there were a few factories on its banks, but nevertheless it was a most picturesque river. We were hungry and thirsty and when I saw a tea-house with a porch extending out into the tinkling water, I lost little time in ordering tea. This quaint vine-covered cottage is part of the MacDowell Colony and we owe to it more than a good cup of tea, for it was here we heard about the farmer's wife who agreed, obligingly, to give us bed and board. The farm was only a short distance beyond the tea-house but on the other side of the Contoocook, which is a queer little stream in its twists and

turns, for I never knew which side of it I was on. North Pack Monadnock, 2257 feet, and Pack Monadnock, 2280 feet, faced my window. What a view!

The old farm was set in a bowl-like depression surrounded by these eternal hills. Huge elms towered above it. When we drove in, the smell of broiling ham and frying potatoes extinguished for the while any long raptures over the view.

After our early supper we walked over to call on Mrs. MacDowell. To be correct I should say we walked up to call on her, for "Hillcrest," as its name implies, is at the top and the grade was steep. We had no introduction of any sort to Mrs. MacDowell. I knocked; the door was standing open. We waited to see what would happen. Before many seconds a cheery voice called, "I don't know who you are but come in — you're welcome," and in a few minutes following her words, Mrs. MacDowell — a tall, slender woman, frail, but with the brightest smile and the friendliest manner — came into the living room where we were stiffly sitting. She promptly took possession of us and led us out to the enclosed porch among the trees at the back of the house, before she knew who we were or what we wanted, taking us entirely on faith. I will always consider this the greatest courtesy I have experienced from a stranger.

The MacDowell Colony, or to be accurate, The Ed-

ward MacDowell Association, is not an institution or a charitable project. Perhaps I could best describe it by telling all that it is not. It is not a home for the artistic failures of the world, neither is it a community where theories are talked out. It is not a rest cure nor a utopian dream, unsubstantial when it comes to working detail — but it is the vision of Edward MacDowell in realization. And what was this vision? As a member of the Colony tersely puts it " the MacDowell Colony is forever standing before a door protecting the composers, poets, novelists, dramatists, painters and sculptors within against the wolf without."

That is what MacDowell wanted to materialize — a quiet, isolated place where men and women of proven talent might lose all weight of care and find inspiration and freedom to work. The opportunity to do creative work did not come to MacDowell till the last years of his life. The necessity to earn a living was always before him. It was amazing that he was able to do any creative work at all, filled as his hours were with planning and organizing the Department of Music at Columbia, in teaching crowded classes of students, and in conducting the Mendelssohn Glee Club. But out of the stress of all this labor he produced the " Indian Suite," the " Tragica Sonata," the Second Piano Concerto, though not without the price of broken health and an early death.

He had bought a deserted farm of eighty acres some years before his death at Peterborough, where in the seclusion of the woods he built a cabin for undisturbed work. Mrs. MacDowell pledged herself to make possible his vision of seeing men and women doing creative work in an atmosphere free from worry, away from the world, and under God's trees.

Painters, sculptors, poets, playwrights, novelists and composers have all at various times, occupied the little log cabins in the woods.

It is not Mrs. MacDowell's intention to restrict the Colony to any one art, as she knows her husband felt that specializing in an art would mean little unless there was an intelligent understanding of all the arts. Achievement through artistic creation cannot be the fullest expression of one's self if it only has had the opportunity to travel over one road. The avenues of approach to art are many. Balance and line, color values and rhythm, while elemental, must be intelligently studied and their expression in the arts understood, if the creative impulse reaches its fullest development.

Mrs. MacDowell had been MacDowell's pupil in Germany, and upon her marriage to him she gave up the concert career which she had planned. Through the tragedy of his death, and because of the struggles which

she shared with him, she has devoted all her time and energy to the fulfillment of his dream.

"The Peterborough Colony has only one thing in common — isolation," said Mrs. MacDowell. "The workers know that they will not be interrupted when they leave after breakfast for their studios. Little paths intersect the six hundred acres, each leading to an individual cabin and no one else walks down that path during working hours unless especially invited."

Colony Hall is the gathering place of the workers for dinner. Luncheon is dropped in a basket on the cabin doorsteps. Each cabin, and there are about twenty, is a practical workshop and nothing else. All the social life begins — and ends — at Colony Hall. Here there are pianos, books and opportunity for conversation, but no one need remain. "Peterborough exists for the purpose of giving the artist that solitude for mental clarification which the average American can find scarcely anywhere else."

Allen Upward in his book "The New Word," in discussing the Nobel Prize, emphasizes the value to the world of lending a hand to the scouts, to those who blaze the trail. He stated that Nobel is the first philanthropist who desired to benefit the forerunners of the race as well as the laggards, and who has seen that in benefiting them, he would benefit all the rest, and he added:

There are two kinds of human outcasts. Man, in his march upward out of the deep into the light, throws out a vanguard and a rearguard, and both are out of step with the main body. Humanity condemns equally those who are too good for it, and those who are too bad. On its Procrustean bed the stunted members of the race are racked; the giants are cut down. It puts to death with the same ruthless equality the prophet and the atavist. The poet and the drunkard starve side by side.

The Edward MacDowell Association, established in 1907, has sleeping quarters for about twenty-five. There are thirty buildings where once there were three, and six hundred acres in place of the original sixty. In sixteen years over one hundred creative artists from all over the country have been given months of solitude and an opportunity to work under ideal conditions. No one is accepted who has not shown some attempt at creative work and who is not sponsored by two people of recognized standing in his own field of art.

An amphitheatre erected by the National Federation of Musical Clubs, as a memorial to MacDowell, has a woodland pageant stage and raised semicircular concrete seats capable of holding nine hundred people. The wings of the stage are the pine woods and its background a natural cyclorama of pines with Monadnock in the distance.

A recent gift from Mrs. John W. Alexander, in memory of her husband, has just been completed. It is a studio

copied from a chapel in the Saasfee Valley in the Swiss Alps. Mr. Alexander saw the chapel while on a walking tour with Templeton Strong. He was so impressed by its beauty that he took photographs and later sent an architect to make drawings from it. These had been in his possession for years and he always had hoped to use them for a studio. After his death, Mrs. Alexander decided that there could be no better memorial to her husband than to put these plans in concrete form — and the studio now stands beside a woodland road, an exact copy of the original except that it is built of native stone instead of plaster.

The original sun-dial is over the door and where the altar stood in the old chapel, is here a huge fireplace. Each rafter on the porch is hand-hewn. Mrs. Alexander has taken the greatest pride in its construction and is furnishing it with many things from Mr. Alexander's studio. The road was especially cut through the pines for the purpose of securing the best view of Mt. Monadnock from one direction and East Mountain from the other.

Mrs. MacDowell is a familiar figure in the town. One sees her constantly in her " two-wheeler " driving old Prince. She always carries a lump of sugar in her pocket, and treats him to it after a particularly heavy pull. She is the busiest woman in the Colony, superin-

tending everything herself, and in addition is corresponding secretary of the Association, and gives many recitals of her husband's music in aid of the Colony.

Like Hawthorne, MacDowell is buried in a beautiful spot on a hill top. The approach to his grave is under a vine-covered arch through rustic gates. Over a path of grass, bordered with perennial flowers, we reached his last resting place. The bushes and flowers have made of it a natural chapel dividing the barberry hedge-enclosed area into an aisle, transept, and nave.

ARS MUSICA
EDWARD MACDOWELL
DECEMBER 18, 1861 JANUARY 23, 1908

A house of Dreams untold;
It looks out over the whispering tree-tops
And faces the setting sun —

Mrs. MacDowell feels that whatever success she has had in developing this vision of her husband's, is due to the fact that she never has compromised. It is a vital force in American Art today and as each building materializes she feels the growing permanency of her work.

" I started with the vaguest kind of vision," she told me. " His log-cabin was my inspiration. Every moment of my time, every dollar I have earned, have gone into this place."

Peterborough holds much of interest aside from the

MacDowell Association. Its 1825 brick church, a Bulfinch design, is quite unusual. The town has many old brick buildings which mystified us in a region of stone. The Scotch Presbyterians who were its first settlers had many hardships to endure, but an old record says " we have continued increasing since the year 1739, except sometimes when we left said township for fear of being destroyed by the enemy who several times drove us from our settlements soon after we began and almost ruined many of us."

While there are houses of an early date, and several very interesting ones, the chief charm of the town is its natural beauty. The region is full of old cellar-holes overgrown with tangled vines, the only visible remains of a large industrial community. A great number of these deserted hamlets are in the neighborhood of Greenfield. Due perhaps as much to the dying out of the stock as to migration from the country to the city, a decline in farming followed the latter half of the last century, and tenantless and uncared for, these old houses, piece by piece, dropped into decay, until now nothing remains but their cellar-holes.

The old Wilson Tavern with its nearly a dozen fireplaces, its large secret hiding room, and concealed places in the floor, is a century-old inn, now known as Crossroads. The site of the first tavern is marked by a tablet

on the " Old Street Road," placed there by the Daughters of the American Revolution. On it one reads:

SITE OF FIRST TAVERN
IN THIS TOWN KEPT IN 1775
BY
MAJOR ROBERT WILSON
WAS FIFTY FEET WEST OF THIS SPOT
FROM WHICH ON APRIL 19, 1775
THE MEN MARCHED IN RESPONSE TO
THE LEXINGTON ALARM

The oldest park in New Hampshire, Miller Park, is on Pack Monadnock to the east of Peterborough, where one also sees the green summit of North Pack Monadnock, both part of the Monadnock range.

We decided the Swamp Woods were well named. After leaving Peterborough for Concord — the New Hampshire Concord — we ran into them in a downpour of rain. A storm had come up quickly behind us and we were wet through before we could get our curtains down. For miles we splashed through the rain, driving with the greatest effort and feeling our way instead of seeing it. The winding road crossed and recrossed the Contoocook River many times before we reached Antrim which is a " north of Ireland " town and a beautiful little village. A century ago it was the center of an agricultural community. By the end of the century it hardly numbered a thousand people and today, although

an industrial development has re-awakened things somewhat, it has never recovered its former size.

The old Pierce mansions are in Hillsboro. Franklin Pierce, the fourteenth President of the United States and Hawthorne's friend, lived in a house just outside the village in a place called Hillsboro Bridge. His father, old Governor Benjamin Pierce, greatly beloved in New Hampshire, lived opposite. Ten times he was elected councilor and three times appointed sheriff of the county. When General Sullivan was elected Governor of New Hampshire in 1786, one of his first acts was to appoint General Pierce his aide-de-camp.

The line he laid out for his life after the Revolution is typical of the character of the man — " a republican in nature as well as in politics." He was not a young man after the war but he pulled out from the town where he was born, with the " wife of his youth and his trusty sword " he went to Hillsboro, built a log cabin, cleared fields, cultivated them and in a few years he became the leading farmer of the community. Before the close of the century, he was elected Chief Executive of the State. He had a conviction that when a man had fought for a state of independence in his country he should be able to maintain it in his own intercourse with the world, and this he successfully car-

ried out by the hardest kind of physical and mental work.

His home in this old town of New England is a charming, dignified old place and we readily understood Hawthorne's love for this neighborhood. It was with Franklin Pierce, one-time President of the United States and son of General Pierce, in that last short journey in search of health, that death came to Hawthorne. His friend's house contains many recollections and mementos of the poet's many visits to Hillsboro following an unbroken friendship which began in Bowdoin College.

Concord, the State Capital of New Hampshire, on the lovely, winding Merrimack, almost lost its identity once upon a time. The town of Bow, famous in 1730 but now only a tiny hamlet, then claimed jurisdiction over it and had it not been for the contention against the claim and the efforts of the Rev. Timothy Walker, the first minister of the town, who was sent to London to adjust matters, "We might now," said a native of the town, "be inhabitants of Bow, and that town the capital of the State." For this reason the old Walker parsonage, which not only housed the minister but was a garrison as well, was of particular interest to us, especially when we heard that it is still in the possession of the family. It stands near the end of North Main

Street, and on it, and State, Green and Spring Streets, we found most of the historic houses. The noted Kent House on South Spring Street where Lafayette, Daniel Webster, Ralph Waldo Emerson and many others were entertained, was the next place of interest particularly as I had just read in the old "New Hampshire Patriot" of June 27, 1825, an account of Lafayette's visit to Concord, which visualized the whole thing to me.

"The General, in his usual appropriate and feeling manner, thanked the gentlemen of the committee and the citizens of Concord for the very affectionate manner in which they welcomed his entrance into their town. On entering the main street, the General was greeted by the shouts of from thirty to forty thousand citizens who had collected; the windows and doors were lined with ladies and children gazing and admiring as he passed along. The procession moved to the north end of Main Street and returned to the residence of the Honorable Mr. Kent where lodgings had been prepared for him and his suite."

The story of Benjamin Thompson, the Concord school teacher, reads like fiction. The Benjamin Rolfe 1764 mansion at the junction of Hall and Water Streets, gave me my first introduction to the story, and when I told the whole tale to Billie she thought I was romancing.

Benjamin Thompson was about nineteen when he first

JOHN ALEXANDER STUDIO, MAC DOWELL COLONY
PETERBORO, N. H.

made his appearance in Concord — then the town of Rumford — from Boston in about the year 1772. He is spoken of as " a handsome youth with engaging manners and a well-stored mind." Here he met the rich widow Rolfe, the daughter of the minister, the Rev. Timothy Walker, who had just succeeded in establishing Rumford's claim as a separate town. That Thompson had " engaging manners " is proved by his marrying the rich widow, although she was his elder by a dozen years or so, and by this act he made solid his footing in society through the introduction his marriage gave him to men of affairs.

" Pleased with parade and the beau monde, and enjoying from the goodness of nature all the personal recommendation which attract the admiration of the world, he never appeared at public entertainments or in fashionable circles without being respectfully noticed."

When on a visit to Portsmouth with " his lady " he was " noticed " by Governor Wentworth, who invited him to a party and the Governor was so impressed with him that he never spoke of him afterward " but with delight."

When the Revolution broke out in America he lost favor because of his aloofness and lack of enthusiasm for the cause of the Colonists. Nothing was ever proved against him, although an effort was made to do so and he

was arrested. During the siege of Boston he was in the city and after its evacuation by the British, he carried dispatches from Governor Wentworth to England, where he became famous, not only holding the rank of lieutenant-colonel but receiving the honor of knighthood as well. Here he attracted the attention of the Elector Palatine, reigning Duke of Bavaria, who invited him into his service. He spent eleven years in Munich where he introduced various reforms, especially among the police force which had been utterly unable to handle the hordes of beggars in the city. His fame as a man of action, a philosopher and a philanthropist, spread all over Europe.

He was made a Count of the Holy Empire with the Order of the White Eagle; was presented by the Polish King with the Order of St. Stanislaws; was created a Knight, Chamberlain, Privy Counsellor of State, Lieutenant-General, Colonel of the Duke's regiment of Artillery, and Commander-in-chief of his army.

He took the name of Rumford in honor of the town where he married John Rolfe's widow and it is by this name, Count Rumford, that he is now spoken of in our histories.

But it is in Munich, in Maximilian Strasse, not in America, that one finds his monument. A statue was

placed there in 1861, nearly fifty years after his death in Paris. Although his biographer ranks him with Franklin as " the most distinguished for philosophical genius of all that have been produced on the soil of this continent," only his native town of Woburn, Massachusetts, has honored him with any distinction. He was the founder of the Rumford Medal in 1796, in charge of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences in Boston; the Rumford professorship of Harvard University and one of the founders of the Royal Institute of Great Britain. A sketch of his life in Concord said:

> Little did the scholars who attended to his instruction in this village in 1773–4 and who were sometimes amused with his athletic exercises and his odd experiments, — dream that their master was to be clothed with the stars of princes and acquire a fame that should be lasting and honorable. While contemplating his character we do not stop to inquire the motives which induced him to abandon the cause of his native country; but reflect, that, though driven from her shores and grown illustrious amongst her enemies, he yet bequeathed to her institutions, his estate, to her citizens, his fame.

His daughter returned to Concord from Paris in 1814, and died in the house in which she was born.

The statue of Hannah Dustin in Penacook, a part of Concord, recalled another twice-told tale, " a hairbreadth " Hannah story of this region. Her capture by the Indians and her escape is a story of frontier life

that stands sharply out even in those days of massacres and frontier suffering.

In the northwest corner of the City where the Contoocook River joins the Merrimack, there is an island which is known to all the people hereabouts as the place from which she made her escape from her captors, who had carried her off from a Massachusetts settlement. They had dashed her six-days-old baby against a tree, and drove her before them into the wilderness. After travelling for fifteen days — over one hundred and fifty miles — as their prisoner, and hearing that at the next village she was to be tortured, she persuaded two other captives to help her try for an escape. They had been given into the care of two Indian men, three women and seven half grown boys. While these were asleep, the captives secured their hatchets and tomahawked ten of the twelve. Securing a gun and one of the tomahawks, they crossed the river in a canoe and managed to get away before the rest of the Indians discovered their absence. They finally arrived in Boston after enduring the greatest hardships and the General Court then in session immediately voted fifty pounds to Mrs. Dustin. News of her exploit reached the most distant sections of the country and she received an ovation of presents. The monument in Concord was erected in 1874.

Concord, as it stands today, is not particularly strik-

ing nor even beautiful. It has an interesting group of state buildings, and many statues of its citizens who were distinguished in one way or another, greet you from every corner. The old Eagle Hotel, the only place to stay in Concord, was not inviting, but when we learned that Winston Churchill had figured it prominently in both "Coniston" and "Mr. Crewe's Career" and that it was in other ways identified with Mr. Churchhill's own career, we immediately saw it in a different light, so quickly is one influenced by the imagination.

President Pierce's old home may still be seen on South Main Street, and Mary Baker Eddy's delightful residence was on Pleasant Street. There seemed to be more monuments marking Indian massacres in this small city than I have ever noticed in any other community.

Many outstanding political personages have hailed from New Hampshire and been residents of Concord — a President of the United States, a Secretary of the Cabinet, a Minister to Greece and several Senators of prominence. Daniel Webster, General John Stark, Commodore George H. Perkins were New Hampshire men, and George A. Pillsbury, the flour king of Minneapolis, was once a mayor of the town.

The Merrimack, which we crossed in leaving Concord, is said "to contain double the available power of all the rivers of France. It turns more spindles in addition

to a vast amount of other machinery than any other river on the face of the globe." The source of this river " where it issues out of the Winnananusseke " was the northern boundary of the Massachusetts Colony.

Dover is not an especially beautiful town, but the entrance to it from the west is more attractive than the east. As it was not a Puritan settlement there is an absence of any records of an early church. We did not see the usual old meeting house nor hear of any settlers who, for conscience sake, had left the old country. Riches, not religion, was the motive for the founding of this colony. Later on when Massachusetts made its first law against the Quakers, the Puritans had taken possession of part of this territory. New Hampshire too joined in the persecution against them in 1662 and petitioned the General Court of Massachusetts " to act in execution of the laws against Quakers in that town." The magistrate was then commissioned to issue a warrant to the constables of Dover and a group of other towns, instructing them in the King's Majesty's name to " take these vagabond Quakers and make them fast to the cart's tail and, drawing the cart through your several towns, to whip them upon their naked backs, not exceeding ten stripes apiece, each of them in each town, and so convey them from constable to constable till they are out of this jurisdiction as you will answer it at your

peril, and this shall be your warrant. Richard Waldron."

The Varney or Ham house, dating from 1680, still stands at the foot of Garrison Hill. During the terrible Indian massacre of June 28th, 1689, this house was not attacked because Eben Varney was a Quaker and on friendly terms with all the Indians. As this massacre of the town was for the purpose of revenge against Major Waldron who had broken faith with some of their number (the same Waldron who executed the warrant against the women Quakers) it was a curious example of fate playing into the hands of justice.

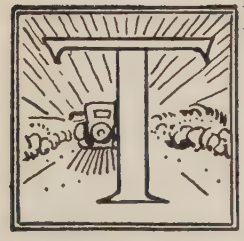
The William Dam Garrison house is the oldest house in the town. It was built by Deacon John Dam for his son William about 1675, and for thirty years it was surrounded by a stockade which made it a garrison house. Built of sturdy logs twenty feet and over long, it measures forty feet by twenty-two feet. Port-holes are still visible in the walls where guns had been used. The government stationed soldiers here in 1695–6, because of the many atrocities committed by the Indians on the town. Family records tell of the early settlers on Dover's Neck being guests in this house. Until it became a part of the Woodman Institute, in 1915, it had been in the possession of descendants of William Dam, the original owner, for two hundred and forty years.

The best type of old pre-Revolutionary house in Dover is what is now the St. Thomas Parish House, often called the Lafayette house. When Lafayette visited Dover and was entertained here, it was then known as the William Hale house.

Dover is now a mill town and one quarter of the population are foreign born. Here one sees shops with the sign " Ici on parle français " in the windows and discovers many Chinese restaurants, all under the shadow of the oldest Savings Bank in the State. The old Court House built in 1789, where Daniel Webster orated, has lost its old time dignity, and the Tavern built in 1741 and used for that purpose till 1850, is now a tenement.

Chapter Sixteen

PORTSMOUTH, OLD KITTERY; OLD YORK AND YORK HARBOR



HE hills and mountains were a beautiful part of our trip — our inland voyage — but with the prospect of returning to the sea, I began to feel the exhilaration that comes to one when something wonderful is going to happen. On the drive over to Portsmouth by the Neck, the wide sweep of the horizon seemed unusually lovely. I had not realized before how mountains could shut one in. We were now on the home run. A little house in Ogunquit was waiting for me, and I had noticed that Billie had received some mysterious letters postmarked from the same place.

"Where is your nice Yankee?" I asked when we started out from Dover.

"Oh! Didn't I tell you? He has taken a fish-house studio for the summer."

"Not in Ogunquit?" I exclaimed incredulously. She nodded.

I grabbed the wheel, gave her an amused look, and settled down to the long straight road to the sea. The only times I am permitted to drive are on these long stretches. Billie feels safer if she has the car in traffic, as I do not seem to have the faculty of accurately gauging distances and have been known to damage things.

We crossed Great Bay over a long pile bridge. At the south end, the toll-gate stands on what has been known as Bloody Point ever since, in 1633, the Dover settlement and the Strawberry Bank settlement almost came to bloody blows over the boundary line. At the farther end of the bridge Edward Hilton planted the first settlement of his Company, and not far away is Pomeroy Cove, the landing spot of these first settlers.

Portsmouth is a peninsula. The Piscataqua, a huge arm of the sea with an eighty-foot channel, one of the deepest along the coast, surrounds it on two sides. It is New Hampshire's only seaport on its short length of fourteen miles coast line. The hundred years from 1720 to 1820 were the most picturesque of its history and it was during these years that most of its great houses were built. In the summer time, this " Old Town by the Sea " is the source of supply of all the summer residents for miles along the coast. Cottage people from Canada to the Gulf and across from the Pacific,

MARKET SQUARE
PORTSMOUTH

read with amazement the license tags on each other's cars, so cosmopolitan has become this coast. Market Square is the Hub of Portsmouth. We pulled up and parked our car in front of the Athenaeum erected in 1803 and still guarded by its two brass cannon. Crowds of hurrying people pass and repass its beautiful Colonial doorway, blind to its lovely proportions, only intent on the markets, the shops, or the soda fountains. The traffic officer mechanically waves the ceaseless stream of motor cars into intersecting streets. But the old residential part of the town sees little of this hurry and dreamily lives in its past. It is this Portsmouth that still holds the charm of colonial days.

St. John's Church on Chapel Street, with its square tower, dates from 1806, when it replaced the 1732 Queen's chapel. Here Whitefield, the English preacher, aroused great and sincere religious enthusiasm and through the revival that followed his preachings, Dartmouth College received substantial encouragement. The interior of the church is full of interest. Its font was brought from Senegal by Captain John Mason in 1758, and the old Bible is one of the four " Vinegar " Bibles in the country. These received their name from a mistake of the printer who substituted the word " Vinegar " for " Vineyard " in the text. The ancient pipe-organ found a home here owing to the refusal of the Brattle

Street Church of Boston to accept the "ungodly chest of whistles." Up in the belfry a Paul Revere bell cast from some of the booty brought back by Pepperell from the Louisburg expedition in 1745, recalls the long seige of that Cape Breton city and the excitement in the Colonies over the victory.

The Moffat-Ladd house dating from 1763 is now in the possession of the Society of Colonial Dames and is open to visitors. The colonial garden at the back is even more delightful than the perfectly maintained interior. This and the Boardman house; the Pierce mansion, one of the first three-story houses erected in Portsmouth; the Warner house built of bricks imported from Holland; the Governor John Langdon house still occupied by members of this family; the Jacob Wendell house; the Wentworth-Gardner and the Benning Wentworth homes, make up a group of pre-Revolutionary and early post-Revolutionary houses hard to duplicate unless one excepts those on the hill in Providence, Rhode Island.

The Wentworths of New Hampshire deserve pages to themselves. Wentworth is a name in English history that is full of distinction. The Earl of Strafford, one of the outstanding figures of the English Revolution, was a member of this family. The founder of the family in America was William Wentworth, who migrated

to the colonies in 1628 and came from Boston to Dover, where he became a preacher — the Elder Wentworth he was called. A story is told of his courage when he was eighty years old, that bears re-telling. At the beginning of the attack on Dover in 1689 by the Indians, he was sleeping within the stockade. Just as the foremost Indians stealthily entered, a dog barked which awakened him. Jumping quickly to his feet he forced the savages out and then dropping down on his back with his feet pressed against the door, he kept them out until his calls for help aroused the settlers. Of such stuff was this father of governors.

His second son was lieutenant-governor of New Hampshire in the early part of the eighteenth century, and Benning Wentworth, his son, followed his father as governor twelve years later. The last royal governor was his nephew, John Wentworth, who was perhaps the most illustrious of them all.

As Portsmouth was the only port of entry for the province, many of the townspeople became very rich. It also was the seat of the Legislature and of the Courts till 1770, and the gathering place of men of prominence. During the adminstration of Benning Wentworth, the Council-chamber of his house on the island shore was the scene of much extravagant entertaining, and his marriage on his sixtieth birthday to his servant-maid,

Martha Hilton, at one of these parties, was a spectacular climax. Longfellow has given us the romance in his "Lady Wentworth."

The first president of the United States Senate was John Langdon, who later became governor of New Hampshire. It was he who superintended the building of John Paul Jones' ship "Ranger," and he was by all odds the most important man in Portsmouth following the Revolution. In his home, now called the Governor John Langdon House on Pleasant Street, Washington, Monroe, Louis Philippe, Lafayette, the Marquis de Chastellux and John Hancock have been entertained.

The Jackson house on the water's edge is the oldest house now in existence in Portsmouth and it is a fine example of the "salt-box" type of house. The roof at the back slopes in a gentle curve almost to the ground, with a single chimney breaking the sky-line.

Before we crossed the river over the new bridge we visited the Thomas Bailey Aldrich house on Court Street. It has been restored and is now called the Aldrich Memorial. All the small boys summering in the region make a pilgrimage to this place and revel in hunting up many of the famous sites that are to be found in the "Story of a Bad Boy" — Slater's house, the schoolhouse, the Wharf, and the Whitcomb house on the corner of

Fleet and State Streets where the famous ice-cream was eaten.

Across the river from Portsmouth, New Hampshire, is Kittery, Maine, but the boundary between the two states lies in mid-channel. The new interstate memorial bridge which was financed by the United States Government and the states of Maine and New Hampshire, was only completed in 1923. Before that time we had to board a funny little ferry-boat that creaked and groaned until it tied up on the Kittery side, but we always lived in anticipation of that ferry ride, and the beautiful trolley ride through pine woods and along the sea on our way home after a hot dusty day in Portsmouth. The middle span of the bridge is a draw section, three hundred feet in length with a straight lift of one hundred and fifty feet above high water. It is electrically operated. All the traffic that was not ferried across, before this bridge was completed, was carried on an old toll pile-bridge away up the river, except, of course, the railroad traffic.

The new bridge is a war memorial to the soldiers and sailors from Maine and New Hampshire, who fought in the recent war. On Badger's Island, on the Maine side of the bridge, the sloop-of-war, " Ranger," Paul Jones, Captain, was built, and launched on May 10th, 1777. From here it sailed for France, in November of the same year, with dispatches of Burgoyne's defeat at Saratoga,

and in the harbor of Brest the new flag which it carried, the Stars and Stripes, was first saluted. The "Kearsarge," which sank the "Alabama" during the Civil War, as well as a majority of the old wooden navy, were built in the Yard, but its output is now almost entirely ships' boats and submarines.

The most interesting part of the old town is Kittery Point, across Spruce Creek. It was here that Sir William Pepperell's son-in-law, Colonel Nathaniel Sparhawk, built his residence in 1742, and Sparhawk Hall, as it is called, is an historic sentinel of the passing years, maintaining its quiet dignity undisturbed by the clatter in the Navy Yard, or by the rushing traffic along the inland Post Road not so many miles away. Surrounded by huge trees, with its long line of dormers, its widows' wharf looking seaward, massive chimneys and gambrel roofs, it well repaid our visit. The First Parish Congregational Church was built in the early days of the eighteenth century, and the parsonage that adjoins it, built in 1729, is the oldest parsonage in Maine.

Pepperell, the elder, built his mansion at Kittery in 1682, and a real mansion it was. It still is standing although showing its age and out of pace with the world about it, unlike the Royall house at Medford and the Vassall house at Cambridge, compatriots we might call them, which have been wonderfully preserved, although

THE BORDMAN HOUSE
PORTSMOUTH

bereft of much land. His son, Sir William Pepperell, was a member of the King's Council and was created a baronet, as a reward of merit for the part he played in capturing the French city of Louisburg on Cape Breton. It has been hinted, however, that it was William Vaughan of Portsmouth who suggested the idea of taking this fortified town, and it is said that the success of this expedition was due more to his ability and initiative than to Pepperell's valor, but as Pepperell commanded the volunteers, he and Warren, the English Admiral, were given all the credit and won all the glory. Pepperell's tomb, bearing his coat-of-arms, is not far from the road surrounded by a circle of evergreen spruces, and a few doors above the Pepperell house can be seen the Bray house built in 1662, the home of Margery Bray, the mother of Sir William. It is the oldest house in Kittery.

The original Kittery comprised considerable territory, about ninety-six square miles and the present town is part of that same grant made to Sir Ferdinando Gorges and Captain Mason by the Council of Plymouth in 1622. The tongue or point of land that juts out into the mouth of the Piscataqua, in the early days was called Champernowne's Island, a grant made to Arthur Champernowne by Gorges in 1636 and inherited by his step-nephew, Captain Francis Champernowne, who lived on this land. Its upper boundary was Brave Boat Harbor " where the

York River filters into the sea through the marshes." He was a man of gentle blood and large wealth, a connection, in a remote way, of Sir Walter Raleigh. Francis Champernowne married the widow of Robert Cutt, and a part of his original grant is now known as Cutt's Island, where he is buried in a little plot of ground near the site of his house. We found the old Cutt burying-ground under a tangled mass of trees, and located his grave by the cairn of rough stones that marks it.

Only cobblestones
To tell us where are Champernowne's poor bones.

He died in 1687. In the same inclosure we deciphered another inscription on the grave-stone of Mary Chauncy, wife to Charles Chauncy, who died in the twenty-fourth year of her age with her infant son. Billie and I were much affected after reading it, but we quickly dried our tears when we learned that the stricken husband consoled himself with great speed with another wife. The epitaph was the longest thing about his grief. Here it is:

In the dark silent Mansions of the Dead
A lovely Mother and sweet Babe are laid
Of every Virtue of her Sex possessed
She charmed the World and made a Husband blest
Of such a Wife, O righteous Heaven bereft
What Joy for me, what Joy on Earth is left?

Still from my inmost Soul the Groans arise
Still flo with Sorrows ceaseless from my Eyes
But why these Sorrows ceaseless from my Eyes
They may add to but never can raise the Dead
I soon shall follow the same dreary Way
That leads and opens to the Coasts of Day
There clasp them both upon the happy Shore
And Bliss shall join nor Death shall part us more.

The site of Champernowne's second home on the island, called Champernowne Farm, is now the home of Mr. John Thaxter, the son of Celia Thaxter, the poet of the Isles of Shoals. " Uncle John," as everybody calls him, was coming in from the barn when we walked over from a neighbor's late one afternoon, and he took us into his house on a tour of inspection. It is filled with Americana — old prints, landscapes by the early American painter, William Morris Hunt, old and valuable china, as well as furniture of almost every period. It was at the request of his mother, Celia Thaxter, that Browning wrote the epitaph to her husband, Levi Lincoln Thaxter — the only epitaph Browning ever wrote, and it has been cut into the stone of a rough boulder which marks his grave in the " Old Kitterie " burying-ground.

Thou, whom these eyes saw never! Say friends true
Who say my soul, helped onward by my song,
Though all unwittingly, has helped thee too?
I gave of but the little that I knew.

How were the gift requited, while along
Life's path I pace, couldst thou make weakness strong!
Help me with knowledge — for Life's Old — Death's New!
R. B. to L. L. T. April 1885

I have often wondered what it is about Kittery that charms everyone alike. There are other places quite as old. It makes no pretensions. The Navy Yard somehow seems to belong to Portsmouth. The rambling old houses of Kittery drowse in the sun among the gnarled and twisted orchards, and whatever month you go to Kittery is the loveliest month of all.

From Kittery we took the old Indian trail — the Harbor Road — for York, and I thought of Howells as we neared Brave Boat Harbor. He was so identified with this part of Maine that to those who knew him well, Kittery, York, and the Harbor must all be reminiscent of him.

My acquaintance with him was of the briefest and sketchiest sort, merely a trolley ride of an hour's length. It was early autumn, just a year or two before his death, and the noisy pushing crowd of midsummer had left us almost over night. The car was virtually empty. At York Harbor it stopped a minute to take aboard an old gentleman with a basket full of red apples. I remember those apples well; they were red astrakhans, almost too perfect to be real.

" Why, I'm glad to see you, Mr. Howells! " exclaimed my companion in pleased surprise. Turning towards us the owner of the apples smiled his recognition and I had my first but lasting impression of the novelist, William Dean Howells.

His cheeks were as pink as the apples he was carrying, and for all the snow in his hair he was boyish, and as fresh as that autumn day with its hint of frost. The friendliness of the man was in his eyes and in his voice, and after I had talked with him an hour or more, before he reached his destination, I not only heard his friendliness but felt it.

" Look at the blue of that water! " he exclaimed, pointing out towards the sea and Brave Boat Harbor, which we were just passing.

" It is a very beautiful harbor but a dangerous one," he added. The tide was at ebb and each oncoming wave broke on a submerged ledge and came tumbling in across the reedy flat.

" I pass this way many times during the summer," he continued, " for my son John lives at Kittery, but however often it may be, it never becomes tiresome or even familiar, in the sense of my not seeing a fresh charm every time I cross this trestle."

In the small coterie of literary men and women at York Harbor, where the poet-novelist lived with his daughter,

he was distinctly the center and life. His was the generation of writers that is fast passing. Always shunning publicity yet enjoying the companionship of intellect, he held himself aloof from the public eye wherever it was possible — although he never lost an opportunity to encourage talent in youth. Many are the times he went out of his way to be present at studio afternoons because he liked to encourage art.

Just before he left us, Howells leaned across from his seat, and handing us the basket with the tempting fruit, he urged us to help ourselves.

"Do have some," he repeated. "The children love my red apples, perhaps you will too. There will be enough for us all," he added happily, "I am taking them down to my son John's!"

York Harbor until a few years ago still numbered among its summer group a few of the men of letters for which it has been famous — but since the passing of William Dean Howells, Thomas Nelson Page, and John Kendrick Bangs, there has been a great gap in the old town. Page and Howells were close friends as well as neighbors. One afternoon, some years ago, I was glad to find Mr. Page at his home very willing to talk of Howells, and of his years of friendship with him.

He settled himself in his straight-backed chair, himself a gentleman of the old school, florid of face and a bit

THE MOFFAT HOUSE
PORTSMOUTH

grizzled of hair — and looked wistfully out into the low, soft, sunny fog that lay waiting to come in, trying to recall from a distant past his earliest memories of the distinguished novelist.

" Of my first acquaintance with him personally, it may surprise you when I tell you that I wrote his father's will — or at least a codicil to it. When I was a young lawyer in Richmond, Virginia, many years ago, a gentleman walked into the law office adjoining mine one summer's day when the doors were open, and asked which was Mr. Page's office. Being directed to mine, he came in and introduced himself. ' Howells is my name ' he said, and added with a smile, ' Mr. Page, I believe we are both chips of the same block, and I've come to ask you to do a little legal work for me.'

" This work consisted in my writing his father's will, who, as I then learned, was living at Westham, a few miles above Richmond.

" From this time on, although we did not see a great deal of each other, we always were in a very friendly relation to one another. My increased knowledge of him personally served only to increase my appreciation of the spirit and quality of his work.

" Artists and men of genius are not always the most agreeable companions, but there are those who are sufficiently great artists not to feel it necessary always to be

dangling their medals before you, and perhaps the greatest of the essential characteristics of Mr. Howells, whether in his work or in his life, were his simplicity and his gentleness. They spoke in every action of his life and in every page of his writing, and taken with his form they will, unless I am greatly mistaken, keep him ever in the first rank of our literary men.

" I believe that as the years pass, the picture of American life which Howells knew and which he drew with so much art and deftness, will be accepted as the true portrait of the cycle in which Mr. Howells lived."

The home of Mr. Page is at the end of a veritable maze of winding lanes on a ledge just up from the sea — " Rock Ledge " is its name. But this is only one of many which might justly describe it. You could call it " Shady Nook " or " Sunny Side " and still you would not have suggested half its attractions — its flowers in summer, or the vines that entirely cover one side of the house. From its porch is an enchanting view of the sea and coast.

At the close of the afternoon, Mr. Page pointed the way from the sea back to the lane and the trail across the downs to " Hayfod " — Welsh for house — Howells' old home. There it was. Slowly the fog had settled down, but the mist from the sea had not yet reached its red roof, nor hidden the enclosed garden by the side of the

driveway, so English with its tall brown fence and high bushes, its formal walk, and its vine-covered circular entrance. The house stands in the woods and Howells' study on the second floor faces east and south. The trees had been thinned a little and from the balcony on which the French windows open, there is a long vista into the woods.

While " arriving " had not been our objective, and our route had been entirely the result of whimsical decision, after we left Kittery every inch of the road was familiar and we realized that at last we did feel the pull of a place. When we reached York we saluted Agamenticus, that mountain landmark to all mariners, as an old friend, and we both were confident we felt a gesture of welcome back to us — so like people are mountains and rivers and trees and all the environment of long familiar contact.

At York Harbor we met the first tidal river since we had left the Piscataqua. Tidal rivers are so characteristic of the coast. The York River is the first really navigable river and protected harbor, north of Portsmouth, and many private yachts find anchorage here during the summer. Viewing the river when the tide is out and seeing it again when the tide is in, makes one think one is subject to an optical illusion, the rise and fall is so great. Beginning with the last half of the nineteenth

century, York Harbor has steadily grown in favor as a summer resort and even Hawthorne used a human interest story of the region in one of his tales—"The Minister's Black Veil." It has been the meeting-place of writers and painters for a long number of years, the men and women whose summer homes were in the surrounding neighborhood, but of recent years Kennebunkport and Ogunquit are attracting many of these people.

A settlement was started on the York River as early as 1630 by Edward Godfrey whose house was at the mouth of the river. Many of the oldest houses in York are to be found about the harbor or along the river, where are also remnants of wharves and warehouses. Cider Hill and the old Scotland Parish were settled very early by Scotch royalists who were exiled after the fall of Charles the First.

The first name of York was Gorgeana, and it has the proud boast of being the first city incorporated in America. It had a mayor, and all the officials; men and materials were sent over from England to aid in its development, but when Maine became part of the Province of Massachusetts in 1652, it was incorporated again and the name changed to York and it became of much importance as the principal town of York County, then practically the whole of what is now Maine. A warfare

of extermination of the whites by the Obenaki Indians, and extermination of the Indians by the whites, was carried on for many years.

The M'Intire Garrison is a house of the middle seventeenth century period, built by Micum M'Intire who had been obliged to flee from the old country because he was a royalist. That it has withstood all the attacks of the Indians, proves the strength of his right arm and the hand-hewn beams and timber. Today, nearly three hundred years later, it is still in excellent condition. In character, it looks somewhat like the old blockhouses, with an overhang between the first and second stories, and inside everything clusters around the huge central chimney.

The 1747 meeting house in old York, standing on a slight knoll, is most unpretentious, inside and out, and it does not impress you with its importance in the history of the town, even though the old belfry tower under the spire reminds you of the historic " bells of York."

In the old burying-ground, most picturesque in its hoary age, we read an inscription on the Sewall tomb which gave us a happy picture of a period in York's history, as well as of a gracious host. These are two lines of it:

His house was the abode
Of hospitality and friendship.

In marked contrast was this epitaph:

> Here lies the body of Jonathan Drew
> Who cheated all he ever knew;
> His Maker he'd have cheated, too,
> But that his God he never knew.

As a rebuke to the curious and as an illustration of an ungracious character even in death the following epitaph probably stands alone in the literature of epitaphs:

> I am Somebody;
> Who, is no business of yours.

The old jail opposite the church is a relic of the earliest days of the settlement. It was erected in 1653 and, like the M'Intire Garrison, looks good for another century or so, with its solid nail-studded door and iron gratings. I believe it was Howells who suggested that a museum be made of the jail, — a good use to make of a jail, and there was more in the suggestion, perhaps, than is seen on the surface, coming from Howells.

Farther along the route, but still in the Yorks, we found a house with a peculiar history. It is called the Caswell house, and it once stood on one of the islands of the Isles of Shoals. During the Revolution the inhabitants of the islands were ordered to leave, to prevent any information being given the enemy by means of passing

THE BLOCKHOUSE
KITTERY, MAINE

vessels. The Caswells not only left themselves but sailed their house across twenty miles of sea to the mainland and rebuilt it where it now stands, on the State Road at York Harbor. A member of the same family still owns it, but it is rented for a tea-room and gift shop.

Chapter Seventeen

OGUNQUIT, ONCE A FISHING VILLAGE

ETWEEN York Harbor and Ogunquit is a wide stretch of hard beach, and before the season in July, the road along it is fairly navigable. After that, a never ending procession of automobiles coming and going is more suggestive of Fifth Avenue than the coast of Maine. It is never warm along this road. Even when the wind comes from the west across the sun-baked pine barrens and everything and everybody is wilted from the heat, it is cool at Long Beach, and when a sea breeze is blowing it is actually uncomfortable.

We pulled on our sweaters as we rounded the steep curve down toward the beach. Out at sea a lazy fog was slowly blocking out Boon Island Light. Cape Neddick lay before us plastered all over with summer cottages, and York Beach with its tawdry shops. The chief industry of York Beach is salt water taffy, as well as its principal export, and the chief occupation of the summer population is chewing this taffy. As it is

one of the railroad approaches to Ogunquit, we are all familiar with the traffic cop who bars and unbars the freedom of the road. In the busy season his job is no sinecure.

Just up the hill from York Beach we stopped the car to decide which route we would take to Ogunquit. If we turned to the left we would reach the State highway over a hard-surfaced road but an inland one; by following the shore road over the bridge at Passaconaway we would pass through York Cliffs, High Pasture and the Cove, a beautiful road, but a bumpy, hilly one across the downs, and much longer. However, we unanimously decided on the shore road. Its moors carpeted with bayberries and barberries and low growing juniper, the sea, and the rocks split into colorful masses over which it dashes, always repay one for the discomfort of this six miles, especially as it is a way little used by speeding automobiles on account of its many twists and turns, both in and out and up and down.

We contentedly pointed out to each other familiar landmarks. St. Peter's-by-the-Sea on one of the highest points along the coast; Gun Rock which roared its welcome to us; High Pasture with its one beautiful house so successfully placed among the rocks, and the Cove at the drop of the road.

Grayrock, the home of the late John Kendrick Bangs,

soon showed us its red roof between the trees and told us we were nearing Perkins Cove. The house is perched high up on the cliffs and it has an unmatched panorama of sea and sky and distant hills. The long driveway which leads up to the house from the road, used to pass an old-fashioned flower-garden where white lilies and delphiniums and all the flowers one loves circled the sun-dial. Mr. Bangs' out-of-door exercise always consisted principally in weeding his wife's garden. He laughingly told me he was "a semi-demi-hired man."

He was a good rooter for Ogunquit. To him it was the one place he had ever seen where he could get all the aloofness without being exiled from human contact. He delighted in the absence of social "musts" and the inspiring acquaintance with painters and sculptors of distinction and ability, who came to Ogunquit either to start or finish their work.

But on this June day, the house was empty; the flower-garden was grass grown — it missed the "semi-demi-hired man" who had passed on. The sun-dial seemed to call to us in derision "Only time is eternal!"

Direction in Ogunquit is most confusing. The roads double on themselves and even the sea sometimes is not east. We dropped down from a jog in the road and before us shone the blue, blue sea rolling into a meadow

between great ridges of rocks, where red cows chewed their cud. We stopped the car from pure delight. It was so amusing. The sea will soon be part of the meadow and the cows will have to be milked from a boat! This is the approach to Woodbury's Cove where the painters love to work, and where they slyly snap-shot the gaily turbaned bathers when they dive from the rocks, or rest and warm themselves in the sun. Oh! But the water is cold! It takes a swim to the lobster-pots to get warm.

Around a sharp turn and we were in the Cove, Ogunquit's Latin Quarter. The causeway out to the Island used to be a fishing village. Now most of the fish-houses are studios. There are still a few fishermen left and in the early morning, the chug, chug of the dory engine wakes one at dawn. The setting of the Cove is very suggestive of Brittany, and particularly of the Gulf of Morbihan. On the Ile aux Moines there are many coves like this one where the sea has a tidal arm with moors rising above it, but what one misses here in the picture are the colored sails coming home in the sunset, the Calvaires, the women in their picturesque costumes, and the men mending the nets.

There is a little, long, low, white cottage in the Cove that I love. It is a house of the provincial period, a seventeenth century house, when the Shore Road on

which it stands was the King's Highway in the Province of Massachusetts. The boundary line in the oldest deed extended from a white birch tree down to the Josias River, then a rushing logging torrent. When I first saw the little house, an old man with a long white beard was sitting in a tilted chair against the front door, lazily smoking a pipe. It looked like a Noah's Ark with its two red chimneys and sloping roof and the old man could have been Noah himself, if one could have effaced the pipe.

Time brings many changes. We miss the cows with their tinkling bells on their way to and from pasture, even though they strayed into the orchard and over the marigolds down the front path. There is not room for cows now, nor for the small bare-footed boy with his big stick and his bigger dog, who guided them. The automobile owns the road.

"And it is well it does, too!" sang out Billie. "How can you slam automobiles when even this old one has brought you home." I ran the car up under the apple trees besides the old covered well. Yes, it had brought me home. "Hello the house!" I called.

Ogunquit has a middle and two ends. The middle is a long street, some stores, hotels, automobiles, three churches, tea-houses, many people and more automobiles, It connects at one end with the post-office, sandy beach,

the Village Studio Guild, some Grand Places, some literary people, and the road to Wells, where you may take the train. At the other end it connects with Israel's Head, Perkins Cove, the " Whistling Oyster," the fish-houses, the studios, the " Dan Sing Fan," more studios, Pine Hill, High Pasture, Bald Head Cliff, some Grand Places and Big Painters, and the road to York Beach where you may also take the train. You can take your choice.

Across the bluff called Israel's Head is the Marginal Way, dubbed Virginal Way, by the master wag of the summer colony, Nathan Haskell Dole. This path connects the two ends, if one is not inclined to go by way of the village. Unlike Kennebunkport, farther north on the coast, there is no drive along this headland of the town, and to know the beauty of Ogunquit one must follow the devious windings of this narrow trail across the downs, all the way to the highest rocks at Bald Head. In this way one can see the marvellous color in the rocks, which has attracted artists and art students from all over the country.

Just beyond the village, at the other end, a road leads from Scotch Hill to the Village Studio Guild, a combination exhibition-gallery and theatre. Here picture exhibitions are held from time to time through the summer, and playwrights may also test out a new play

with the advantage of experimental lighting and modern stage decoration. "Trying it out on the dog" has been interesting and educational, but at times exceedingly amusing to the dog.

The three-mile long beach, about five hundred yards wide, is only separated from the mainland by the Ogunquit River. There is a tradition that this beach was thrown up by a storm one night, and each year we live in dread of seeing the lovely dunes disappear, but although the winds and tides of the winter change the shape of them, they seem as immovable as old Mt. Agamenticus, six miles inland.

Chase's Pond at its foot, a lovely miniature lake, is a favorite spin for the motorist. There one can buy delectable cookies and home-made root-beer from the rival houses, one on each side of the road. Even the patrons become partisan and nothing would induce them to become disloyal to their first choice. On the road to the lake, the sun is now in front of you and now behind you. You feel as though someone had your car on a string, constantly pulling it to reverse your direction, and you are relieved when another turn of the road brings you to the lake, the cakes and the cold drink.

The old fisherman, Captain Bill, was a great character at the Cove. He was a picturesque old fellow with his

long flowing beard, and was the model of many a painter. Not long before his death he shaved off his beard, to the distress of the artists.

" Why, Bill! " exclaimed one of the painters in amazement when meeting him on the road. " Where is your beard? "

" Well," he exclaimed slowly and a bit sorrowfully, " It was this way — my son, he said as how it wasn't hygienic. You see, last winter the tobacca juice got all froze in — so he made me cut it off."

He had a wife who had been bed-ridden for years and Bill was her only nurse. He was very much worried about her and one day he went for advice about her diet to one of the women artists, who had always liked the old chap.

" I don't know as I've been feeding her right," he said anxiously. " The doctor told me to give her nothing heavy, so I've been feeding her doughnuts and cheese, but she ain't doin' a bit well."

Captain Haley, of the Cove, was a great favorite with John Kendrick Bangs and he told me this story about the old sea captain, with the greatest appreciation.

The captain was an optimist and so was Mr. Bangs. One day in a driving nor'-easter, Mr. Bangs in oil-skins met the captain in his wet-weather togs.

" Good morning, Captain," called out Mr. Bangs —

and just to hear what the old fellow would say added, "What do you think of the weather today?"

"Finest day of its kind I ever see," promptly answered the optimist blithely.

The late Hamilton Easter Field of Brooklyn, founder of "The Arts" magazine and for many years art critic of the "Brooklyn Eagle," was a moving force in the Cove. With his mother he occupied the Island House and for many years her "Sundays" were as much an institution as Mr. Bangs'. I always looked forward to these informal "at homes" even though I wore out my shoes over the stones of Feather-Bed Lane, as the Causeway leading to the house is called. As soon as one entered the house one felt the dignity of an old-world atmosphere created by Mrs. Field, who belonged to a distinguished old English Quaker family. A small hair trunk in the hall belonged to Esther Cromwell, one of their ancestors.

Mr. Field was all sorts of things. He was "master" to a large class of art students, leader of the "Forum," a distinct feature of the Cove for many years, and keeper of the general store in the Cove, which he opened for the convenience of the artists and where he sold everything from matches and lemons to painter's supplies.

Ogunquit has changed. The social "musts" are

creeping in a little, and those of us who love it best stand like King Canute, arrogant but impotent, before this oncoming wave. Pine Hill and the Beach and the Rocks are the great assets of Ogunquit and they are as yet unspoiled.

Ogunquit is a combination of sea, country and high land. From the coast inland, great stretches of rock break up from the soil to breathe a bit of the freshness of the sea and then drop back again hidden under the green and flowered sweetness of this hill country.

Agamenticus, while only six hundred and seventy-three feet high, seems much higher because of its abrupt rise. It always has been associated with the Indians of the neighborhood and the great sachem, St. Aspinquid, is reputed to be buried on its summit. It is said that up to 1780, his tomb was to be seen here with its epitaph:

Present, Useful: Absent, Wanted:
Living, Desired: Dying, Lamented.

He was a chief of the Pawtuckets and was born in York County, years before its first settler arrived. He came under the influence of John Eliot. Tradition says he "threw aside the hatchet," and began himself to teach Christianity. He was greatly venerated by the Indians and at his death in 1682, there is a legend of a strange funeral feast of "nearly as many animals as were in the Ark."

I cannot leave Ogunquit without telling of its lovely tidal river which separates the dunes on the beach from the mainland. When the tide is out it is only a tiny thread of lovely curves where the gulls, circling back and forth, follow its course dipping for food. In the wet sands the sky is reflected, and along its edge the rickety cart and patient horse of the clam digger slowly wander along, while the man with the rake leisurely digs and digs, believing that

The world is wide
In time and tide
And God is guide
Don't worry.

MERE ADDENDA

During our motor trip along a whimsical choice of route in New England, through the old seaports, inland villages and hill-towns, we discovered that the old and the new were closely a part of each locality. In some places the contrast was depressing. Efficiency in some of the towns seemed the only goal, and the old stock, which should by reason of heredity have owned the land, were markedly absent, in many places. Foreigners were on the farms and along main streets doing business under the elms and in pre-Revolutionary houses, and it soon will be necessary to learn their languages unless we are willing to wait a few weeks or so, and then they will have learned ours. They assimilate us much more quickly than we assimilate them.

In other sections through which we passed there was keen appreciation of the best traditions. Even small towns had their Historical Societies, Societies of Colonial Dames or Antiquarian Societies. In one little town of only a Main Street, its oldest native had given her house to the Antiquarian Society which had recently been formed, and contributions of china, old glass,

samplers, pewter and furniture were daily being received, so keen was the desire to show what "our town" could do — and two of the town's most prominent citizens spent their Sunday afternoons at the old place, proudly acting as custodians and guides.

The meeting house used to be the pride of the New England village; now the modern hospital with its up-to-date equipment is its civic boast. "Your Hospital and Mine" is the town slogan.

The Pilgrim and the Puritan were scouts and torch-bearers. Hugging a heresy, they founded a creed, and snatched freedom from the wilderness. It was a mighty job they undertook, and after three hundred years, we look on it as a pretty good finish. The critical attitude of Europe toward American artistic production, is due to a lack of appreciation of the work it has been to evolve a nation from a country inhabited by hostile savages; to obtain and maintain its independence; to amalgamate its aliens; and to hold a union of its states.

We had called our trip an Event and spelled it with a capital letter. It was all of that and more. The miles we had travelled in the car had given us glimpses of New England that only made us long for the open road and the sunshine of another summer. However great New England is and may become, the old New England village with its Green, its meeting house, its glorious

elms and the fine simplicity of its colonial houses, is the best product of its three centuries.

And what of the car? It now belongs to New England — not as an antique, for it has a new spring, a new steering-gear, a new top and new tires. It is a re-incarnated car, a jitney — and it supports a Yankee, up at Wells.

And Billie? Oh, Billie became so enamored of New England that she allowed a Yankee to persuade her to adopt it, and incidentally him, for the rest of her life.

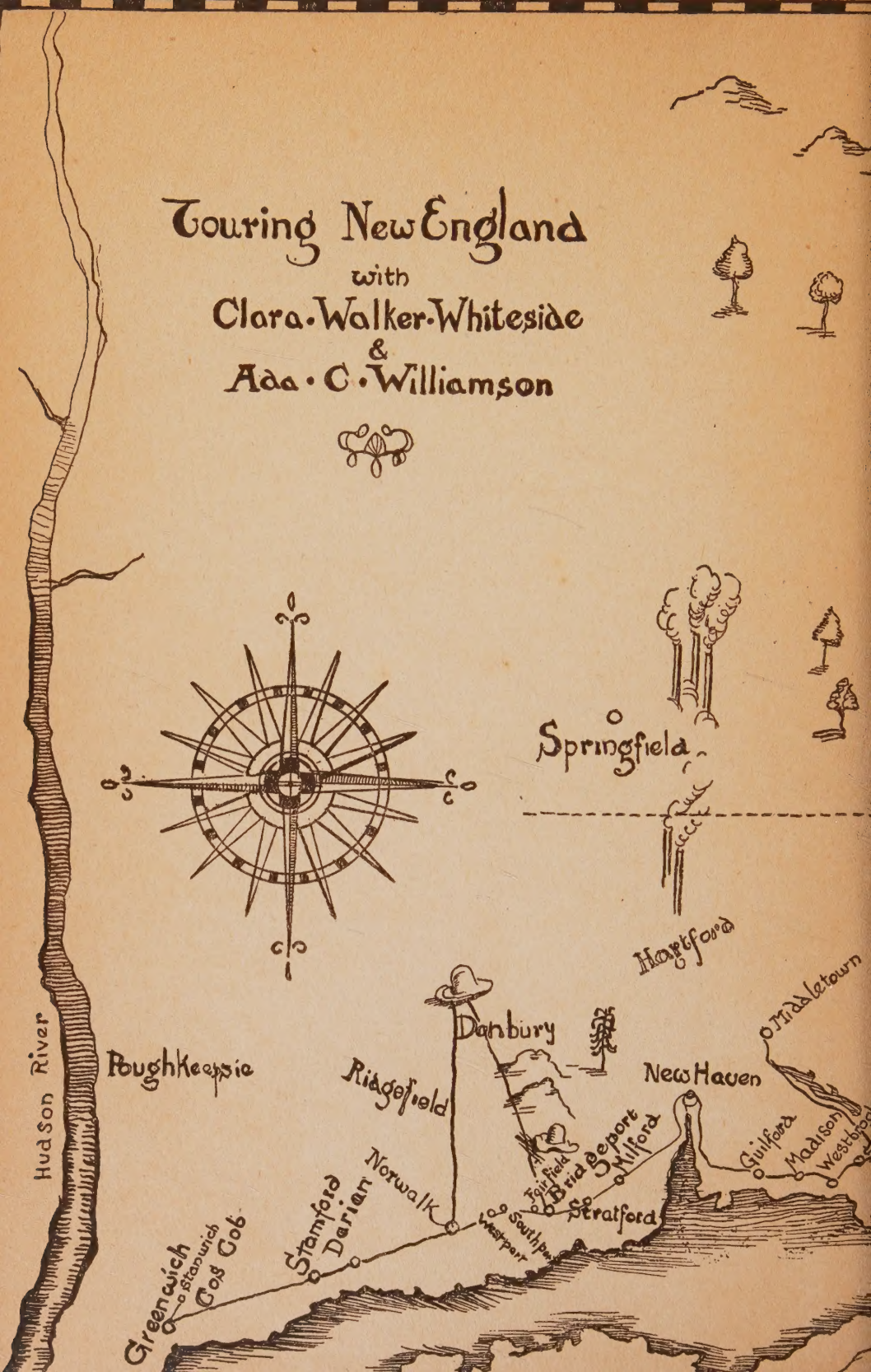
Touring New England

with

Clara · Walker · Whiteside

&

Ada · C · Williamson



Ogunquit
Concord
Henniker
Hillsboro
Bennington
Dover
Portsmouth
York
Harbor
Peterboro
Ashby
Townsend
Groton
Fitchburg
Concord
Cambridge
Sudbury
Waterbury
Boston
Framingham
Center
Dedham
Woodstock
Putnam
Pomfret
Chepochet
Providence
Brooklyn
Danielson
Plainfield
Norwich
London
Mystic
Westerly
Plymouth
Middleboro
Sandwich
Bristol
Fall River
Fairhaven
New Bedford
RI
MASS
Falmouth